THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]ST

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Volume 199, Number 42

APRIL 16, 1927

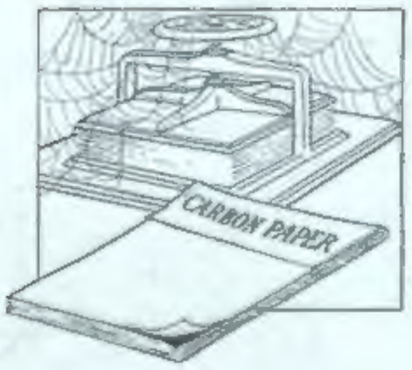
5 cts.

Beginning

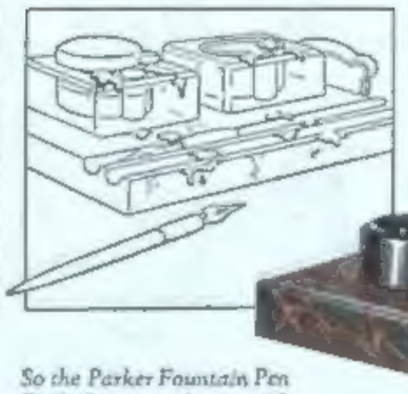
LOST ECSTASY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



Just as Carbon Paper supplanted the old Letter Press for making copies—



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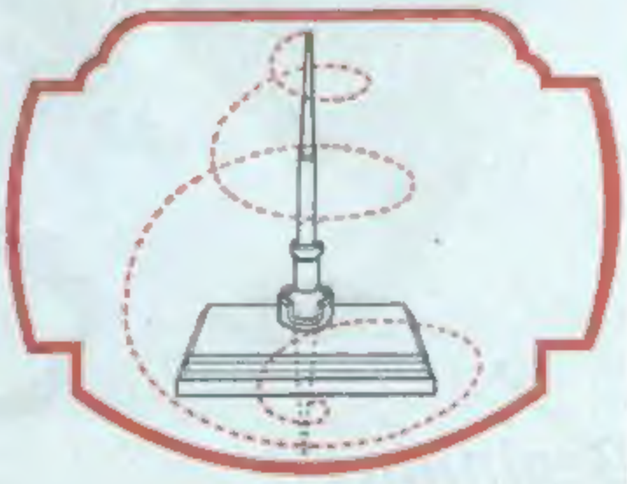

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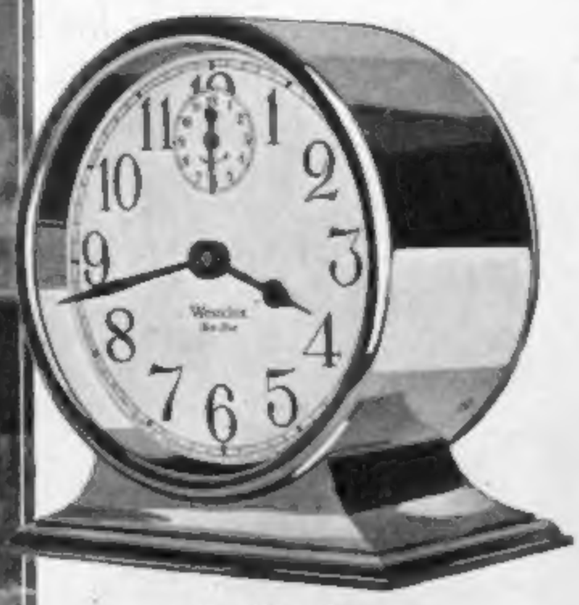

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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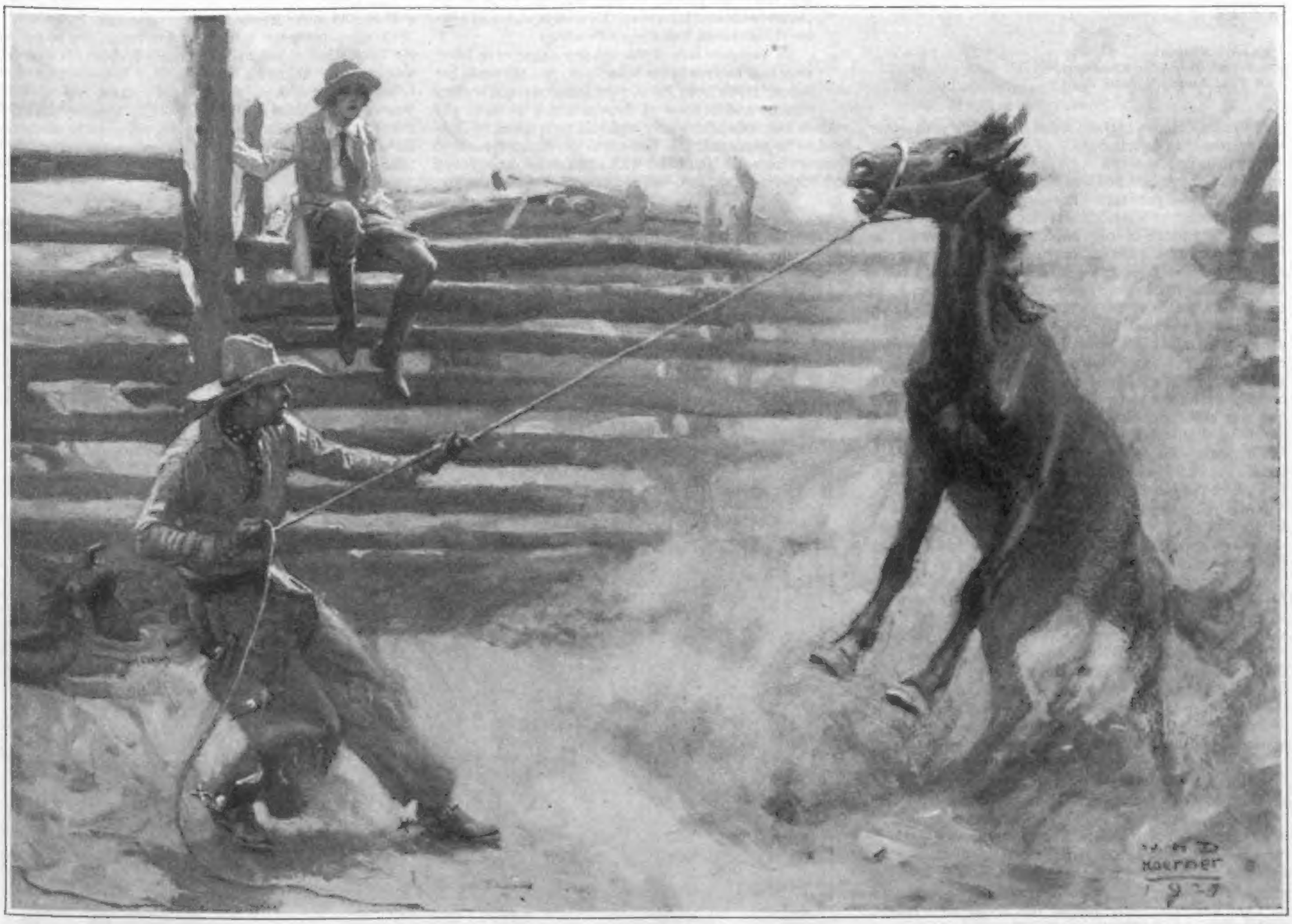
LOST ECSTASY



Tom Was Extremely Busy, as a Man Who Breaks a Horse Must Be. So Far He Had Spoken to Her Only Once: "When I Get on, You Get Off"

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

WHEN old Lucius Dowling lay dying he sent for his will and reread it. He lay in his wide walnut bed, which Henry's wife had vainly tried to exchange for a mahogany four-poster in the best period of Early American, with his spectacles firmly fixed on his hawklike nose, and studied it with a certain grimness.

"I give and devise to my son, Henry, and my daughter, Elizabeth Osborne, the L. D. ranch property in joint and equal ownership ——"

He read on through the paragraph, laid the typed sheets down on the counterpane and closed his eyes. Should he change that? Leave it in trust, insist that it be held together and carried on, as Henry and Bessie never would do? Leave it in trust to Henry's girl and defy them to get rid of it? He smiled a little at that. They would probably try to break the will if he did so. Still, there were ways.

He had lived past any illusions as regarded his children. Henry was phlegmatic, cautious; he had been a good son and a good husband—almost too good. He had not had enough imagination to stray from the proper and correct path, nor his own capacity for robust adventure and even occasional easy sinning. And Bessie, who had this last capacity of his in full, he disapproved of because she had it. He had a phrase for Bessie; he called her, to himself, a retarded adolescent, and chuckled over it. He had invented it the day when, at forty-one, she had shingled her hair. But in the end he let the will ride, as he put it, and in due time—not so repentant for his sins as he should have been, but carrying over with him a sort of delicate savoring of them—he passed away. And within a week the walnut bedroom set followed him, going to some graveyard of dead sentiments and ancient dreams, and, unlike old Lucius, left nothing behind to preserve its memory but an unfaded spot in the carpet, where it had stood for twenty years.

Unlike old Lucius. He had left behind him much more than the securities in his boxes and the clothes they gave to his valet. The ranch he left to Henry and Bessie, but those qualities of his which Henry had missed he had passed—without the sinning, of course—to his grandchild; the love of adventure and the will to seek it, a craving for the open, a certain honesty and a capacity for passionate adventure, both of which latter

"There's Nothin' Goin' to Happen to That Girl on This Ranch," Jake Said

qualities the old man had concealed in later life with rather less success than he imagined.

Kay Dowling was the only person in the house who cried when the walnut bed was moved out.

She went into the room. The carpet, which was green, was much brighter where it had stood than anywhere else. It was like a patch of fresh grass, and on the mantel the faded picture of old Lucius, taken on horseback when he had lived in the West and been a cowboy, seemed to be looking at it. She knew by name all the things he wore in the picture, including a six-shooter in his belt; she knew the name of the horse he rode—which was Pronto—the details of his inlaid Mexican saddle, the purpose of the rope coiled on it. She could even see in that young eager face, so unlike the one she had known, a certain resemblance to herself. And she wondered, young as she was then, if he had been satisfied. Had he missed that life? What if he had never come East, and she had been born out there, free to ride a horse, to follow the trail? True, she rode now; but always with a groom following her, or the riding master. It was not the same.

It was only a mood; and, like the walnut bed and old Lucius himself, it passed. But once or twice in later years she was to remember it and to wonder just what influence that heritage of hers had had in her life.

Surprisingly little was changed by the old man's death. As he had outlived his illusions, so had he outlived most of his friends. Henry and Bessie dutifully erected a tall shaft and voted down Henry's wife's suggestion that it say, "He has followed the trail into the sunset." It was odd that Katherine should have made it, really. Perhaps she had had a politely veiled sentiment for the old man, or for the more respectable portions of his past; anyhow, she withdrew it at once when Bessie said that sentiments on monuments were as extinct as the dodo.

"Where'd you get that?" Henry asked her.

"I think I saw it somewhere," she said vaguely. But she lied. She had thought of it herself.

Then for several years Kay heard little of the ranch but as a hole; it was a hole one sank money in and nothing came out. It was a liability and not an asset. Connected with this was a further fact that Bessie thought they were all made of money and that she was a fool to want to hold on. And somewhat later, further talk about Aunt Bessie, but not connected with the ranch. This time she seemed to have lost Uncle Ronald, but when she came back from Paris, having done so, she was not in mourning, and Kay learned that there were other ways than death by which one lost husbands. It was, however, not to be discussed; and if after that one wandered into Aunt Bessie's house and found a young man loudly declaiming in her boudoir while Aunt Bessie was having a marcel or a manicure, through a half-opened door in her dressing room, one was not to discuss that either.

Aunt Bessie had a flair for what she called talented youth. There was another name for them, however, among her friends. They were generally called Bessie's sympathizers.

Time went on, as it has a way of doing. The shaft was finished. It was ugly, but it was solid and dominating and uncompromising, which was rather fitting, after all. Mademoiselle went back to France and Kay was sent to boarding school. She was sixteen then; a slim bit of a thing, aping her elders as well as she could, but with wide childish eyes which betrayed her essential innocence. On the night before she left, Katherine summoned all her courage and went in to talk to her. She wanted, this queer reserved Katherine, to break the shocks which life would have in store for her, to pave the way a little for the woman world she was so soon to enter.

But there was Kay beside her dainty bed on her knees, saying her prayers, and propped up on the pillow was the Princess Mary, which had been her last doll years ago. Katherine, whose own knees had been shaking anyhow, withdrew quietly and closed the door. She never found the courage to try again. When Kay came home for her first vacation she was still loving but slightly remote, and she had made her first step toward independent action. She took off her pull-on hat with hands that were cold and clammy, and they saw she had cut her hair.

"Oh, Kay!" said her mother, and tears stood in her eyes. But Kay's father only looked at her and said nothing about it. Later on he told her mother that he was afraid she was going to be like Bessie. He said this in the privacy of their bedroom, however, so the servants could not hear. He always had an eye out for the servants, had Henry Dowling.

He was quite sure of this one day a year or so later, after Kay had made her debut—oh, yes, she made her debut; frock from Paris, photographers and society editors, and baskets of flowers which went to the various hospitals afterward—and had been taken to England to be presented. He came into the drawing-room of the town house and found her with a half dozen other young and fluttering creatures, and she was smoking a cigarette. She put it down at once and said, "Sorry, father." But he was surer than ever.

"What we have to remember," he said that night to Katherine, sitting neat and small and subservient before her toilet table, which was covered with chaste ivory appliances, "is that there is a streak of weakness in the blood."

"Not on my side," Katherine ventured. "My people ——"

"My father had it. He was a strong man in some ways, but in others —— And Bessie has let her love of adventure, to call it by a polite name, run away with her common sense."

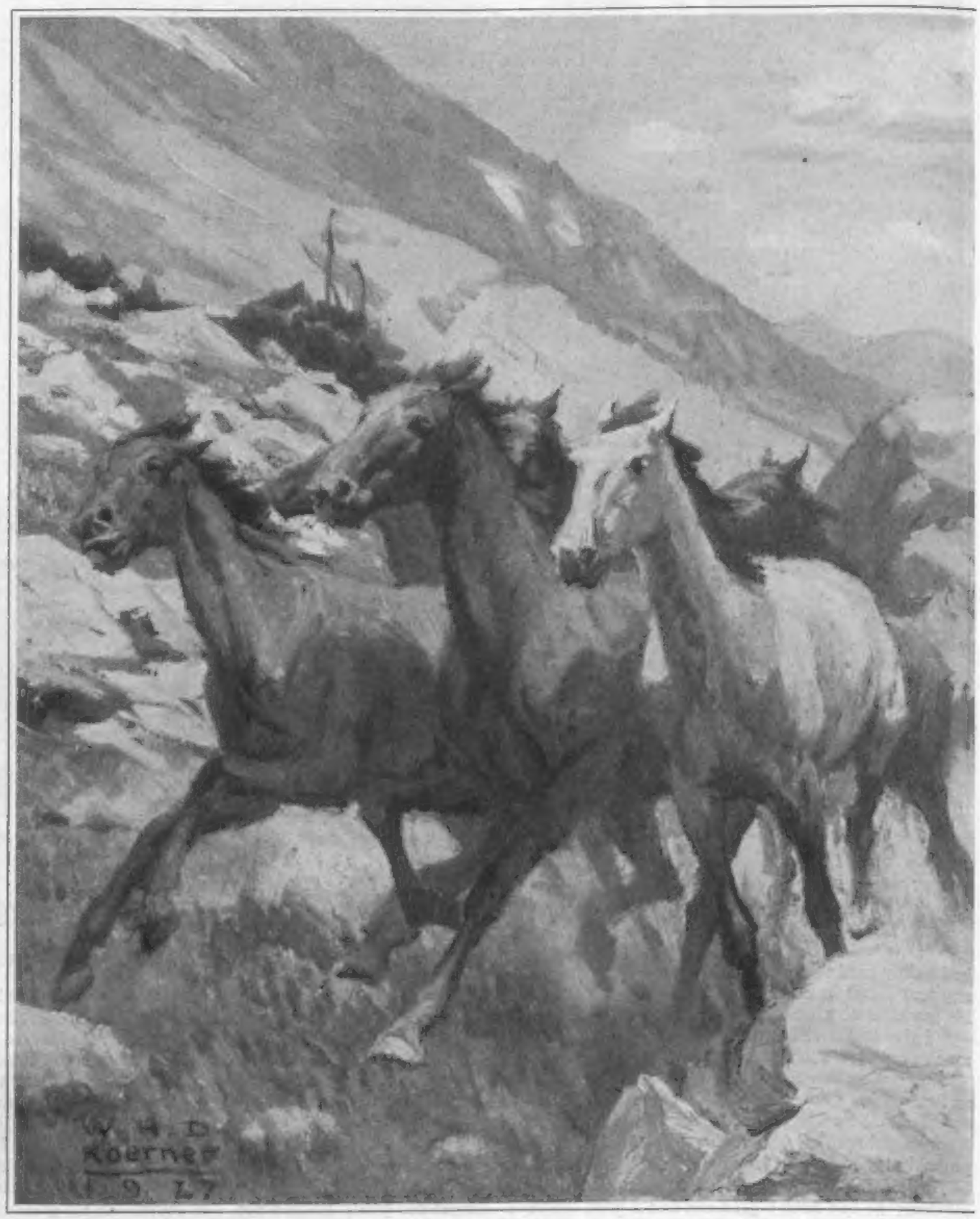
"Kay is not at all like Bessie."

"I'm not so sure of that," he said obstinately.

It was this mistaken preconception of his perhaps which made Kay's emergence into her social world only an antonym for freedom. She was always chaperoned; he himself, when Katherine had one of her weak spells—she was liable to weak spells—would remain resolutely at balls, smoking innumerable cigars in anterooms. Or he would call himself, or send Nora and the car, to bring her home after dinners.

Kay herself felt rather ridiculous, but nothing in the world could make Henry Dowling ridiculous.

He was a pompous, somewhat florid man, not so tall as old Lucius and already slightly curved under his well-cut waistcoats. He liked his food; his place in the community; being a vestryman at Saint Mark's; and, exclusive of Bessie, he was fond of his family. The humble origin of that family, on his side at least, he did not like and preferred to ignore, and when eligible young men called more than once or twice he would look them up furtively in the Social Register.



It Was Hard, Exciting Labor. The Horses Were Wild After Months of Freedom. They Ran Up the

"Who was that boy last night, Kay?"

"Smith's his name."

"One of the Mortimer Smiths?"

"I didn't ask him. I will if you like."

"Certainly not," he would splutter. "I merely wondered."

And all that time the L. D. ranch was lying fallow, so to speak. Not even so very fallow at that. Superintendents came, demanded more money to put in the hole, failed to get it and went away again. Only Mallory, old Lucius' range foreman, remained faithful, and his requests for farming machinery to put the bottom lands into hay and grain so he could winter the more unthrifty of his cattle met with little response.

He wrote his cramped, pathetic letters: The great ranges on the Indian reservation and in the mountains were badly overgrazed, and homesteaders were coming in and putting up wire fences.

"We've had a dry summer, Mr. Dowling," he wrote once. "If we have a bad winter the cattle will be in poor shape. I recomend"—he was a good cowman but a poor speller—"that we buy hay and oil cake now before the price goes up. If we don't ——"

Kay went cheerfully on her way. She had almost forgotten the ranch, and those old stories about the drive up from the Mexican border to the abundant water and grass of the Northwest; the long-horned herds stampeding and scattering to the four corners of the earth, being bogged down in the quicksands of rivers they forded, being levied on by Indians as toll for their passage, going blind with thirst, falling over, dying. There had been a last eighty miles of desert, too, when men and cattle were alike exhausted; when the drive went on night and day, and grim death followed their wide dusty trail and picked up the stragglers as they lagged. But after that had come a river, and beyond it the great green valley, and rest and grass and peace.

Kay had almost forgotten, and perhaps the valley had almost forgotten too. The Mexican cattle had almost disappeared; here and there among the Indian cattle could still be seen a pair of great horns on a long-legged, small-bodied animal; but white-faced cows of pedigreed stock were the rule. Through the long valley, bounded by its mountains to east and west, now ran a thread of railroad, a string on which like beads were strung the little towns. Tourists on through trains looked out and saw, not the West of their dreams but men in straw hats like their own.

Cars were parked along the platforms, muddy from the back country. Now and then a cowboy, bronzed under his Stetson, pulled up his horse and watched the train move out.

"There's a cowboy! Look, quick!"

"Probably dressed up by one of these dude ranches."

Tom McNair, top cow hand on the L. D., once had a woman call out of a car window, "Tell me, are you a real cowboy?"

And Tom took off his hat with a great sweep and bowed to her. "Real as hell, lady," he said, and the train moved on.

They never saw beyond the railroad and the little towns, these tourists. They did not see that where the hamlets ended the back country began. There was no transition. And the back country had not changed, nor the mountains. Spring still saw its plains bringing forth grass, and August saw them burning dry and brown. Dawn still painted its dry buttes with rose, and twilight turned them mauve. In winter the whole land died and froze in *rigor mortis*, and men and cattle froze and died with it.

One day Kay, clearing her desk in her small orchid-and-blue boudoir-dressing room, came across that old photograph of her grandfather and took it out curiously and looked at it. She felt for a moment a quick wave of sympathy for that young and valiant figure which had had to grow old and die in the walnut bed, and with that some of her memories came back. She picked up the picture and went downstairs to her father's library. She knew he would be there; it was the sacred hour of whisky and soda before dressing for dinner.

Herbert

"Don't you want this, father? I've just found it."

"What is it?" He took it and looked at it. "I wondered where it had gone," he said, and locked it in his desk.

Her father had a drawer there which was always locked. But she did not go, as he plainly expected her to do.

"Why don't we ever go out there, father?" she asked. "I'd like to see it—the ranch, I mean."

"Well, I wouldn't," he said coldly. "If it keeps on as it's doing, it will bankrupt me."

"Are there still cowboys there?"

"Crowd of lazy young devils who call themselves cowboys."

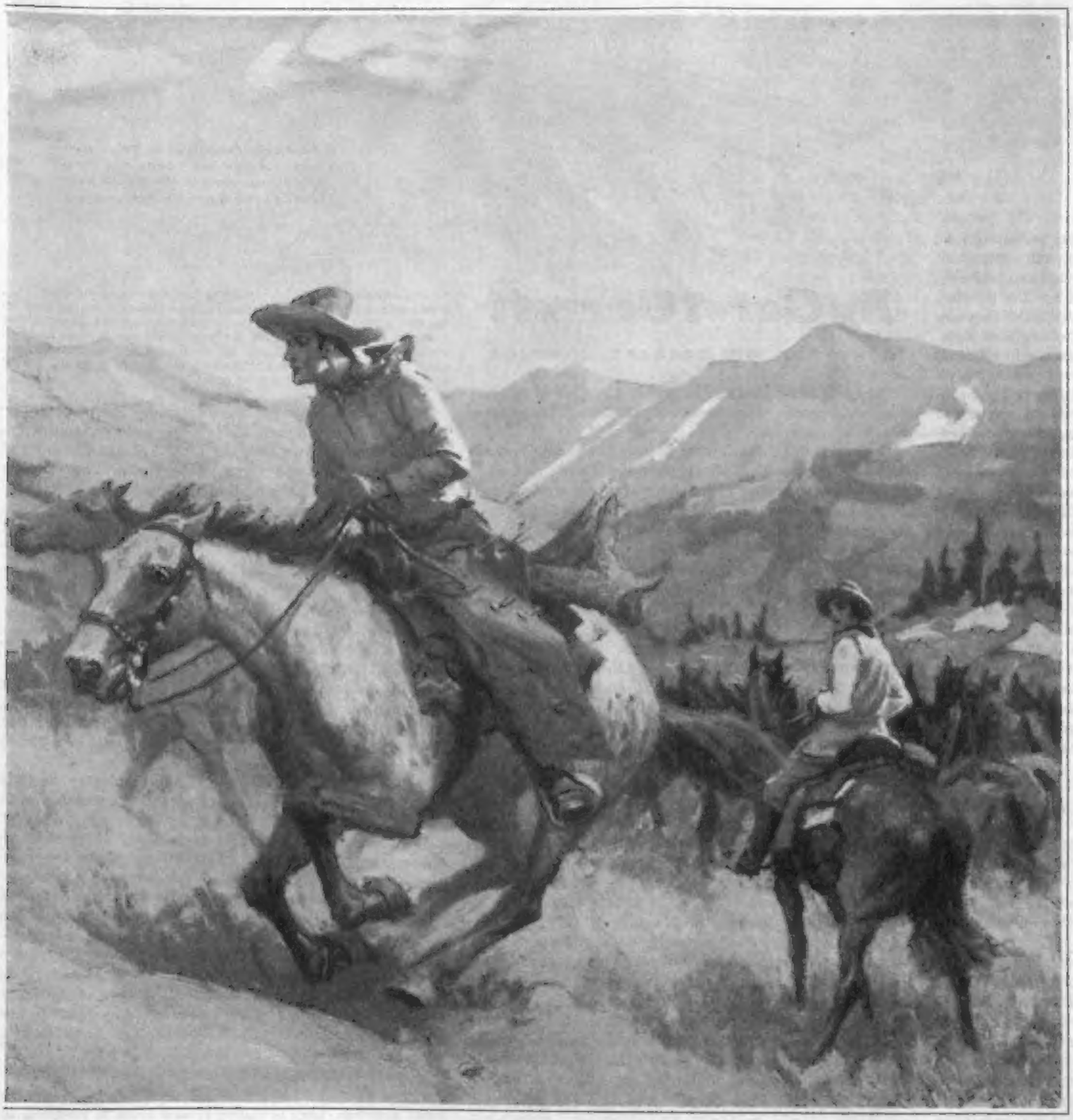
She had a bright thought. "Couldn't you turn it into a dairy ranch?" she asked. "There must be a lot of cows."

And then and there he gave one of his rare spontaneous laughs. "My dear child," he said, "you can't milk range cattle. They're raised to sell for beef. At least," he added more sourly, "I believe that is the idea, but the packers seem to think we're running an eleemosynary institution."

After that life seized her again. The ranch drifted out of her mind. She fell in love, foolish sentimental affairs which gave her a thrill at the time, added interest to what was the real monotony of her existence; Rutherford or James brought up boxes of flowers with small neatly engraved cards inside; Nora laid out her clothing before going to dress her mother; in the spring, while Bessie opened her cottage at Bar Harbor, they moved to the country house outside of town, and the only difference was tennis or golf.

And then suddenly one day in July the valley and all the back country returned to her, never to be lost again. She learned that things at the ranch were very bad indeed, and that they were all to go out. Even Herbert was going.

There was not much time. She ordered a riding suit and boots. Her mother fluttered about, seeing that the striped linen bags were hung over the brocaded curtains and that the needle-point chairs were covered. The Mariposa, old Lucius' private car, was cleaned and put in order in the yards, Bessie was firmly telegraphed to remain in Bar Harbor; and then one day Kay found herself facing toward the setting sun, which was exceedingly hot, and that curious mixture of romance, grim stark tragedy and passionate love which was to be her life thereafter.



Mountainsides, With Tom Like an Avenging Fury Racing Above to Haze Them Down and Kay Trying to Hold Them

II

ON THE last day of the journey she wakened at early dawn.

The old Mariposa, coupled to the end of the train, rocked and careened over the single track. A fine dust had penetrated even through the double windows and settled in a gray film on her small and frivolous pumps on the floor. Later on,

(Continued on Page 90)

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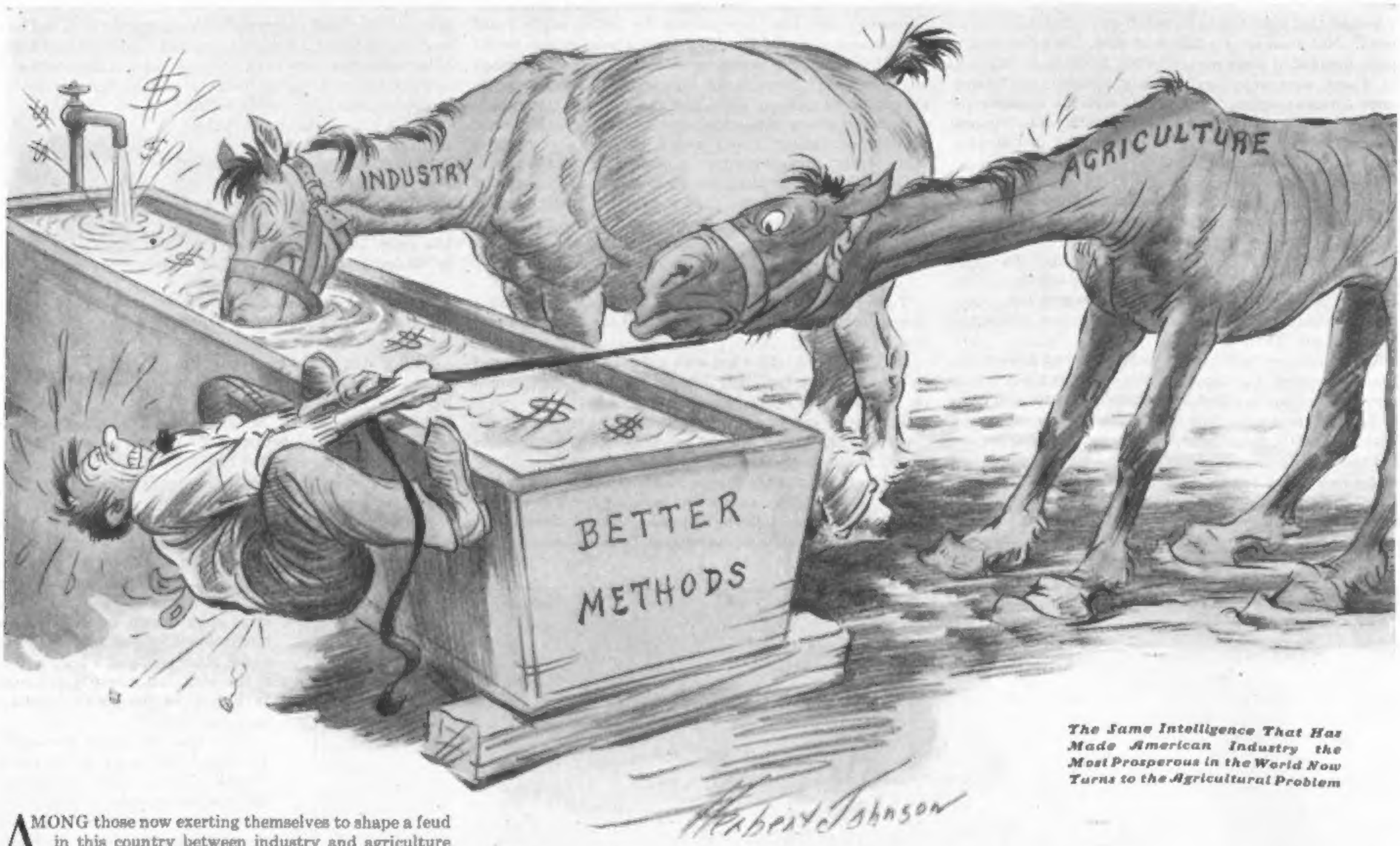


The Same Intelligence That Has Made American Industry the Most Prosperous in the World Now Turns to the Agricultural Problem

By Garet Garrett

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

AMONG those now exerting themselves to shape a feud in this country between industry and agriculture are many who ought to know better and probably do not intend the consequences. These are the political riders of discontent. For the sounds they make they are received as guests in the precious household of liberalism. Their utterances are rationalized by the cult of intellectual leftism. As provisional allies in the offensive against capitalism, they are adopted by those who bring to the problems of a new society only the conventional harangue and the ugly values of Old World radicalism, and to our language such alien word signs as "proletariat" and "bourgeoisie."

A journal of liberal opinion hailed the enactment of the McNary-Haugen bill by Congress as Agrarian State Socialism, and said: "The farmers in their distress have turned to the Federal Government to do a job which nobody else can do; a job, in fact, bigger than any government has been asked to do in times of peace, if we except Soviet Russia."

There is the wind. It has been impossible to divide this country by class-conscious antagonisms in the European manner. Social inequalities have no political meaning where the social status is personal. So now the attempt to divide it politically on lines of economic disparity. The opportune field for that propaganda is agriculture, because for many reasons the agricultural tissue is sore and therefore easily inflamed.

Diagnosing the Case of the Farmers

THOSE who for years made themselves absurd telling the American wage earner he was on his way to slavery in his own automobile, now tell the farmer he is on his way to peasantry; capitalism is pushing him down to it.

There is no more danger of peasantry than of wage slavery, and for the same reasons.

They said to labor: "Resist! You have the power to destroy capitalism. You are the source of all wealth."

Now they are telling the farmer his labor, unfairly rewarded, is the source of industry's magnificence; he is the vital ground factor in all wealth. If he is denied a large division of the national income by act of legislation, his redress is to level himself up by leveling industry down.

Demagogic puerility. Society is an organism. One vital part of it may not injure another vital part without at the same time hurting itself.

They told labor that capital had but one law in relation to the wage earner, which was to exploit him. That was untrue.

They are telling the farmer industry is resolved to exploit agriculture. That also is untrue.

Under the free play of a terrific creative motive, such hindrances as capitalism and laborism are tending here to wear away. More and more we shall have capital, industry, labor and agriculture, all with one aim in common—namely, to multiply the sum of divisible wealth. This is so because our right thinking is governed by a new type of economic intention. We evolved it. The only law for it is the law of result.

It is proved that wealth increases by division. The faster you can divide the product, the richer everybody will be. Between labor and capital, experience has clarified the idea over great areas. Industry itself now is anxious to increase wages—that is to say, real wages—as fast as the divisible product of wealth can be increased; for as real wages rise, so the standards of living rise, and with that the demand for the goods of industry increases to an unlimited extent.

Industry's problem is how progressively to increase the buying power of labor, not to limit or decrease it, and this is for the practical reason that it pays. For the same reason industry is anxious to see the buying power of agriculture rise.

At 247 Park Avenue, in New York City, sits the National Industrial Conference Board. It is a body composed of business executives and representatives of industrial associations. On the door, under the name, is the definition: Conference Board of Physicians in Industry. Recently this body directed its research staff to investigate the condition of agriculture. The result was a volume entitled The Agricultural Problem in the United States, in which upon the facts the following conclusion was stated:

> American agriculture appears to have fallen out of step with the general economic development of the country. While it has become inseparably involved in a network of interrelationships with a more and more highly organized system of industry . . . it has so far not developed effective means for adjusting itself to the new situation. . . . This situation presents a far-reaching question of national policy and therefore demands clear and full understanding, careful and open-minded consideration and earnest effort toward readjustment on the part of all major economic groups in our country.

What does it mean for the Conference Board of Physicians in Industry to make this finding as to agriculture?

What does it mean that the United States Chamber of Commerce creates and equips an Agricultural Service Department and sends the head of it about the country, holding regional conferences of farmers, bankers, railroad men, representatives of business and industry, in order to bring before them the agricultural problems and "to indicate how all interests could work for their solution"?

The Double Function of All Wage Earners

WHAT does it mean that the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Industrial Conference Board together have created a Business Men's Commission on Agriculture to make an intensive study of the situation, having in view a national program of coöperation among all economic groups in the permanent interest of a sound and prosperous agriculture?

It means, what has been said, that industry itself is anxious for the buying power of agriculture and wishes to see it rise.

It means that on the part of industry there is acute understanding of the fact that the farmer, like the wage earner, has two functions. He is in one case a producer and in the other case a consumer. He cannot be exploited as both producer and consumer; it pays much better to exploit him as a customer. To do this, however, it is necessary first to build up his buying power.

It means that as industry has learned rather to sell goods to the wage earner at a profit than to take cheap labor from him, so it would rather sell more of its goods to the farmer than to take from him food and raw materials at a bargain.

The same intelligence that has made American industry the most prosperous in the world now turns to the agricultural problem, first to define it and then, if possible, to find a solution. It has hitherto opposed itself to various

solutions put forward by the farmer, or in his name, particularly the idea embodied in the McNary-Haugen bill, which was to redistribute the national income by law in favor of agriculture; and this opposition has been emotionally resented by farmers. They have construed it to mean that industry wishes to hold agriculture to an inferior economic status.

There is, of course, much stupidity and crude selfishness in industry still. There were many, no doubt, who opposed the McNary-Haugen idea for wrong reasons. But the highest imagination on the side of industry opposed it also. The National Industrial Conference Board, had it spoken, would have been against it. So also the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. And that was not the whole of the opposition. The Secretary of Agriculture was against it; the Secretary of Commerce was against it; the President was against it. Why? Not because it would increase the buying power of agriculture, but because it was certain to do a great many other things without doing that.

But when you reason with the feud bringers you waste your breath. They are not interested. They prefer to talk of the green rising—the peasantry of the world, like the labor of the world, in revolt against the oppressor. Feeling is their material. A rational approach to the subject of agriculture is denounced beforehand as cold, unnatural, cruel.

They put upon the farmer a suggestion, saying: "When bankers want a banking law, they do not consult the farmer. When industry wants a tariff law or labor an anti-immigration law, the farmer is not called in. Why should the farmer consult with industry about a law for himself? He knows what he wants. He wants an equal profit."

Nor is the farmer properly interested when the mind of industry inclines itself to his affair. He expects its conclusions to be realistic and hard, and therefore not in sympathy with his own deep notion that agriculture is ordained to flourish under the benediction: Plow, plant and prosper.

You have only to read the proceedings of the regional conferences managed by the United States Chamber of Commerce, or listen to any discussion of farm relief, to realize that the farmer does not understand what has happened to him. Industry has happened to agriculture. He knows that. He does not understand industry. How could he? Industry has no complete understanding of itself. In many ways it is still groping. None of its own ultimate problems has been solved, such, for one, as the sequel to mass production.

Moreover, the intention by which, more and more, industry will be governed—the intention of progressive division—that is so new and strange that trained economists who come from Europe purposely to examine it sometimes miss the point.

Industry's Money-Making Secret

LOOKING to see what secret of profit industry has in its scheme that he lacks in his, the farmer concludes it is the power of organization. This is the most striking visible difference between them. Industry, by reason of this power, the farmer thinks, is able in the first place to control production; able, in the second place, to control the price of its product—specifically, to keep the exportable surplus apart, sell it abroad at the competitive world price, limit the available domestic supply to the home demand and so take advantage of the tariff; and able, in the third place, to pass on high wages to the consumer by adding them to the price of the product.

These are very troublesome conclusions. What makes them so is the fact that you will always find the concrete case in which they turn out to be true, whereas in principle, touching industry as a whole, they are untrue. You could generalize in the same manner about agriculture, as many do, saying there is no problem; witness the fact that a great many farmers prosper under conditions as they are.

The Farmer Not Only Does Not Understand Industry, But Neither Does He Agriculture

Power of organization is not the secret of industry's profit. Neither is it the tariff. The secret is method. And that is the hardest single truth to put upon the farmer. He wishes not to believe it; or if he does believe it, he is obliged to look to his own methods. He would much prefer to think it is organization. In that case he can say that since it is impossible for agriculture to organize itself as industry is organized, therefore it is necessary to ask the Government to interfere, dispose of his surplus, guarantee him the tariff and so make his business as profitable as industry is. Consider first the control of output. It is a common fallacy, by no means confined to the farmer's mind, to assume that for natural reasons

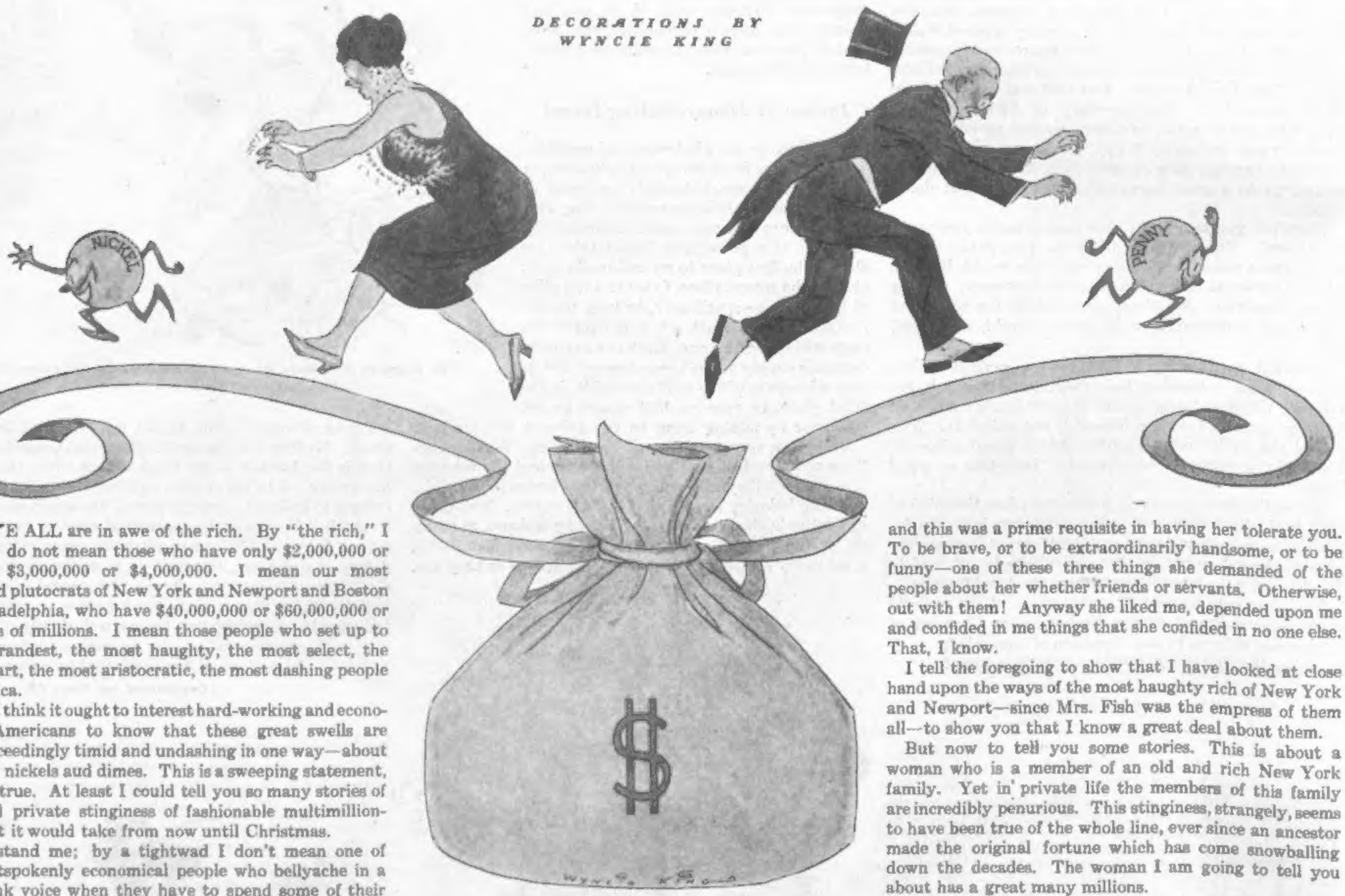
(Continued on Page 72)

People are Using Statistics Who Have Newly Discovered Their Application and Know Nothing About Their Subtleties

SOCIETY TIGHTWADS

By Elizabeth Barbour and Brenda Ueland

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING



WE ALL are in awe of the rich. By "the rich," I do not mean those who have only $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 or $4,000,000. I mean our most renowned plutocrats of New York and Newport and Boston and Philadelphia, who have $40,000,000 or $60,000,000 or hundreds of millions. I mean those people who set up to be the grandest, the most haughty, the most select, the most smart, the most aristocratic, the most dashing people in America.

Well, I think it ought to interest hard-working and economizing Americans to know that these great swells are really exceedingly timid and undashing in one way—about spending nickels aud dimes. This is a sweeping statement, but it is true. At least I could tell you so many stories of the small private stinginess of fashionable multimillionaires that it would take from now until Christmas.

Understand me; by a tightwad I don't mean one of those outspokenly economical people who bellyache in a loud frank voice when they have to spend some of their hard-earned cash. That kind of person is all right.

A true tightwad is like this: His secret, fierce preoccupation is hanging onto his money. He has a perpetual mean anxiety about nickels, dimes, pennies. Also, he is ashamed of it. He tries to conceal the fact that he is afraid you will eat too much of his food, or take too big a shot of his whisky in your highball, or that waiters, cab drivers, and so on, will gyp him out of an extra nickel in tips—the sly crooks—by returning him inadequate change, and so on, and so on. But he can't. A true tightwad emanates a mean spirit. So you can always feel when you are in the presence of one, whether he is called upon to spend any money or not.

Pearls for the Parsimonious

NOW the strange thing is this: Among the poor and those with moderate incomes—in other words, among those people who are never for a day free from a pathetic anxiety about money, about sickness, unemployment, poverty, starvation, old folks' homes—among these a stingy person is rare, at least so rare that he is considered by the rest of us an irredeemable lemon. Among the families whose names connote great houses, steam yachts, country places, titled sons-in-law, they are in my experience as common as mud.

Now I am going to tell you some instances. But first I must give you my authority. For fourteen years, until a month before her death, I was the private secretary of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who was the most commanding of the leaders of the Four Hundred and who dominated it during its most grandiose period, just before the war. She died in 1915.

Now social secretaries are not necessarily mousy spinsters. At least I am quite sure I was not. After an attractive childhood in the South and then several years of married life in Louisville, among the lively and fashionable people of that city, it turned out that I had to earn a living for myself and a ten-year-old son.

I came to New York. I registered at a Y. W. C. A. employment agency. Two days later Mrs. Fish came in looking for a secretary, and for the first time I saw this extraordinary woman whose campaigns, skirmishes and battles were to be my life for so many years. She was talking to a lugubrious, fanatical-looking woman, interviewing her for the job, I suppose. As for Mrs. Fish herself, she compelled my eyes. She was, indeed, something to look at! Compact and vigorous—an excellent figure even by modern standards—black eyes with high, arched, black eyebrows, giving her a volatile, eighteenth-century look, and very, very high color. Her face was a warm, bright red. She was dressed in black for the death of Nicholas Fish, Mr. Stuyvesant Fish's brother.

Seeing me, she imperiously beckoned me to come with her into an inner room.

"What do you think of her?" she asked, jerking her head in the direction of the woman she had just interviewed.

"Why, she looks right sad," I said, and she laughed. Then to my alarm, she insisted that I should come to work for her.

"But," I said, "I'm sure I wouldn't do. I have had absolutely no experience. You would have to have so much patience with me."

"Patience!" she ejaculated. "That's one thing I haven't got. You come to my house tomorrow afternoon at five o'clock. Be sure now. I think you'll be good."

I went and I stayed fourteen years. The reason I stayed so long was principally because she would never let me go. For one thing, I was not afraid of her. Or rather, I should say, I was scared to death of her, but would never show it, and this was a prime requisite in having her tolerate you. To be brave, or to be extraordinarily handsome, or to be funny—one of these three things she demanded of the people about her whether friends or servants. Otherwise, out with them! Anyway she liked me, depended upon me and confided in me things that she confided in no one else. That, I know.

I tell the foregoing to show that I have looked at close hand upon the ways of the most haughty rich of New York and Newport—since Mrs. Fish was the empress of them all—to show you that I know a great deal about them.

But now to tell you some stories. This is about a woman who is a member of an old and rich New York family. Yet in private life the members of this family are incredibly penurious. This stinginess, strangely, seems to have been true of the whole line, ever since an ancestor made the original fortune which has come snowballing down the decades. The woman I am going to tell you about has a great many millions.

In charge of her servants was a housekeeper whom I knew—a patient and obsequious woman. Once this housekeeper came to see me at the Fishes'. We happened to be in the dining room and I lifted a compote dish of candy off the table and offered her some. She looked at me—a look of startled surprise.

"What's the matter?" I said. She then told me.

"Why, I would no more take a piece of candy from a dish in Mrs. Blank's house than I would take one of her pearls."

"One of her pearls" was the poor housekeeper's own phrase, and thereafter I knew how to account for her unfortunate manner of perpetual nervous anxiety.

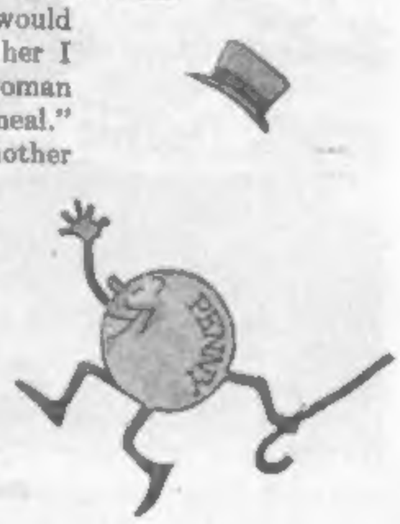
The Parade of the Soda Cracker

I WANT to say again that Mrs. Blank was ten times as rich as Mrs. Fish was. The Fishes were comparatively poor, having only a few millions. Yet, when Mrs. Fish went to Mrs. Blank's for lunch—that is, when she dropped in a little unexpectedly:

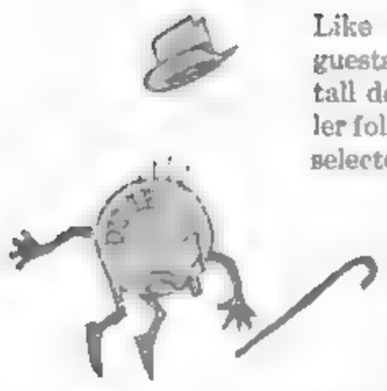
"We had a slab of nondescript cold meat," she would recite to me, laughing hard, "and fried potatoes and tea." Of course all this would be served with great style by a butler and two footmen in bright liveries.

"It's a shame," Mrs. Fish would say. "I should have told her I was coming, so the poor woman could have had a square meal."

This reminds me of another member of the Four Hundred:



She was a very grand lady, high and mighty, a woman of the most consummate dignity. Tea at her house in New York would be served with as much sober and magnificent ritual as it is served at Buckingham Palace.



Like this: The old lady and her guests are in the drawing-room. The tall doors open. In comes the butler followed by two young footmen, selected for their stature and comeliness, the first bearing a beautiful antique-lace tablecloth over his arm; the second, a great silver tray with the tea things. The first footman solemnly puts the lace tablecloth on the tea table. The second footman sets the silver tray thereon. The butler anxiously oversees the process; makes sure that everything is as it should be. Then these three flunkies, as noiseless as ghosts, one after the other, stalk out of the room, leaving the hostess and her guests to their repast—"Of," Mrs. Fish used to conclude, "weak tea and soda crackers!"

Hoping for a Polite Refusal

NO WONDER Mrs. Fish won the leadership of the Four Hundred. The attitude of the hostess toward sociability was typical of so many of our haughtiest aristocrats. She maintained her position by a solid show of ritual and awe-inspiring expense. But at the same time she economized on the diversion of her guests—on hospitality.

Then Mrs. Fish came along with all her generous, devil-may-care, hearty spirit. Mrs. Fish wanted her guests to have fun. To insure it, she surrounded herself with people that were either funny or handsome or brilliant or arrogant. To thunder with their lineage, or the fact that they were poor! That made no difference.

For example, Marie Dressler was one of Mrs. Fish's favorite guests. Mrs. Fish was devoted to her. She first came to the house as a paid entertainer, but ever afterward, when she came to divert Mrs. Fish's guests in the evening, she also came to dinner as one of the most honored guests.

I remember one night Mrs. Fish rewarded Marie Dressler with a beautiful gold mesh bag with a $100 bill in it. During the evening Marie Dressler handed the gold mesh bag to Frank Crowninshield.

"Here, Frank," she said, "hold this for a minute, will you? And hang onto it. When you're with the Four Hundred you got to be careful." Nobody liked a crack like that better than Mrs. Fish.

As for the food Mrs. Fish served, no matter how trivial the occasion, it was always the most perfect, rare, exotic, delicious that one of the best French chefs in the country could contrive.

But to return to Mrs. Blank. In appearance she was so inconspicuous and colorless you would never give her an extra glance. As Oscar Wilde said, "One of those faces that once seen you never remember." Yet she had all those who worked for her well intimidated. I remember once Mrs. Fish said to me:

"Barbarette, Mrs. Blank thinks I treat you too well. She said she wouldn't think of being so easy with her secretary. She tells me I make a great mistake to be so nice."

"Did she?" I said. "That's just like her. What did you say to her?"

"I told her she was a fool," said Mrs. Fish.

I remember another very rich elderly woman. She had excellent standing in society. Now stinginess in that house was manifested like this: Say that eight guests had been invited for luncheon. Well, eight squabs would be bought, eight potatoes, sixteen mushrooms—two apiece—and so on.

Then I remember I said to her housekeeper, on the occasion of one luncheon party when I was at the house: "I think you'd better order some candy and nuts."

At my suggestion the housekeeper said to the waitress, "Open the sideboard and get out that dish of candy."

The waitress did so, bringing out a compote dish with a few pieces of candy on it, and the housekeeper counted these.

"No," she said; "there are seven pieces of candy here. That will be enough."

There were eight guests. But no matter. It was confidently believed that one of them would refuse candy when it was passed.

Now I must tell you of the tightness of a great multimillionaire. He and his family live in a great house in a suburb. There are two handsome young liveried footmen with white-silk calves, looking precisely like eighteenth-century noblemen, always standing on duty there. The guests who frequent this house have the most imposing names.

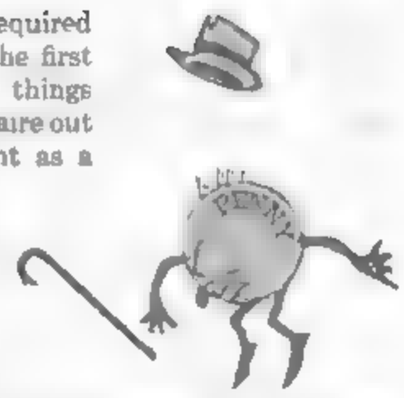
The French chef here receives a salary of $245 a month and his laundry. This price, I must add, is exorbitant, even for French chefs. In New York they get $145 a month and their laundry, which amounts to fifteen or twenty dollars a month, because chefs must always be dressed, from morning to night, in impeccable white. But this chef would not leave New York for the house of the multimillionaire for less. First, because in the suburbs chefs cannot get such high commissions from butchers and grocers, and second, because the multimillionaire is not only an indefatigable snoop into the doings of his servants but a human barbed-wire fence.

Now this man, in his own house, is head housekeeper, appointed by himself. Every day he goes over the house examining corners to see that there isn't a speck of dust and that everything is perfect. If it is not—and of course it isn't—woe to the guilty housemaid who is at fault, and woe not only to her but to the multimillionaire's wife and family as well.

Every chambermaid, parlor maid, kitchen-maid, laundress, footman or houseman who is in need of a new broom or mop or pail or dishrag or dust rag or scrubbing brush, must, before he or she can get it, turn in the old broom, mop, pail, and so on, to the housekeeper. And if any of these implements have been misused or worn out too quickly, the wretch is blown up for it and looked on thereafter with suspicion.

Needless to say, the turnover of servants in that house is tremendous. They come, stay two weeks, and go. And often they go so eagerly that they forfeit a few days' pay. But I haven't a doubt that that suits the multimillionaire to a *t*, for he can then feel with complacency that he has made a couple of dollars.

So in that household, while millions are spent for things that will show—for jewels, mansions, for the number of servants conventionally required in order to be a swell of the first water—in other words, for things that make this multimillionaire out to be as blandly munificent as a great prince—behind all this there is a cruel anxiety over the outgo of pennies that would make a day laborer feel snobbish.



Now for the story of another tightwad—although there are so many tightwads in the highest and most glittering society it is hard to know where to head in. But I will tell you of this tightwad because she is so unusually proud and blue-blooded; she is such a handsome, cold, haughty woman.

Well, after having given a luncheon party, this haughty and dazzlingly beautiful woman, who lived in the grandest style, with at least fifteen servants, would go out to the kitchen. She would gather the mangled pieces of lettuce left upon the plates of the guests, wash them off in the sink and then put them in the ice box to be used again. There she would stand at the sink in the kitchen, blazing with diamonds, colder and more snobbish than any lady in America, washing off used lettuce and examining the salvage of chicken bones, in the midst of her servants—the chef, kitchen-maids, footmen, butler—and not in the least sheepish that they should see her thus engaged.

But, you see, the white servants of the very rich—the black are all right and are endowed with ordinary humanity—are often the most snobbish people in the world. Consequently, it is often the case that the only thing they respect is meanness and haughtiness, not good nature and kindness.

This tightwad lady once hired a secretary to help send out invitations for her daughter's wedding. In her previous position as social secretary she had a closet—as I had at Mrs. Fish's—as big as an ordinary-sized bedroom, which was lined with every kind of stationery. If a servant at Mrs. Fish's, for instance, neglected to see that every desk in the house was fitted out completely with stationery, well, there was the dickens to pay. But this tightwad kept her stationery closet locked and held the key to it herself. Whenever the secretary was told to write a note her employer, the aristocrat, handed her gingerly one piece of paper and one envelope to write it on.

A Skeleton in the Paper Closet

ONE day the young man who was to marry the daughter of this lady came and asked the secretary where he could find some stationery. He wanted to write a letter.

"I'm sorry," said the secretary, "but I haven't a single sheet, because Mrs. Doe has the key to the stationery closet and she gives me only one sheet at a time, whenever it is absolutely necessary." She was so pleased to have this chance to tip off the young man, who was apparently very nice, as to the sort of family he was marrying into. The daughter was exactly like her mother. And the next day the young bridegroom gave the secretary a smile and said significantly, "I never did get that envelope." But he married the daughter just the same, poor fellow.

Of course from this account of the tightwad you will exclaim that the poor woman's stinginess was pathological. But my point is this: This unpleasant pathological condition is manifested so often among the excessively rich. And they don't seem to feel at all, as more plebeian citizens do, that it is ignoble.

(Continued on Page 166)

I'm a Natural-Born Salesman

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"I Can't Afford to Waste My Time With Such Crazy Ideas"

STONEWALL JACKSON HOTEL,
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.
MARCH 11, 1920.

THE FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

GENTLEMEN: I have decided you are the best tractor company in the country, and consequently I am giving you first chance to hire me as your salesman to sell tractors in this region.

I'm a natural-born salesman, have a very quick mind, am twenty-eight years old, am honest and reliable, and can give references if required. I have already had considerable experience as a machinery salesman, and I became familiar with your Earthworm tractors as a member of the motorized field artillery in France. I can demonstrate tractors as well as sell them.

When do I start work? Very truly yours,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS, March 13, 1920.
STONEWALL JACKSON HOTEL,
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

Dear Mr. Botts: Your letter is received. We have no opening for a salesman at present, but we are badly in need of a service mechanic. As you say you are familiar with our tractors, we will try you out on this job at $100 per month plus traveling expenses.

You will report at once to our Mr. George Healy, salesman for Tennessee and Mississippi, who is now at the Dartmouth Hotel, Memphis. You will go with him to Cyprus City, Mississippi, to demonstrate a ten-ton Earthworm tractor for Mr. Jackson, a lumber operator of that place. Mr. Healy will tell you just what you are to do.

We inclose check for $100 advance expense money.

Very truly,

GILBERT HENDERSON,
Sales Manager.

STONEWALL JACKSON HOTEL,
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.
MARCH 16, 1920.

THE FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

Gentlemen: As soon as your letter came I went around to see Mr. Healy, and it is lucky for you that you hired me, because Mr. Healy has just been taken sick with appendicitis. They were getting ready to take him to the hospital, and he was pretty weak, but he managed to tell me that the tractor for the demonstration had already arrived at the freight station in Cyprus City.

He also explained that this Mr. Jackson down there owns about a million feet of cyprus timber which he wants to get out and sell right away before the present high price of lumber goes down. It seems the ground is so swampy and soft from the winter rains that with his present equipment of mules and wagons he won't be able to move any of his timber until summer.

But Mr. Healy was down there a couple of weeks ago, and he arranged to put on a demonstration to show Mr. Jackson that an Earthworm tractor can go into those swamps and drag out the timber right away. Mr. Jackson said he would buy the tractor if it did the work, and Mr. Healy was feeling very low because he was sick and couldn't go down to hold the demonstration.

"You can rest easy, Mr. Healy," I said. "When you look at me you're gazing on a natural-born salesman. I will go down there and do your work, as well as mine. I will put on a swell demonstration, and then I will sell the goods."

As Mr. Healy did not seem to know just what to say to this, I gathered up all his order blanks, selling literature, price lists, and so on, and also the bill of lading and the check to pay the freight on the tractor. Then I wished him good luck, and left.

From this you can see that I am quick to grasp an opportunity, and that you made no mistake in hiring me. I am leaving for Cyprus City tonight.

Cordially yours,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: March 17, 1920.
Written from: Delta Hotel, Cyprus City, Mississippi.
Written by: Alexander Botts, Service Mechanic and Pinch-Hitter Salesman.

I found this pad of salesman's report blanks among the stuff I got from Mr. Healy. I see by the instructions on the cover that each salesman is supposed to send in a full and complete report of everything he does, so I will give you all particulars of a very busy day.

I arrived at 7:51 this morning at Cyprus City—which turns out to be pretty much of a hick town in what they call the Yazoo Delta. The whole country here is nothing but a swamp, and the main street of the town ends in a high bank that they call a levee, on the other side of which is the Mississippi River flowing along about twenty feet higher than the town.

After alighting from the train, and after noting that it was a cloudy day and looked like rain, I engaged a room at the Delta Hotel. I then hurried over to the freight station, where I found the big ten-ton Earthworm tractor on the unloading platform. They had dragged it off the car with a block and tackle. And when I saw that beautiful machine standing there so big and powerful, with its fine wide tracks like an army tank, with its elegant new shiny paint and with its stylish cab for the driver, I will admit that I felt a glow of pride to think that I was the salesman and service mechanic for such a splendid piece of machinery.

Note: Of course, as I said in my letter, I am an old machinery salesman. But the largest thing I ever sold before was the Excelsior Peerless Self-Adjusting Automatic Safety-Razor-Blade Sharpener. I did very well with this machine, but I could not take the pride in it that I feel I am going to have in this wonderful ten-ton Earthworm tractor.

After paying the freight I hired several guys from the town garage to put gas and oil in the tractor, and then I started them bolting the little cleats onto the tracks. You see I am right up on my toes all the time. I think of everything. And I figured that if we were going through the mud we would need these cleats to prevent slipping. While they were being put on I stepped over to the office of Mr. Johnson, the lumberman.

Note: This bird's name is Johnson—not Jackson, as you and Mr. Healy told me. Also it strikes me that Mr. Healy may have been fairly sick even as long as two weeks ago, when he was down here. In addition to getting the name wrong he did very poor work in preparing this prospect. He did not seem to be in a buying mood at all.

As soon as I had explained my errand to this Mr. Johnson—who is a very large, hard-boiled bozo—he gave me what you might call a horse laugh.

"You are wasting your time," he said. "I told that fool salesman who was here before that tractors would be no good to me. All my timber is four miles away on the other side of the Great Gumbo Swamp, which means that it would have to be brought through mud that is deeper and stickier than anything you ever seen, young feller."

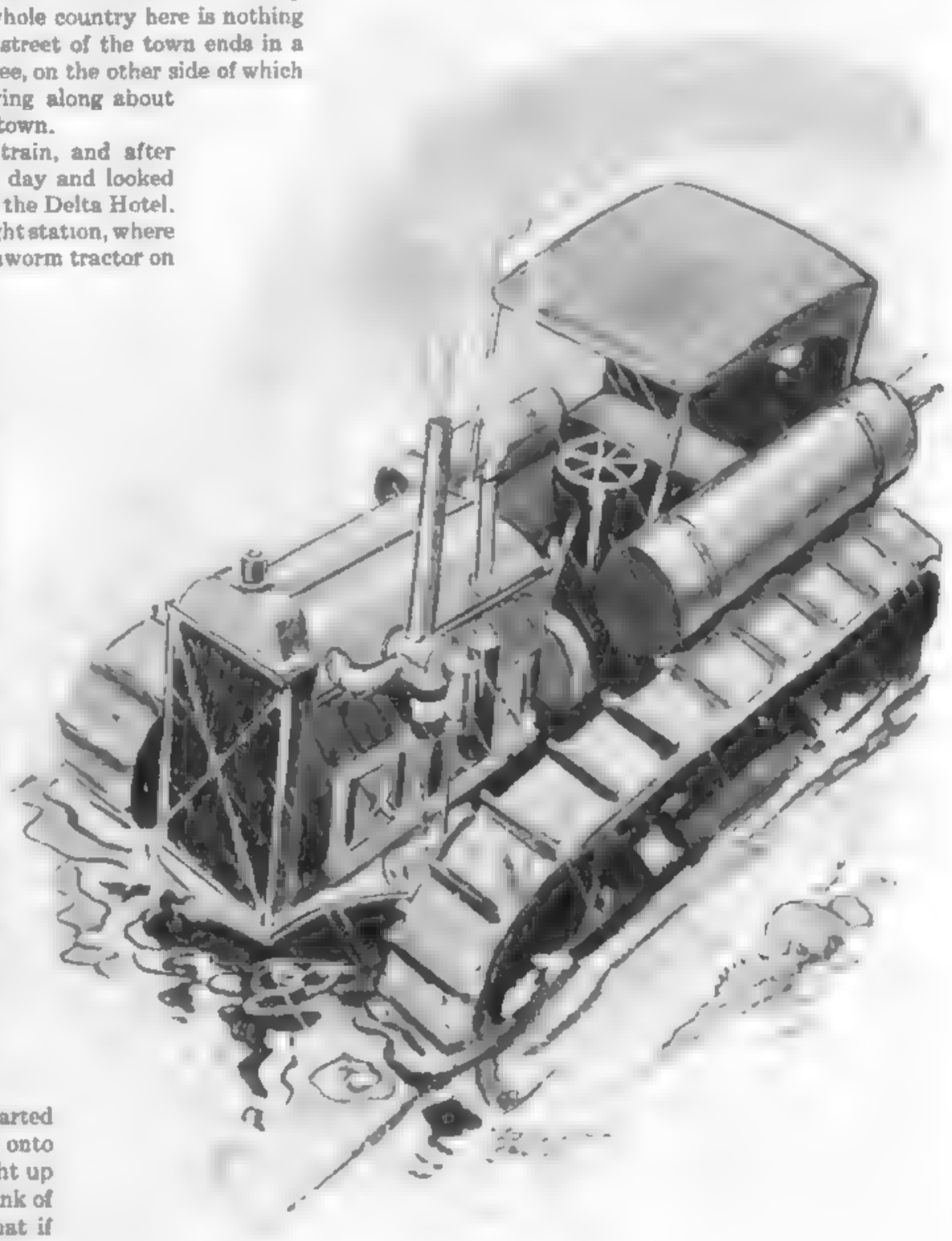
"You would like to get it out, wouldn't you?" I asked.

"I sure would," he said, "but it's impossible. You don't understand conditions down here. Right on the roads the mules and horses sink in up to their bellies; and when you get off the roads, even ducks and turtles can hardly navigate."

"The Earthworm tractor," I said, "has more power than any duck or turtle. And if you'll come out with me I'll show you that I can pull your logs through that swamp."

"I can't afford to waste my time with such crazy ideas," he said. "I've tried motor equipment. I have a motor truck now that is stuck three feet deep right on the main road at the edge of town."

"All right," I said, always quick to grasp an opportunity, "how about coming along with me while I pull out your truck?"



"Well," said Mr. Johnson, "I can spare about an hour this morning. If you'll go right now, I'll go with you, although I doubt if you can even pull out the truck. And even if you do, I won't buy your tractor."

"How about going this afternoon?" I asked.

"I'll be busy every minute of this afternoon. It's now or never."

"Come on!" I said.

We walked over together to the freight platform, and as the cleats were now all bolted on we both climbed into the cab.

At Once I Jumped Out and Began Chasing It Through the Mud

Note: I will explain that I was sorry that Mr. Johnson had been unable to wait until afternoon, as I had intended to use the morning in practicing up on driving the machine. It is true, as I said in my letter, that I became familiar with Earthworm tractors when I was a member of a motorized-artillery outfit in France, but as my job in the artillery was that of cook, and as I had never before sat in the seat of one of these tractors, I was not as familiar with the details of driving as I might have wished. However, I was pleased to see that the tractor seemed to have a clutch and gear shift like the automobiles I have often driven.

I sat down on the driver's seat with reasonable confidence; Mr. Johnson sat down beside me; and one of the garage men cranked up the motor. It started at once, and when I heard the splendid roar of the powerful exhaust, and saw that thirty or forty of the inhabitants, both white and otherwise, were standing around with wondering and admiring faces, I can tell you I felt proud of myself. I put the gear in low, opened the throttle and let in the clutch.

Note: I would suggest that you tell your chief engineer, or whoever it is that designs your tractors, that he ought to put in a standard gear shift. You can understand that it is very annoying, after you have pulled the gear-shift lever to the left and then back, to find that instead of being in low you are really in reverse.

As I said, I opened the throttle, let in the clutch, and started forward. But I found that when I started forward, I was really—on account of the funny gear shift—moving backward. And instead of going down the gentle slope of the ramp in front, the whole works backed off the rear edge of the platform, dropping at least four feet into a pile of crates with such a sickening crash that I thought the machine was wrecked and both of us killed.

But it soon appeared that, although we were both very much shaken up, we were still alive—especially Mr. Johnson, who began talking so loud and vigorously that I saw I need have no worry about his health. After I had got Mr. Johnson quieted down a bit, I inspected the machine and found that it was not hurt at all. As I am always alert to seize an opportunity, I told Mr. Johnson that I had run off the platform on purpose to show him how strongly built the tractor was. Then, after I had promised I would not make any more of these jumps, he consented to remain in the tractor, and we started off again.

Note: Kindly tell your chief engineer that Alexander Botts congratulates him on producing a practically unbreakable tractor. But tell him that I wish he would design some thicker and softer seat cushions. If the base of the chief engineer's spine was as sore as mine still is, he would realize that there are times when good thick seat cushions are highly desirable.

As we drove up the main street of Cyprus City, with a large crowd of admiring natives following after, I seemed to smell something burning. At once I stopped, opened up the hood and discovered that the paint on the cylinders was crackling and smoking like bacon in a frying pan.

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Johnson, "there is no water in the radiator."

I promptly inspected the radiator, and, sure enough, that was the trouble.

Note: I would suggest that if your chief engineer would design an air-cooled motor for the tractor, such incidents as the above would be avoided.

I borrowed a pail from a store and filled the radiator. Apparently, owing to my alertness in this emergency, no damage had been done.

When we started up again we had not gone more than a few yards before I felt the tractor give a little lurch. After we had got a little farther along I looked back, and right at the side of the street I saw one of the biggest fountains I have ever seen in all my life. A solid column of water about eight inches thick was spouting high in the air, spreading out at the top like a mushroom, and raining down all around like Niagara Falls.

I heard somebody yell something about a fire plug; and as I have a quick mind, I saw right away what had happened. The hood of the tractor is so big that it had prevented me from seeing a fire plug right in front of me. I had unfortunately run into it, and as it was of very cheap, inferior construction, it had broken right off.

For a while there was great excitement, with people running here and there, hollering and yelling. The sheriff came up and took my name, as he seemed to think I was to blame—in spite of the fact that the fire plug was in such an exposed position. I was a bit worried at the way the water was accumulating in the street, and consequently I was much relieved when they finally got hold of the waterworks authorities and got the fountain turned off. You see the fire mains here are connected to the Mississippi River, and if they had not turned the water off the whole river would have flowed into the business district of Cyprus City.

Note: I would suggest that your chief engineer design these tractor hoods a little lower, so as to avoid such accidents in the future.

After the water had been turned off we got under way again, clanking along the main street in high gear, and then driving out of town to the eastward over one of the muddiest roads I ever saw. The tractor, on account of its wide tracks, stayed right up on top of the mud, and rolled along as easy and smooth as a Pullman car. Behind us a large crowd of local sight-seers floundered along as best they could; some of them wading through the mud and slop, and others riding in buggies pulled by horses or mules.

Mr. Johnson acted as if he was pretty sore, and I did not blame him. Although the various mishaps and accidents we had been through were unavoidable and not my fault at all, I could understand that they might have been very annoying to my passenger. Perhaps that is one reason I am such a good salesman; I can always get the other feller's point of view. I livened up the journey a bit by telling Mr. Johnson a number of Irish jokes, but I did not seem to get any laughs, possibly because the motor made so much noise Mr. Johnson couldn't hear me.

By this time I had got the hang of driving the machine very well, and I was going along like a veteran. When we reached Mr. Johnson's truck—which was deep in the mud at the side of the road about half a mile from town—I swung around and backed up in front of it in great style.

The road, as I have said, was soft and muddy enough; but off to the right was a low flat stretch of swamp land that looked much muddier and a whole lot softer. There were patches of standing water here and there, and most of it was covered with canebrake—which is a growth of tall canes that look like bamboo fishing poles.

Mr. Johnson pointed out over this mass of canebrake and mud. "That is an arm of the Great Gumbo Swamp," he yelled very loud, so I could hear him above the noise of the motor. "Your machine may be able to navigate these roads, but it would never pull a load through a slough like that."

I rather doubted it myself, but I didn't admit it. "First of all," I said, "we'll pull out this truck."

We both got out of the tractor, and right away we sank up to our knees in the soft, sticky mud. The truck was a big one, loaded with lumber, and it was mired down so deep that the wheels were practically out of sight, and the body seemed to be resting on the ground. Mr. Johnson didn't think the tractor could budge it, but I told him to get into the driver's seat of the truck so he could steer it when it got going.

By this time a gentle rain had started up, and Mr. Johnson told me to hurry up, as the truck had no cab and he was getting wet. I grabbed a big chain out of the truck tool box, and told Mr. Johnson to get out his watch. He did so.

"In just thirty seconds," I said, "things are going to start moving around here."

I then rapidly hooked one end of the chain to the back of the tractor, fastened the other end to the truck, sprang into the tractor seat and started the splendid machine moving forward. As the tractor rolled steadily and powerfully down the road, I could hear the shouting of the crowd even above the noise of the motor. Looking around, however, I saw that something was wrong. The truck—or rather, the major portion of it—was still in the same place, and I was pulling only the radiator. As I have a quick mind I saw at once what had happened. Quite naturally I had slung the chain around the handiest thing on the front of the truck—which happened to be the radiator cap. And as the truck was of a cheap make, with the radiator not properly anchored, it had come off.

I stopped at once, and then I had to spend a few minutes calming down Mr. Johnson by assuring him

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CURLY-TAILED WOLF

"Why, Sidney, We Rather Hoped That—This—Ah—Misunderstanding——" "It's Quite Impossible," Said Sidney. Lupus Licked His Lips

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

IT HAD been a noise that roused him, but Lupus rubbed a fist on his wet ear and listened, without hearing anything except the faint mumble of curtains rubbing the window sill and a train going lazily through Couveris toward Albany in the black night. But there had certainly been some sharp, clear noise.

"Lupus?"

"Huh!" Lupus stiffened on the bed in embarrassment and then remembered that he'd been married three weeks and that Mary was legally speaking from her pillow.

"Something jingled, Lupus."

"'At's it," said Lupus, charmed by her intelligence. His first wife would never have been so definite at midnight. "Yes! Jingled!"

He swung out of bed and grabbed his shirt from the chair beside the dresser. Somebody hadn't locked up and he thought, hauling the garment down his sides, that it was himself who had left the windows up. Carolus had gone early to bed.

"What," asked Mary, "are you going to do?"

"Go an' see what's ——"

"Lupus Van Eck, you get back into bed! I've been a widow once!"

Lupus was charmed. Sue would never have been so explicit in the middle of the night. But he said, "Aw, who'll hurt me, honey? Go to sleep!" And he went pacing into the hallway, where he got tangled with something in trousers but naked around the shoulders who turned out, when grabbed, to be his son Carolus.

"Go back to bed, kid!"

"Haven't ever seen a burglar," said Carolus excitedly.

"They ain't nothin' to look at, sonny. You go to bed, fella."

"Aw, dad!"

Mr. Van Eck purred in the complete darkness, "When you're done talkin', Lupus, I'd be obliged if you'd go down an' see who's foolin' with the silver."

"Yes, sir," said Lupus, blushing, and shoved past his son to the stairs.

But it was nice to feel Carolus coming right after him. The Van Ecks made no noise with their feet at any time, and Carolus was just a breath on his father's neck all the way downstairs, through the wide hall and into the living room. Then he came abreast and his dark shoulders went bulging forward into the paneled dining room, as Lupus found the catch and a lamp flared; an upset silver urn glowed on the red table. Directly beyond this gleam, of course, was the open window. Lupus got a hand into the top of his son's cotton breeches just as Carolus started over the window sill.

"You come back here, kid!"

"Aw, dad!"

"No," said Lupus reasonably, "you stay here, sonny! You're all the kids I got! Come back in!"

Carolus obediently pulled his leg back into the light and said, "I better ring up the police, huh?"

"Wait a minute, son. Look in the sideboard first."

The boy tossed his black hair back from his forehead and jumped to the sideboard. Lupus went striding into the kitchen and promptly spun in air as he stepped on some smooth, rolling thing which hurled his feet forward and smashed explosively as his back landed on it.

"Look out for your feet, kid! Glass!"

Carolus observed, one hand on the bulb over his parent's dizzy head, "It looks like a milk bottle. . . . Get cut, father?"

"Naw! I dunno what a milk bottle's doin' in the middle of the floor though. You remind me to speak to Pete about that. . . . Hey! No milk in it!"

"Was some," Carolus objected, sitting on his heels to look at the muddle of glass. "He musta drunk it. He's taken all the sugar lumps. . . . Ice chest?"

The cook, Pete, was a handsome young mulatto who maintained a tin mirror in the pantry for his own reasons. Lupus looked across his stooping son at this instrument and saw himself as an image in a loose blue tunic, pretty stolid and assured. It pleased him, because most men hunting burglars and shaken by a flat fall on a milk bottle would look kind of foolish.

"There'd ought to be some of that baked ham left from dinner, huh?"

"Most of it, kid. Mary didn't eat none."

"She don't eat anything, anyhow," said Carolus.

"School-teachers' kids," Lupus thought, "prob'ly don't have appetites. And she's a preacher's widda too."

"Well, there ought to be some ham, and there ain't," Carolus said, his voice gravely echoing out of the white ice chest. "An' I don't see any butter or —— Didn't you buy some chops downtown 'safternoon, dad?"

"He was just after grub, then," Lupus said. "Yeh, I bought some chops. Well, he's gone. Leave him go. Pop wouldn't want the fella in jail for three cents' worth of grub. . . . Oh, was the sideboard all right?"

"Yeh," said Carolus, taking his black head out of the white chest.

"I'd of had a cat fit," Lupus mused, "if any of 'at silver was gone. It's heirlooms, kid. I bet the Paramores ain't any silver any older'n that stuff pop's grandfather bought. Mary says the sugar bowl ought to be in a museum, and it ain't as old as those salt boxes an' the platter. Gee, fella, 'at platter's older'n this house! An' this house is older'n the Paramore place. That's just 1830. This is 1821. It's the first brick house in this end of the valley. We're an awful old family, kid. We're pre-Revlushnary. We're Dutch an' Iroquois. You can't be any older'n that in New York State unless you was a cave man. The Paramores are just English."

Apparitional in the door of the pantry, his nightshirt swaying around his brass-bound wooden leg and his real brown leg, Mr. Van Eck purred affably, "What you braggin' for, Lupus?"

"I just got thinkin' what an old family we are, pop."

"It don't matter, right now," Mr. Van Eck sighed. "Your red-headed woman's kind of nervous upstairs, son. Go an' git her calmed down."

Lupus felt remorseful about Mary's state of mind and went trotting into the front hallway. The red-headed woman was hanging over the rail of the stairs in a kind of dim mystery, and she insisted on kissing him a good deal when he rounded the newel post. His first wife had braided her hair at night, and her gowns had sleeves. Mary's hair swarmed on his face and her bare arms locked themselves about his neck in a pleasing way.

"Was you scared about us, honey?"

"Why didn't you come back, you beast?"

"I'm sorry," said Lupus. "I and the kid were lookin' in the ice chest. The fella took some grub. . . . Kiss me some more."

"You're quite wonderful," she murmured. "Weren't you scared, Lupus?"

"I dunno. Kind of nice havin' sumpin happen in the middle of the night, ain't it? I mean, excitin'."

"Hedonist!"

"Yes'm," he said respectfully. "Say, it was nice the time the Paramore house started to burn, four years back. Sid Paramore's painty-face wife stood round an' smoked cig'rettes, pretty near naked, an' bawled us for gettin' water on the furniture. She'd got on red silk p'jamas an' a k'mono thing, kind of, an' it had gold snakes on it, an' stuff. She looked kind of like an Injun squaw. I bet she's a handful."

"She doesn't sound very naked," said Mary.

"Yeh, but some women got a talent," Lupus said, "for not lookin' like they had clothes on. She looks like a squaw. I think she's ugly."

"The ghost of your sainted ancestress, whose name," Mary said, "was probably Giggling Turtle, would not like to hear you say that. I think it's dreadful the way they have Peter Van Eck registered at the courthouse. 'P. Van Eck and wife'—a woman of the Iroquois nation! That's so snobbish. Anyhow, she's had her revenge. You're all a lot of ataviams. I think Rain-in-the-Face and the papoose go out at night in just one feather and some beads, and scalp settlers. Carolus was talking to the Paramore kids this afternoon when I was putting mamma on the trolley, and I'm sure he was thinking how nice their hair would look on his hunting breeches. One morning Sidney Paramore'll find his children cold and gory on the driveway and Carolus will have yellow curls on his tomahawk."

"Why, the Paramores ain't here, Mary!"

"The boy and girl are. They were sitting on their wall talking to Caro. He was parading his horse up and down in front of them and they were lost in admiration. He is impressive. He's got tons of dignity for eighteen; much more than you had at that age. You wabbled around a good deal. I used to hang over our front gate and adore

you, in those days, but you wabbled and galumphed a good deal; and besides, you're a heathen. So I never told my love and married a parson. Go tell the sachem and Sitting Bull 3d to go to bed. I'm sure they're stifled with so many clothes on."

"Oh, they ain't dressed, honey! Pop's in a nightshirt and the kid's just got on pants."

"But that's oppressive, for a warm night," the red-headed woman drawled. "A little paint and some feathers is their natural costume. . . . This is Sidney Paramore's second wife, isn't it?"

"Yeh. His first wife was a nice girl. I dunno how he got this one. Her folks were friends of his old man. I mean her father was. His name's Jerry Le Moyer. He owned a couple of horses once. That's a long time ago. I remember him the first time pop took me to the races. He was standin' round in the paddock with Sid Paramore's old man and some more. Gee! I was sixteen then! That's twenty-one years ago, honey. You was eight years old."

"Are you really thirty-seven, Lupus?"

"Why, sure I am! Carolus got born the day I was nineteen, and he's eighteen, ain't he?"

"It seems indisputable," she admitted. "Go and send him to bed. You treat him as if he were a rational being. It's quite wrong. You give him money and cigarettes and don't scold when he comes home late. How will the boy learn to hate you properly, Lupus?"

"But—hell, girl! I don't want the kid to hate me. I —— Aw, you're teasin' me!"

"You're an irresistible temptation, Lupus," she said.

"I know I'm dumb," he declared; "but I don't mind. Mornin' after the Armistice came, in France, the colonel sent for me an' said, 'Sergeant, we ought to have had you commissioned, but you're such an effective damn fool I hated to spoil you.' 'At was nice, I think. I went—pop had just sent me some money—I went an' bought champagne for the battery. It was a big drunk."

For some reason the red-headed woman kissed him some more.

"But I didn't know the Paramores was here," he presently said. "Sid ain't called up or been over yet. Hey, you'll like Sid! His fam'ly ain't ever been friendly, but he is. He's a hell of a nice fella. We been friends ever since we were kids."

"Lupus, do you mean that the Paramores have lived across the road from you people for four generations and not called?"

"Sure! They don't know anybody in Couveris; why would they call on us? Only time I've ever been in their house was this night it took fire. Sid comes over, though. He's thirty-eight—a year older'n me. Pop thinks Mrs. Paramore's older'n Sid. Pop says she had her hair up—he'd see her with Mr. Le Moyer at Saratoga—when me and Sid were in short pants."

"She's not desperately young, Lupus. I've seen her close downtown in shops and things. . . . Have they been here since old Mr. Paramore died?"

"No, they been abroad. Had a post card from Sid at Christmas. . . . Leggo my neck. I want to speak to the kid. Go to bed an' I'll be up in a minute."

"Yes, sir," she said, and let him go.

Lupus went pacing into the kitchen and saw his son's amber back bent over a dust-pan while he swept the broken milk bottle from the gray planks. Mr. Van Eck was watching his descendant from a chair, and he looked just like the sachem in Pontiac's War Council, the engraving beside the hall clock, except that his head wasn't shaved.

"Kid, you didn't tell me the Paramores are here!"

"Thought you knew, dad."

"Well, I don't! Tell me what the kids said, sonny."

Carolus flopped back his hair from his eyes and recited: "They were on their front wall. The boy was barefooted. I was ridin' Bullard past. So I stopped and let the kid have a ride. They got here last night. Been in New York a week. Landed from Europe last Monday. The girl's gettin' pretty good for a kid. She's fourteen."

The brown sachem spat with discrimination into the wood box and purred, "A Paramore barefoot is somethin' miraculous. I'll git a camera an' wait to see it happen again. It's a sure sign Sid's father's dead. The old fool would roll in his grave if he knew it."

"He's a husky kid," Carolus said, "for twelve."

"You never thought much of Sid's father, pop," Lupus yawned.

"Never did, son. His collars was always too high. Comes of havin' four million dollars an' not havin' to work. He put a lot of energy into his collars an' shirts. I seen Jervis Paramore at Saratoga for twenty years, except when I was in Cuba soldierin', and it never made me sorry the Van Ecks was too tough for him to know. Sid's mamma an' his aunt that died last month looked like they was sensible. It'll be nice havin' Sid home again, Lupus. He's a nice feller. I can't read his pieces in the magazines, 'cause he uses too many fancy words, but he's a good boy. I bet his woman hated to quit Paris. Paris would about suit her. She ain't nothin' but a rack to hang clothes on, and there's where they come from. I bought your mamma a Paris dress oncet, at Saratoga, and it made her happy a year. She looked like hell in it, too. . . . Gimme a cigarette, Carolus."

The Red-Headed Woman Was Hanging Over the Rail of the Stairs in a Kind of Dim Mystery

Carolus dumped the smashed bottle into the coal scuttle and rooted a package of cigarettes from his white trousers. The tribe lighted tobacco and fell silent in the heavy heat of the kitchen. No wind drifted through the screens of the open door and Lupus watched his son's thick shoulders glisten as the kid sat on his heels beside the sachem's wooden leg.

"What's a hedonist, sonny?"

The cultured Carolus said without even a blink, "A fella that likes things an awful lot, daddy."

"Yeh, an' what's atavisms?"

"That's like a dog goin' back in the woods an' bein' a wolf again, dad."

Mr. Van Eck purred, rubbing his chest's smooth center, "You been talkin' to your wife again, Lupus. Look out or she'll git you edjcated yet. . . . Good mornin', Sid. I hope we see you well."

Sidney Paramore opened the screen and said, "It's remarkable you can see me at all, sir. It's black as pitch outside. I hear you've been burgled."

His silk robe was black. It swished on the limestone sill and his slippers tapped the planks. He smiled, walking over to shake hands with Mr. Van Eck, but Lupus gaped and was still gaping when the slim man turned to him.

"Why, Sid! You're gray as a squirrel!"

"I know it. I," the millionaire said, "don't use hair dye the way some vain old men do."

The sachem appreciatively purred, "You lie like hell, Sid. The Van Ecks never git gray an' never git fat. It's the Injun in us. I'm sixty an' I ain't got a white hair in my head."

"You needn't expect me to believe any such rot. You dye your hair, sir. Carolus, you've grown some more. My word! The kid's nearly as big as you, Lupus! And how you run to type! I'd know he was a Van Eck if I saw him in China."

He dropped back his head, coated in gray curls, and examined Carolus with his funny gay blue eyes. He'd never been handsome and now he looked downright bad, Lupus thought; but he was a nice fellow all over and inside.

"Clare tells me you have beautiful eyes, and Geoff's keen on your horse."

"Bullard's a good horse," said Carolus.

"Naturally," Paramore said.

The sachem purred, "We've always bred good hosses. Been at it ever since George Washin'ton. How many you fetched up from New York, Sid?"

"Not any, sir. I sold father's stable year before last. I haven't a horse on the face of the earth."

"Come over an' bring the kids when they want a pony, son."

"Thanks," said the rich man, leaning on a Dutch dresser older than the house. "You haven't

(Continued on Page 50)

"Hey, I Been Havin' a Time, Honey!" "Many Scalps, Osceola?"

Disarmament and Our Navy

By Richard Washburn Child

WHEN Secretary of State Hughes arose there were few, indeed, who knew what he was about to say. When he addressed the Washington Conference he hit that conference, as one dignified diplomat said, "on the nose." When one hits an international conference on the nose one does the most effective thing one can do with an international conference. This is because such conferences usually grow colder and colder as days pass by.

When one hits an international conference on the nose it is necessary to have something with which to hit it on the nose. What Hughes had was a very real will for peace and a very sincere will to disarm on the part of the American people. But if that was all he had with which to hit the conference on the nose, he might as well have had a feather duster. What really hit the conference on the nose was that the United States had a naval-construction program and—do not forget this—the resources to carry it out. What Hughes had was the fact that the United States was about to have a Navy the like of which the world had never seen. What Hughes had was an investment of $175,000,000 which he could throw on the table and say, "There's our stake to be scrapped. What's yours?"

A good deal has been said to show that capital ships—those big fighting machines of yesterday's sea warfare—were not so important as they were once rated. Times and science change. None the less, on the eve of the Washington Conference the United States had something to bargain with. Harding and Hughes bargained with it. That was that. It was the most successful and dramatic disarmament step ever taken, but we get little thanks for it.

The Other Fellow's Ships

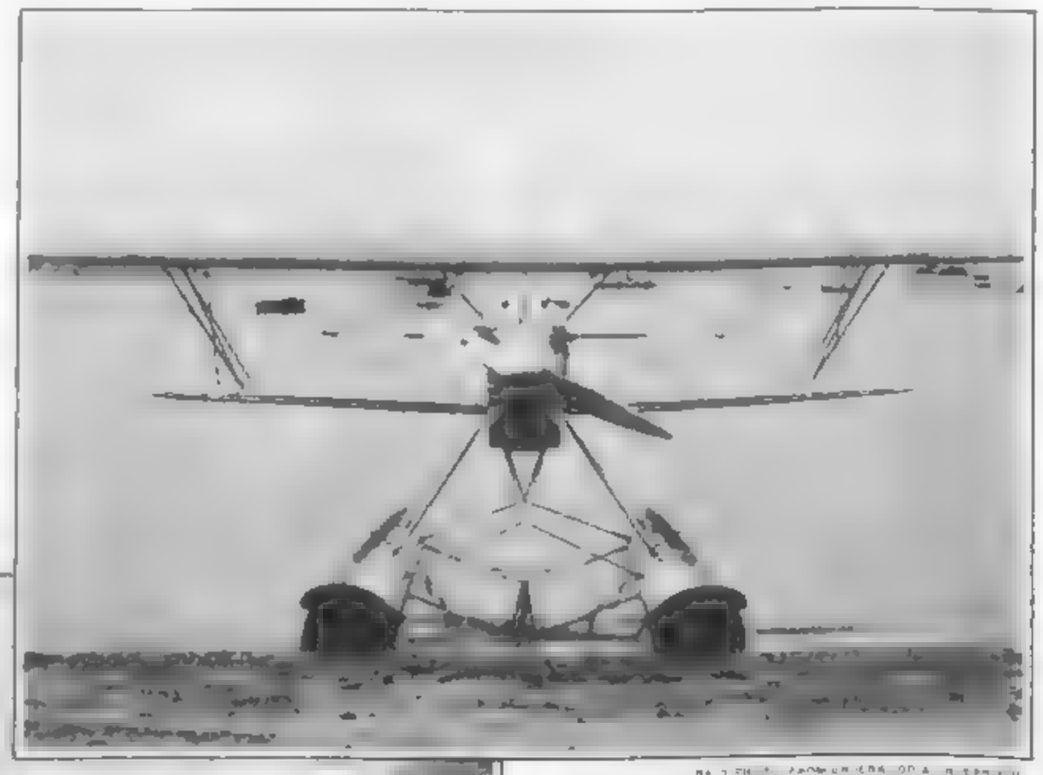
NO ONE wants to minimize the effect of public opinion in favor of disarmament.

I have received from Europe a letter from a man who was one of the delegates to the Disarmament Conference. He wrote a truth. He said, "Everyone all over the world wants to attain disarmament." He added, however, this bit of realism, which will be appreciated more in cynical Europe than here in dreamy America. He said, "But so also does everyone want to attain happiness."

When President Coolidge proposed a new conference on disarmament to extend the limitation on capital ships to cruisers and other smaller but increasingly powerful arms of navies, he had nothing much to throw on the table. It is quite true that he expressed again the sentiment, deep, sincere and sound, of the American people for disarmament. It is quite true that he succeeded in emphasizing the rather plain fact that the United States and Great Britain and Japan, without any of the Continental nations, can balance and cut down their navies for the cause of peace and of tax saving, too, and still, together, keep decisive places as rulers of the great seas.

He served well the expression of growing public opinion everywhere for disarmament. He served well the thought that the United States, Great Britain and Japan have a great deal on which, if they are wise, they can act benevolently in a triangle of harmony and accord and restraint and the creation of sea zones of good influence.

It cannot be said, however, that the proposal, as one for general naval disarmament, made much of a dent.

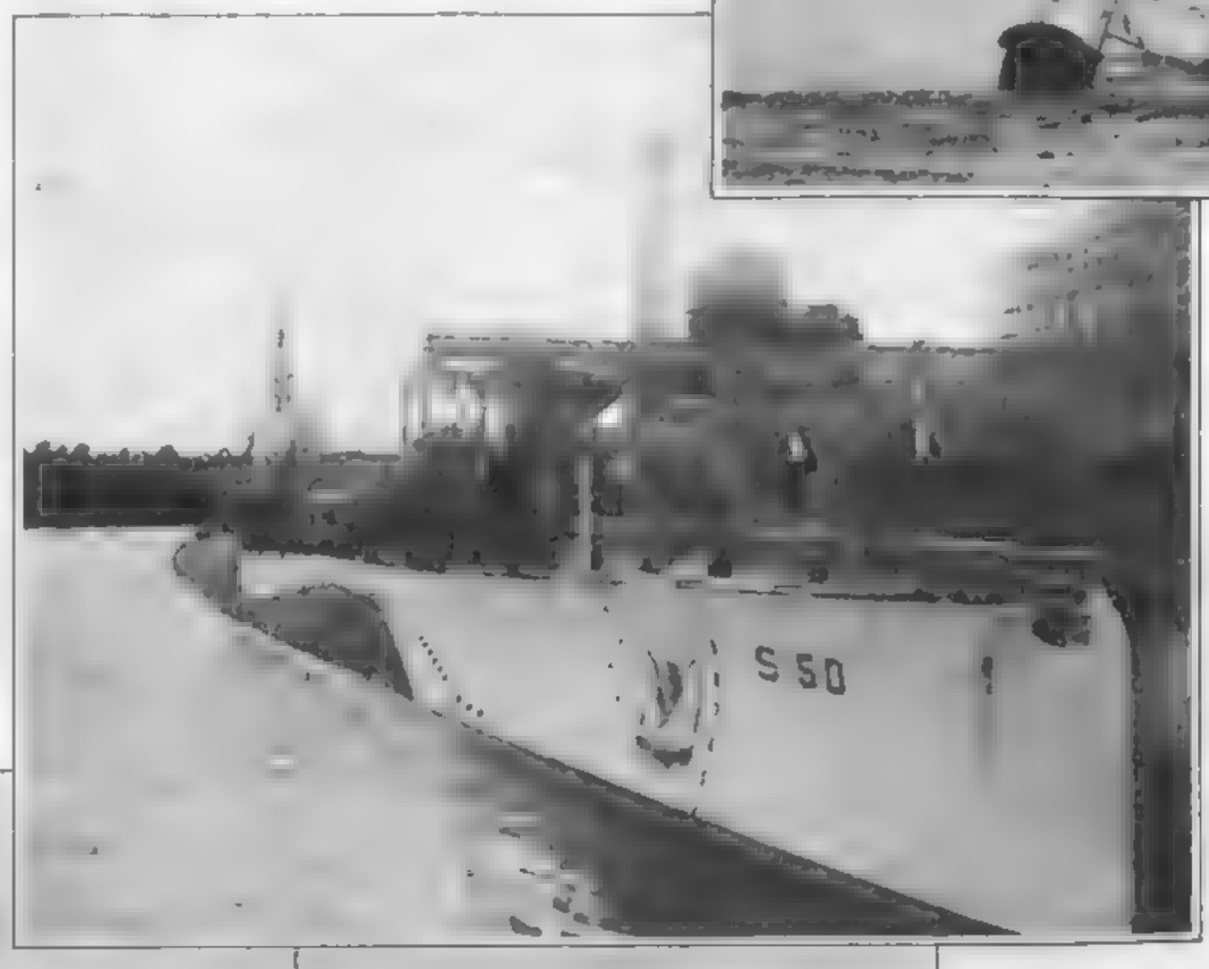


The Navy's F6C-2, Which Is at Home on Land or Sea

When Hughes made his proposal he not only made the proposal but he had the ships. When Coolidge made his proposal he had only the proposal. The other fellows have the ships—or want them.

The lesson is an easy one for the average school child. Public opinion and moral persuasion are sure to become a growing voice in the future, but at least during the time that 19 remains a part of our date line, a regrettable paradox will stand up like a sore thumb; it is that those who are well armed will be the final authorities in any discussion on disarming.

If we want fewer cruisers in the world, terrible as it may appear to the well-intentioned knitters of pacifism, it may be that we ought to build a lot of cruisers. Although the terms of the Washington treaties have been carried out in excellent good faith, none the less the competition in armies and in small craft, submarines and airplanes grows hotter. When we talk we shall talk authoritatively only with things like submarines and cruisers, or at least with the prospect that, having the means to do so, we shall have them shortly. We may have to talk in those terms, because any other kind of talk goes off into thin air.



The U. S. S. Richmond. Above—The Submarine S-50

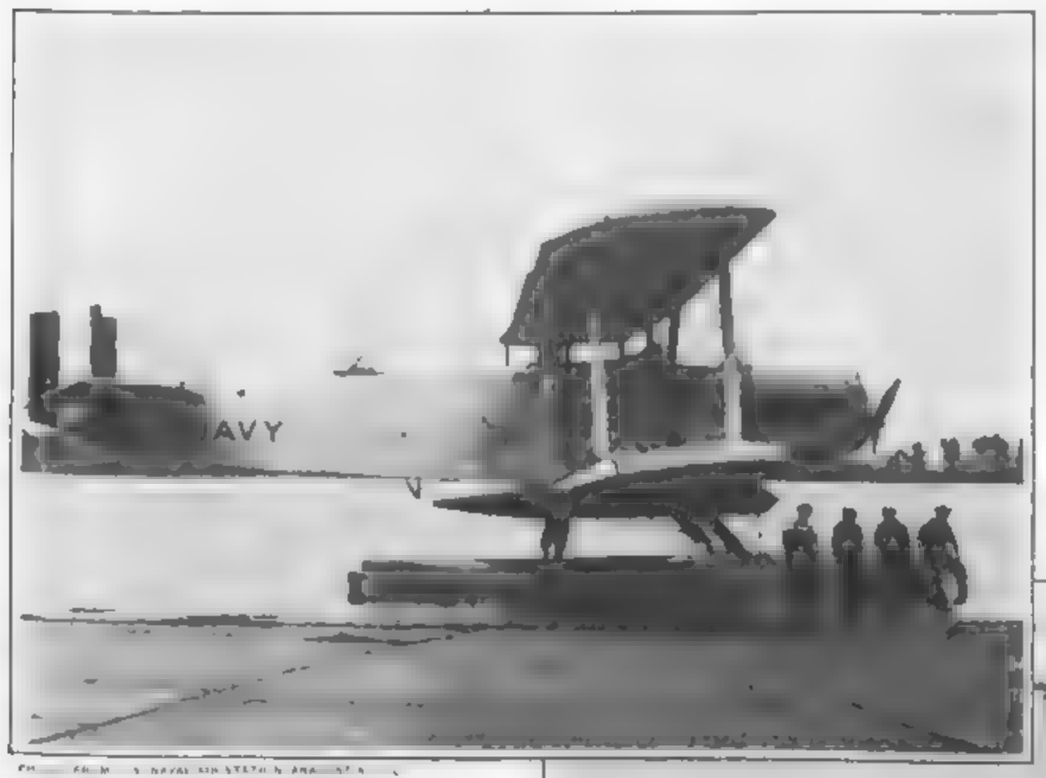
In the Face of Realities

THE idea that disarmament can be brought about by soft precept and irreproachable example is pure poppycock. Everyone is sorry that it is. We ought to go on working hard to make public opinion free of fears and stern against the militarists. But why dream that the day has come when it is the weak, enfeebled nation that can talk disarmament? Can China lead the world to naval disarmament? Can the Eskimo statesman have much to say about armies?

It is always well to approach our problem of disarmament from the point of view of the largest influence against spending money, whether relaxed debts or not. What stops the purchase of the machines of war? So far as Continental Europe is concerned, it is quite useless for us to expect talk to do so. We talk in the face of realities. No one believes that the French people, as a people, have any more taste for militarism than we have. They are an

extraordinarily individualistic people; they do not like military service.

But France has been, ever since the Versailles Conference, playing a prime political hand on the Continent, with financial and military backing. She has tied up a corridor across Europe to separate Germany and Russia. Her army is its guaranty. From the signing of the treaty of peace she has sought the power of Continental control; and because she has always had the veto power in the League of Nations, and sometimes even the initiative as to that organization of the United States of Europe, she has had the sense of security that none could challenge her arrangement to guarantee, by hitting power, her own people and her allies. That is reality.



A Torpedo Plane, With an 1800 lb. Torpedo Attached

France makes her corridor—Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Jugo-Slavia. She maintains her own sanctions with or without the great treaties of Locarno—by keeping, whatever it costs per man, a gorgeous army. That army is maintained by the Poincaré philosophy of power, by the cynical but effective conclusion that power, like money, is the only thing that talks in an audible voice—even about disarmament.

It is exactly the same international philosophy we might have under the same circumstances. It keeps power to trade with. Whenever one hears of the attitude of France, one always thinks, "Well, if we were in the same fix we might do the same." It is ridiculous to indict a nation because it is in fear of its future safety. One has to allay its fears, as Wilson, as an outsider, proposed, or else forgive fears.

Surely the French people, as one knows them—as intense individualists—do not like military service any more than you or I do. They have no taste to be taxed for the support of armies—especially when the taxes are really collected.

The spirit of Locarno has been something of a relief to France; but in spite of everything, France still understands that the psychology of Europe, though it is no longer the psychology of aggression, is still the psychology of fear.

The psychology of war is founded about as much on one as the other. Too bad! But true.

A Disguised Race in Air Power

SOME fears are well founded, but what difference does it make whether fear is well founded or not? Fear is fear. Apprehension is apprehension. H. Wilson Harris, a distinguished British journalist, speaking to our Academy of Political and Social Science, said:

"In regard to the air force, there again we find ourselves driven to a competition we do not seek. A great neighbor with whom we stand on the friendliest relations is developing an air force on a very extensive scale. It is perfectly certain that that air force is not directed against Great Britain; but there it is, and there it will remain, at a distance from our shores which makes it possible for our greatest cities to be laid in ruins in an attack that need not, I suppose, last more than a matter of hours, or certainly of days.

"We have to face the position of the men—the experts and to some extent the politicians in our own country—who are responsible for national defense. They are entitled to say, I am afraid, in view of the record of history, that you can never be perfectly certain that the friend of today may not be the enemy of tomorrow. . . . Therefore we are embarked again on a very thinly disguised race in air power."

When one hole is stopped up, the psychology of fear plus the actualities of danger, figured by experts, will open up other holes for armaments. Too bad! But true. And it will continue true for a good long time, while the world is slowly building a structure of public opinion against all hates and fears. And on top of that will be needed a public opinion strong enough to stand face to face with some cold facts and realities, such as the need of overpopulated nations to find new territory or the tendency of the hungry to reach out for the other fellow's crust of bread.

Perhaps the greatest usefulness of such conferences on general disarmament as is now being fostered by the League of Nations is the help it may give to this structure of public opinion. We may well be represented there, not because we have any great expectation that any facts of the world's armament will be materially changed, but because it is useful to bring out the facts and take a look at them. This conference, which was in session last year and is meeting again, is scarcely more than a conference to see whether a conference may be held to arrange for a conference; but, although few Americans know it, already there have been fished up to the surface enough problems and realities to show the hurry-up type of pacifists that something more than talk and banners, illuminated transparencies and slogans, is necessary to disarm the world.

The Process of Substitution

IT MAY enlighten some of us to know what kind of problems pop up and stare the conferees on disarmament in the face.

No sooner is the lid off the box in Geneva than we have to unpack the ugly truth that disarmament agreements, even when definite, are subject to evasion in peace and are usually scrapped at the slightest sound of war. Contrary to the assertions made here and there, in Congress and out, the Washington agreements as to capital ships have been kept by everyone to the letter. But the moment the agreements were made, a new form of competition started as to battleships; on those not scrapped, the gun elevation was changed to increase range and fighting power. The moment competition was limited in capital ships, the cruiser race began. And when we get down to agreements about such matters as chemical warfare, the adaptation of commercial airplanes for war purposes and the assembly of submarine parts, no one asserts very strongly that the enemy on the eve of war can be depended on to believe that his enemy can be depended on.

The World War taught us how easily agreements are smashed. In 1899, Secretary John Hay wrote to the American delegates as to a proposed international agreement prohibiting the use of poison gas: "The expediency of restraining the inventive genius of our people in the direction of devising means of defense is by no means clear; and considering the temptations to which men and nations may be exposed in time of conflict, it is doubtful if an international agreement to this end would be effective. The dissent of a single powerful nation might render it altogether nugatory. The delegates are therefore enjoined

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The Aircraft Carrier Langley. Above—The U. S. S. Concord

AND NOW THE STORY

"It May be of Interest to You to Learn That I Am Going to New York to Marry Mark Dimner, Junior"

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

NOWHERE outside the intense and colorful world of moving pictures could the conference have been assembled that was progressing in the office of Mr. Glenning of The Zenith Motion Picture Corporation. Nominally in the charge of Carl Glenning, it included Caryn Lender, who had risen so high playing leads that it needed only the simple announcement to fix her among the stars; Amy Daine, the best-loved mother on the screen; Miss Blogger, secretary to the director; Mantell Lurlock, a leading actor deep in the affection of the public, whom Zenith had been fortunate enough to secure from the wreck of Roger Ewald Sipp Pictures; and Mr. Plastman, the director. Mr. Plastman was talking:

"What I wanted to say was this: That every picture needs coöperation. Everybody must jump in their hardest. This means you!" Mr. Plastman was looking at no one in particular. "Everybody in a picture ought to be full of the spirit of that picture. He must give his all every time. It helps to make the spirit of a picture and it helps me. That is why I am particularly glad we are all together here like this in Mr. Glenning's office. It will help us to get coöperation. I would like to add, going into the finer points, that it will help the tempo. It isn't too much to say that it will make the tempo." Glenning's fingers tapped very lightly on the glass top of his desk. Caryn Lender surveyed her very satisfactory features in a minute convex mirror.

Amy Daine whispered to Miss Blogger, "If he gets on tempo ——"

"Mr. Glenning will support me in this, for he knows what organization means. It means Zenith pictures among other things. I must have it in my work. We must all have it. In my picture The Merry Susanna the spirit of coöperation was miraculous, and you all know the result. You know what the picture did. It was met with a chorus of praise from all the critics. And it went just as big with the public. What was the answer? Coöperation!" Yes, Mr. Glenning agreed, but that picture was finished. What about the one before them? He was coming to that, Plastman replied. "In the picture before us," he proceeded, "we'll have a special need for spirit, and for this special reason—it's to be a picture about college life."

Mantell Lurlock straightened up dramatically. "Indeed," he announced, "it is the first I have heard of that. A college story! And what part, may I ask, Mr. Plastman, do I take? A bounding and playful college boy? Do I hurl a football over the line to victory or take part in a ten-mile sprint? I must admit it's of some interest to me."

"Now, Mr. Lurlock," Plastman begged him, "don't jump at conclusions, please. This is not going to be what you think. It's a sort of supercollege story. Look at the cast, or rather the principals, gathered around you. Figure their cost. Look at yourself. What other leading actor of your experience could even undertake a college youth? None, I am certain. Think how the part could be dressed. Why, Mr. Lurlock, you'd be youth! Romance. Beauty. A love interest that justifies our using even Caryn Lender. The time has come, after all these period pictures and war, for something joyful and of today. A comedy and yet more. There were suggestions of it in The Merry Susanna, but in this picture I intend to carry it still farther."

"We want to do something at once light and important," Glenning explained. "It is a revolutionary idea. But daring as it is, the exhibitors I have seen are squarely behind us. Light and artistic. We won't be cramped for money—the cost has been estimated at close to four hundred thousand dollars. I tell you that to show you how much we think of this individual picture. It won't be hurried. All we are asking from Mr. Plastman are results."

Mr. Lurlock added, "There is another thing. In my contract I am to play the lead opposite recognized stars—until I am starred myself—and while Miss Lender is one of the loveliest and most talented characters in moving pictures, is she, may I ask, a star? I haven't seen her out front as that."

Caryn Lender raised her eyebrows, her chin and her voice. "If Mr. Lurlock thinks playing opposite me will harm his reputation," she said to Glenning, "I am quite willing to surrender the picture to him. As you know, Mr. Glenning, I consented to take this simply to accommodate the company. They begged me to take it for the picture's sake. I was told that with the cast what it was it needed something."

"I see," Lurlock put in, "you mean that I needed something. You are right. I do—an actress." Caryn Lender was once more wholly detached. "I was given to understand," Lurlock continued—"it was clearly hinted to me—that Storey would head the cast."

"We did think of her," Carl Glenning admitted. "In fact, she had agreed to do it, but the Eastern office wanted her for our anniversary production, Cupid. To answer your questions in their order, Mr. Lurlock, I recall that your contract reads as you say; you are within your right; but, while I am not authorized now to make any announcement about Miss Lender, I may say that the company has important plans for her. While at present she is not, technically, a star, her position is about as high. The truth is she had a choice between this story and virtually starring in a smaller and quick production. We think she chose not only for her best advantage but for the interest of the company as well. It is our opinion that you would be fortunate to begin your work for us with Caryn Lender."

That was all very well, Lurlock replied; he was only interested in the letter of his contract. Was the contract binding as it was written? If it were broken in one respect would it not be ignored in another? And what would his standing in the profession be if he merely played opposite another lead? Supporting a star was supporting a star, Mr. Lurlock pointed out, but what was his position? How would he be billed to his public? Mr. Plastman interrupted him:

"This is exactly what I spoke of," he pointed out. "How can I get real spirit into a picture with all this talk about stars and leads? How will I be certain of any—any coöperation? You must sink yourself in the story. You must learn to forget. If we're not single-minded, generous—I might say noble-hearted—it will be a bust."

Mantell Lurlock's comment upon this was that he had learned to let others be noble-hearted. "Others," he reiterated. "It's not safe. The only way for me to get spirit into a production is to know my contract is right. Then I can throw myself into a picture. Then I can feel with it. And I had it written into my contract with Zenith ——"

"Well," Carl Glenning announced, "we won't try to force you into a picture against your will, Mr. Lurlock. We want you to be happy with us. Perhaps I can do something about it. Mr. Von Tass is starting production in three weeks on The Death Plant; he leaves for the Mohave Desert in ten days. What do you think? Would you prefer that?"

Mantell Lurlock spoke quickly and decidedly. "I would not. I couldn't do my best work under those conditions—I mean with a foreign director. The desert wouldn't hold me back. I rode two weeks on a camel in Ships of the Sahara. Perhaps if we heard more of Mr. Plastman's ideas we might get closer together on this college story. I didn't realize at first what big things were planned for it."

Amy Daine said: "I understand everything that Mr. Plastman has told us and I am with him 100 per cent. I like a nice friendly feeling to a picture. All one big family like. The spirit of service and love. I am sure we all love Mr. Glenning and Zenith. For one, I believe loyalty is a big word. It shows in a production, and when it isn't there it don't show. I think a supercollege story is a great big idea. A picture full of boys. Animal spirits. But true hearts. The idea of self-sacrifice. And I don't intend to make trouble for nobody. Specially by asking questions; worrying about my contract. I'll take any part offered."

"What," Mr. Lurlock demanded—"what, if you were offered the part of cigarette girl in a café? Would you worry about that? It would have to be in the picture. College boys go to cafés."

In this picture, Mr. Glenning told them firmly, there would be no night life. "That is exactly what we want to get away from. We want a spirit of fun and clean competition. But that's the story; we can go into it shortly; Miss Blogger has a very comprehensive outline. I want to know now if this picture is lined up with you. Are you in on it? Do you get the general idea? We want to begin production at once."

Mr. Plastman rose. "We are, Mr. Glenning," he said securely. "I am certain Mr. Lurlock will not regret his decision. He has a very sympathetic part. Miss Lender, too, will be happy when she hears the script. Miss Daine's part, I may add, was written in special for her—a character altogether lovable. With Miss Lender and Mantell Lurlock and Amy Daine in such a picture, we'll have the knock-out of the year. There can't be a doubt where the photoplay gold medal will go. As I understand it, and in reference to what Mr. Glenning said about cafés, this will be first and last a clean picture. A picture for the whole family, with sport played up strong. A great football game and the boys training and full of larks."

Mr. Lurlock asked about the larks. "Some are good and some not so good. Speaking personal, I am better in quieter passages. Restrained feeling. A suffering that cannot be expressed. My work in The Belated Valentine showed the public that, once and for all. It was a message of the heart that failed to come. The only woman ——"

"Listen," Caryn Lender interrupted him. "One at a time. You'll start Mr. Plastman on The Merry Susanna and we will never get home. We really haven't got time to sob over the past." He understood that, Mr. Lurlock replied. In a way it was a delicate compliment to her that he was considering the past. In answer to this she languidly advised him not to write in all the humor himself. "They pay others for that," she informed him. She produced a cigarette from a gold box with her name, Caryn, charged on it in a diamond script, and lighted it at a gold lighter that was, as well, a watch

Amy asked to see the cigarette case. "Ain't it ultra!" she exclaimed. "With the name and all. New, as I can see. I had one engine-turned my friend gave me a year ago February, and it was stole out of my dressing room. I had it under a wig, but they found it and took it off me. Heavier than yours too. He had it made for me and marked on the interior where it wasn't conspicuous. It said, 'To a Wild Rose.' But he didn't mean nothing by that, if it did look bad. It was from the piece of music. He was terrible

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"There is an Angry Murmur When His Rash Presence is Discovered; the Members of the Team Crowd About Him in a Threatening Manner"

YOUNG NOWHERES

By I. A. R. Wylie

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"I Never Thought Anything Could be So Won'erful, Binky. Look at That There Moon. Like as Though She Were Smiling at Us"

THE joke originated with Mr Jesse And considering its quality and the fact that nobody else in the apartment house appeared to be aware of one another's existence, it was surprising how rapidly it spread. Probably Mr. Jesse spread it himself. Mr. Jesse liked jokes. Naturally he liked his own jokes best. Also he was unsnubbably gregarious. And as he owned the swell bachelor apartment on the tenth floor and more than sufficient means, nobody snubbed him.

At the age of fifty Mr. Jesse retained the gayety and irresponsibility of youth. He loved the world. He saw it as a large juicy orange revolving with Jovian unsteadiness in the mellow afterglow of a Gargantuan highball. Everything was snug, warm, water-tight, though mercifully not quite dry. Its inhabitants were happy brothers. Mr. Jesse loved them all. He even loved Albert, who was not Olympian. Usually Mr. Jesse found it difficult to realize that he even existed. There was something queer about Albert. The other elevator boys were familiar characters. Mr. Jesse exchanged weather prophecies and seasonal sports information with them. He even got to know something of their family history and could make tactful and friendly inquiries. Albert had the night shift. He came on at seven and went off at seven. Mr. Jesse was either in too much of a hurry to keep a dinner appointment or too blurred with the results to notice him.

The superintendent of the building confided to Mr. Jesse that he had doubts as to whether he was even sufficiently respectable, owing to what you might call an ingrowing shabbiness which baffled the smartest uniform. On the other hand, he was cheap and he was always on the spot. Mr. Jesse agreed negligently to the latter point. When night revelers, Mr. Jesse among them, yawning with weariness and the stale air of theaters and cabarets, rang the bell, he came scudding out of some mysterious corner, huddling himself into a brass-buttoned coat, and stumbling over his own anxious, untidy feet. Without a word he would snap to the steel gates, throw in the switch and shoot them with smooth accuracy to their destination.

It was queer how he knew where everybody belonged, for he never seemed to look at anyone, and for that matter, his thatch of coarse reddish hair was about all they saw of him. His habit of carrying his head bent gave him a slinking, skulking appearance. He was like a young rat that had quartered itself somewhere below stairs and was sufficiently useful to escape destruction. Nobody except the superintendent knew where Albert lived, and not even the superintendent knew where he spent his spare time or where he ate his meals or who his people were or whether he had any people. And certainly nobody cared.

But at 12:30 A.M. Mr. Jesse was too fond of humanity to let even Albert escape the vastness of his embrace. He leaned against the sides of the elevator, his soft hat at the back of his head, his rather swollen little eyes twinkling with sly merriment.

"Your career, Albert," he said, "is typical of life itself. Life, Albert, con—consists of ups and downs." He hiccuped contentedly. "Ups and downs," he repeated, ruminating. As he lurched out onto the tenth floor he patted Albert's sloping, narrow shoulders. "Young Ups-and-Downs," he chuckled.

That was at 12:30 A.M. But on another occasion, after a party that had died at dawn of sheer, unutterable boredom, Mr. Jesse saw his joke from another angle. The air in the apartment house was stuffy with steam heat and the insidious chill of morning. Mr. Jesse was very miserable. He looked at life through the widening aperture of an on-coming bilious headache. He saw himself as a tiresome old man who was going to die soon, after a period of meaningless activity, and the bowed enigmatic figure at the brass switch as the embodiment of the whole senseless business of human existence.

"Albert," he said, "you go up and you go down. You do it with an air of purpose and significance. But can you tell me where you really go and where you really come from?"

For the first time in Mr. Jesse's memory Albert looked up at him, and Mr. Jesse saw that Albert was different. The other elevator boys varied from a sophisticated, leering twenty to a sober, rotund forty. But Albert was really young and innocent. The blue eyes in the freckled face were those of a frightened child.

"I dunno, sir," he said. "Nowheres, as I knows of."

Mr. Jesse sighed. He had a sudden ridiculous desire to cry his heart out on his mother's shoulder, and Mr. Jesse's mother had been dead these forty years.

"Young Nowheres," said Mr. Jesse sadly.

II

AS A MATTER of fact he knew them by their boots. Boots—all sorts of boots. Mr. Jesse's patent Oxfords, stout and twinkling; the debonair pumps and the gold dance shoes of the young married couple on the third that went out so immaculate and gay and came back soiled and raffish and rather pathetic looking, as though good times were not so good as advertised; the tarnished slippers of

the mysterious, lovely lady on the second back; Mr. Cleaver's calf lace-ups, thick-soled, black, brutal-looking, and the colored shoes, never twice the same, that stood timidly beside them. Fortunately they didn't come often Week-ends mostly. It was understood that Mr. Cleaver had a big house in the country and that the apartment was just a *pied-à-terre*. When he came the other elevator boys exchanged winks behind his formidable shoulders. They knew all about rich men who kept a snug, discreet little *pied-à-terre* in town. But Albert never lifted his eyes above the boots, and the boots frightened him. He was haunted by the idea that suddenly they might begin to grow and grow, and that then there would be no escape from their slow inevitable advance. They crushed things, these boots. Albert knew it. He could almost hear the bones crunch under their square, insensitive heels. He was thankful when they hurried round the corner to the luxurious seldom-used apartment

Once a week the superintendent gave Albert the key and an extra dollar, and he cleaned the place out with a desperate earnestness. Because without that dollar he couldn't have gone to the movies on his night off. He knew every book and picture and bibelot. He knew the views from Mr. Cleaver's windows—the towers and minarets and floating palaces of a dream city of unimaginable splendor, glittering in the polished crystalline air of winter, asleep in the shimmer of a blazing summer heat. He would stand for a long time at these windows, broom and duster in hand, lost in a vague formless wonder.

The dining room pretended to be Elizabethan. It had low ceilings and dark walls and rich red curtains framing diamond-paned windows. Beside the open fireplace were logs piled in readiness and a small refectory table and two deep easy-chairs. Sometimes the logs had been burned to gray ash. They were still warm when Albert touched them. The table, littered with the remnants of a meal sent up by the French restaurant round the corner, was pushed back and the two chairs were elbow to elbow, pressed close to each other. Albert dreaded to touch them. It was like an intrusion, like breaking in on someone else's secret. The impress of two personalities, linked together in a spurious yet intense intimacy, was set on the dead, stagnant air

Across the tiny hall was one other room. The low Regency bed was like a lovely woman lying asleep under her silk coverlet, and the painted chairs and tables were like frail, ineffectual ladies in waiting grouped about her Albert shrank from contact with their scented beauty. When his work among them was done he scudded away from them with shy averted eyes, ashamed and frightened; and hungry, too, he did not know for what.

III

SHOES—a pair of black shoes with low heels and bulging a little at the sides. Sober-minded shoes that had an air of wanting to do their duty quietly and inconspicuously, in spite of the fact that, what with poor leather and bad workmanship, it was none too easy for them. Every morning they stepped eagerly into Albert's elevator. He noticed them because they almost always came on his last journey. They were so punctual. One day when they didn't come he was ridiculously disturbed. He had got to depend on them as on a landmark. He was frightened of things—vague and indefinable things and quite definable things, like being fired; and anything regular, like Mrs. Ambrose and the scrubwoman and the exterminator man, who arrived at 6:45 sharp on Thursdays, helped to reassure him. So that when the shoes hurried past him the next day, evidently rather ashamed of themselves, he was correspondingly relieved.

A very small breathless voice said, "Gee, I was afraid I'd be late again."

Albert took no notice. People often said things in the elevator, especially on his shift, when they were less reticent and dignified than in the daytime, but they were usually bursts of disgust or weariness and required no answers.

But the small voice persisted, "Them subways is just awful roundabout now," it said. "A girl don't get no chance."

Albert was overwhelmed by a sense of complete inadequacy. "Is that so? Well, I dunno. I don't go on the subways."

"What? Never?"

"Well, not since I was a kid."

"Say, that's great, isn't it? If I didn't have to go on subways no more I'd be lucky I guess you live here."

Albert snapped open the gates for her at the tenth "Sort of "

"I work for Mr. Jesse. I'm cleaner "

"He's a nice gentleman."

"I'll say he is. Well, I'm glad I'm on time anyway. When I saw you I knew I'd made it. You go off at seven, don't you?"

"Sure."

"Must be kinda funny working when other folks is at sleep."

"I guess it ain't funnier than most things when you get used to it."

"Well, I'll have to be getting along."

The black shoes pattered along the stone corridor. Albert threw in the switch and slid down to the basement, where the colored day boy, resplendent in his uniform, took over the elevator with a grunt

Afterward, in bed, it occurred to Albert that he hadn't once looked at her. But she had noticed him. She had noticed that he went off at seven, and she seemed impressed because he lived in this grand house and didn't have to go in subways, and they both knew Mr. Jesse. It was as though something extraordinary had happened.

The next day she said, "Good morning," and Albert said, "Good morning." He saw that the heel of the right-hand shoe was worn down, one side giving the black-stockinged foot an odd appearance of distracted and

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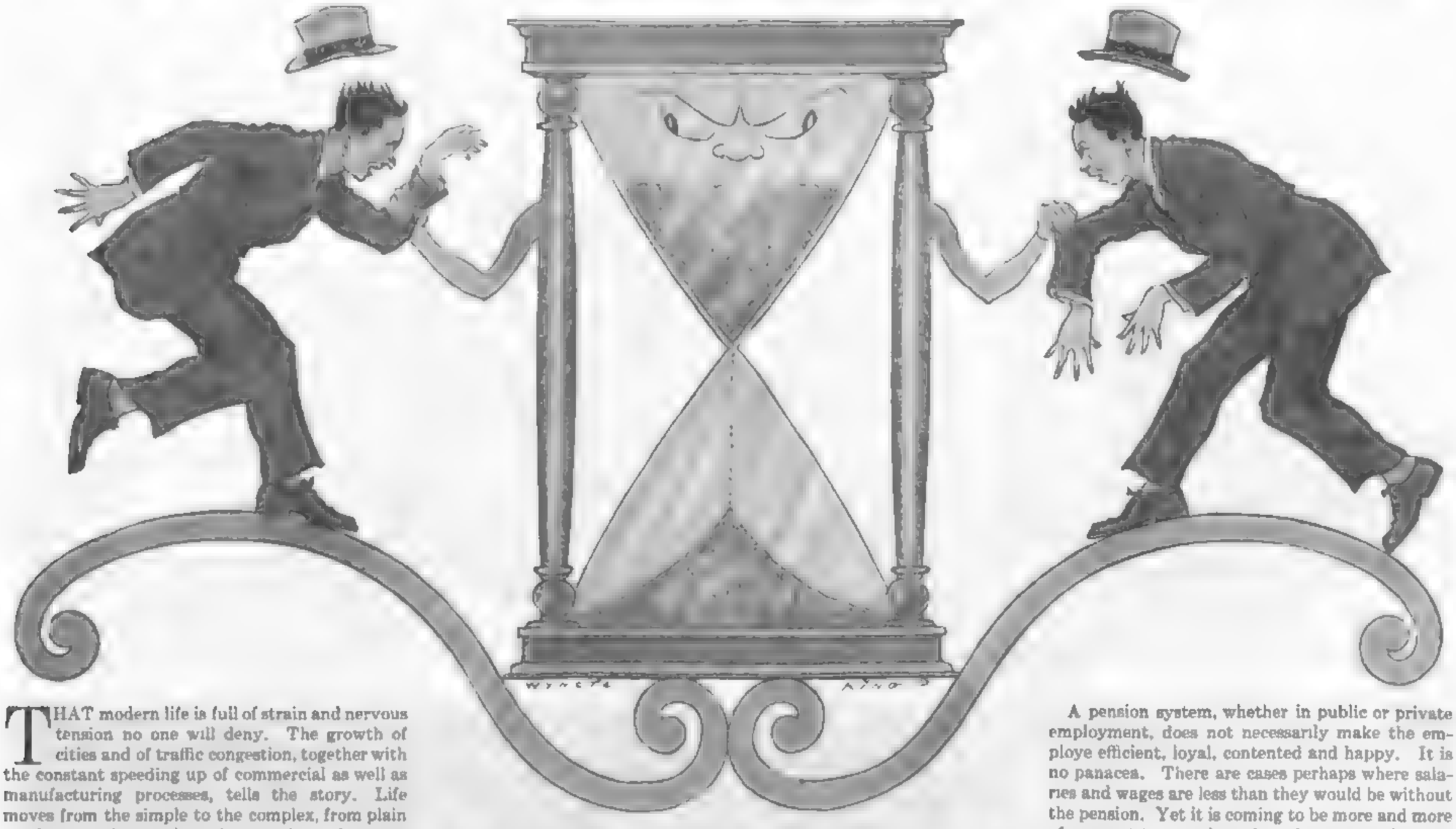
"Hello, Is That You, Roberts? . . . Yes, Mr. Cleaver Speaking"

HOW TO PENSION YOURSELF



By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

THAT modern life is full of strain and nervous tension no one will deny. The growth of cities and of traffic congestion, together with the constant speeding up of commercial as well as manufacturing processes, tells the story. Life moves from the simple to the complex, from plain rural occupations and pastimes to the excitements of urban existence. A thousand new inventions have been made for man, but whether his physical and nervous equipment will stand the strain remains to be seen. At least we know that heart disease and similar ailments are on the increase. But even if man can stand the pace physically, it costs far more to live than formerly. Incomes that once met all requirements are meager now. New objects of desire spring up on every side. The scale of living expands, and with it the expense.

But this gloomy picture must be matched with another and brighter one. Heart disease and other afflictions of middle and old age could not get in their deadly work at all if improved sanitation and medical science had not conquered so many of the maladies of youth. An old man cannot die unless a young man has been kept alive.

Removing the Menace of Dependence

THE standard of living is high, but ability to meet it through increased wages and salaries has risen even more. The speed of industrial and business life may wear out or superannuate the worker at an earlier age than was once the case, but incomes out of which to accumulate a fund for old age provision are more ample. Life has more strain than it had, but the means, both physical and financial, for caring for those who become incapacitated are more highly developed.

Even if the dead line of employment is going down, methods of providing for the older workers are on the upgrade. The development of pension plans and retirement allowances in connection with industry is one of the inevitable but fortunate by-products of its mammoth expansion.

A splendid sign of the times is the fact that great railroad systems, banking institutions and large industrial corporations are working out plans either to provide retirement incomes for their employes or to place their existing plans on a sound basis.

Profit-sharing schemes, savings funds, stock ownership, group and other insurance policies and contracts and pension funds of various types—all these are being tried out by many corporations in an effort to remove the fear and menace of a poor and dependent old age.

Several hundred industrial pension plans are in effect in this country, covering the employes of many of the largest corporations. Institutions like the Federal Reserve Banks and the New York Stock Exchange have or are adopting such plans. The different churches are seeking to place the retirement allowances for their clergymen on a sound basis, and similar protection for teachers, policemen and other civil servants is becoming more firmly established.

The financial problem of old age, with its so often diminished or vanished income, cannot be considered apart from the pension systems now in existence. If a man is to be pensioned by his employer when he becomes too old to suit the needs of the business, then the advancing years lose much of their terror. The dead line may still bar older men who seek employment, but it does not mean a penniless old age for those already employed.

Whether the employer is under any moral responsibility to maintain his employes in old age is a disputed question. But large corporations under public scrutiny can ill afford ruthlessly to discharge the old and incapacitated without making some provision for them. If they keep inefficient workers who retard the younger men, the pension cost is there just the same under a different form.

Large employers are not compelled to maintain pension plans, but sooner or later, whether they wish it or not, they must face the old-age problem.

A pension system provides for orderly retirement, for a regular automatic weeding out of personnel. Without such a provision, the temptation is to keep workers after their period of usefulness is ended.

In public employment there is usually a senator or boss who sees that the old fellow is not turned out to starve. In private corporations the older men usually have friends on the board of directors or among the higher executives.

It is said that in a certain government department, before the adoption of a pension system, employes of eighty were driven to work, lifted out of carriages and taken to their offices in wheel chairs.

A pension system, whether in public or private employment, does not necessarily make the employe efficient, loyal, contented and happy. It is no panacea. There are cases perhaps where salaries and wages are less than they would be without the pension. Yet it is coming to be more and more of an asset to any class of employment and to any employer to have it known around that the Blank Corporation can always be counted upon to take care of its own.

If a young man really wants to quit he will not stay with a concern because there is a pension thirty years later. But a pension system tends to attract the type of men who do want to stay. It keeps the middle-aged loyal and steady.

Caring for Their Own

THE man in the street knows that this and that great concern has a reputation for caring for its own. It is a matter of general gossip, and much as he dislikes trusts and plutocracy, he cannot fail to be impressed. On the tip of every reader's tongue there are the names of great corporations with this reputation.

Unfortunately the history of pensions in this country, whether those for public employes or those of industrial and other business establishments, has been anything but reassuring. To begin with, the history of military pensions has discouraged the extension of any system in which politics plays a part. As the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching says:

> The country has always recognized its obligation to maintain pensions for those who were disabled, but through political pressure an enormous number of such pensions have been granted to those whose services in the various wars resulted in no injury. The pension schedule which has hung over the country since the days of the Civil War has been perhaps the most flagrant instance of political intrigue which the country has known, and has exhibited at its worst the weaknesses both of Congress and of the Presidents.
>
> Presidents Cleveland, Harding and Coolidge have deserved of the country the highest credit for their courage in dealing with this troublesome problem. This experience of the nation of the abuse of the pension privilege through the weakness of political manipulation has gone far to make the pension problem for employers difficult. States have hesitated to embark upon participation in a pension system with the lesson of the United States military pensions before their eyes. This attitude is slowly disappearing.

Yet even at this late date it is by no means certain that all the municipal and

teachers' pension funds are what they should be. Pressure for earlier retirement ages and more liberal allowances may seem all to the good to the politician, whose knowledge of the actuarial alterations made necessary by these changes is often of the slightest.

If a pension plan is made increasingly favorable without a corresponding increase in contributions to the fund, the burden in time becomes great enough to break the United States Treasury.

Only a few weeks before these lines were written the comptroller of the city of New York appointed a committee of experts to investigate the city's numerous pension funds, explaining his reasons as follows:

> From time to time during the past few years we have heard disturbing reports about some of the city's pension systems, and the Board of Estimate, in authorizing this examination, felt that there should be no further delay in ascertaining the present status of the various systems and the making of an examination that would help us to put all systems on a sound basis.

When it comes to the employes of business concerns we all know that even where no formal pension system exists, there are thousands of employers who seek to ease the declining years of old and faithful workers. It is only with size that formal plans are instituted.

A successful employer with fifty or a hundred men can easily take care of each case of superannuation on its merits, up to the limit of his resources and generosity. If an establishment has two or three employes they can go out to luncheon about as they please, merely by consulting their employer's and each other's convenience. But when there are 5000 employes the luncheon hours must be strictly regulated. So a large employer must have a pretty definite pension plan.

Yet it must be said that many, perhaps most, industrial pension plans have been conditional rather than certain. There are, it is true, great, rich corporations which can be counted upon to take care of their own. But many plans do not recognize any specific legal obligation to pay. Thus the most essential requirements in any system of retirement allowance, such as confidence and assurance, are largely lacking.

The Heart of the Pension Problem

EMPLOYES are encouraged to expect a pension, but a new management or new owners may consider it too great a financial burden. A great corporation was taken over a few years ago by another concern, which repudiated the pension plan of the purchased company because of the heavy burden involved. Thus far this repudiation has been sustained in the courts. It is not uncommon for one management or set of owners to inaugurate elaborate and generous plans for which posterity has to pay, if payment is made at all.

Unfortunately there has been much starting of pension plans without making necessary financial provision to secure their payment. Too many companies have established plans without making the scientific calculations in advance of the probable cost to themselves over the long period of years involved in such arrangements. Too often they have merely trusted to luck that they would be able to pay.

When the X Company started pensions in 1910 it looked easy. Even the largest of corporations employed only a negligible number of workers in 1880 as compared with those in service now, the X Company having 200 employes in that year. Its plan provided that pensions should apply to those who had been with the company thirty years or more, and in 1910 the pensioners were only five out of the original 200 who were with the company in 1880.

In 1910 the company had 5000 employes in all, and five pensioners out of 5000 seemed very few; the cost was nothing. But, of course, that was not the correct percentage to consider.

Early results are no criteria, because pensions project far into the future, and with changing numbers of employes as well as changing wages, it is hard to say what the peak load will be. Much depends also on the ages at which new employes are taken on.

Pensions are usually a fixed percentage of the average wages for a period of years, but wages are much higher now than when many of the pension plans were adopted. Then, too, with the general increase in the number of employes the expense becomes greater. It is calculated that one pension scheme will cost seventy-eight times as much at its peak as at its start, the peak in this case being more than fifty years after the start.

There are corporations whose pension payments now run to more than $5,000,000 a year. This money, it should be remembered, is being paid to men who have not done a stroke of work this year. These men did their work ten, twenty, thirty and forty years ago, yet they are being supported out of earnings to which owners, who may have become stockholders only recently, are entitled.

We are now not only close to the real difficulty which so many corporations have had with their pension schemes but are likewise near the heart of the whole old-age-provision problem. No system of retirement allowance can be sound unless reserves are set up during the younger and more productive years of the future pensioners.

This is the essence of any scheme to take care of old age, collective or individual. It is the most inexorable necessity in the world, the logic of two plus two. The case has never been put more simply than by the vice president of one of the insurance companies:

> I am going to settle this question of why are pension costs so high in just three words: They are not. If a working man in this city of yours, where you charge six cents to ride on a street car, instead of paying his twelve cents a day, should charge it at the street-car company's office, and not begin to pay it until he stopped riding when he was 70, it would cost him about $60 a month from his seventieth birthday until he died to settle the bill. Or he could square it for about $5000 in cash on the day he is 70.
>
> If his rent at $30 a month were allowed to run on for 50 years, he'd be owing about $50,000 at the end of the time. What then would we say of the workman who complained of the frightful cost of car fares at $5000 and a six-room house at $50,000? Yet isn't that just what we are complaining of in pensions?

Large Sums Made From Small Sums

PENSIONS become payable only after and because of a definite period of service. It follows that with each year of service a certain portion of the eventual payment accrues, and therefore, under correct accounting methods, that portion should be charged against the year's operations. There is a depreciation charge against human machinery, but too often no reserve is set up to take care of the liability.

If an industry is new and has in consequence a heavy preponderance of young employes, it is in a fortunate position as regards its pension problem, for it has plenty of time in which to accumulate reserves. Small sums plus interest make large sums if you give them time enough.

These apparently simple facts do not seem to be very widely applied as yet to the pension situation. But even if all municipal and industrial pension plans were absolutely sound from an actuarial standpoint, the question still remains whether they cover a wide-enough field to solve the financial problem of old age. It is not every man or woman who works for a city or corporation large and rich enough to pay out pensions, or who works for it long enough to be eligible for one.

Speaking generally, the idea behind a pension system is to save all, high and low, from want rather than to maintain the higher grades of employes in their old age in the luxury to which they have accustomed themselves in their prosperous years. It is a form of assistance, not an adequate plane of living. In other words, speaking frankly, pension systems are not for the successful man. He should not expect more than a subsistence pension from his employer; he can and must provide for the rest himself.

This statement has its exceptions. Of course in teaching and in the military and government services generally, where security for old age is deliberately offered as a counter attraction to money-making opportunities in other callings, the pension is an important factor, even in the life of the able, highly trained and intelligent man.

There are no doubt heads of great banks and other similar corporations who would like to see generous pensions paid to their officers, regardless of the salary scale. It is argued that if successful executives could look forward to large pensions they would be less inclined to make outside gambles and would concentrate more whole-heartedly upon their employers' interests.

(Continued on Page 65)

SKYSCRAPERS

By Maryse Rutledge

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

MR. JOHN PETER sat glumly in a corner of Larue's. He wasn't enjoying his woodcock or his cradled Richebourg, upon which the *sommelier* had staked the reputation of the cellar. He was exceedingly bored, and exceedingly annoyed at having missed his boat because of the confounded way the French fiddled and fussed about in business matters. You never could get them to come to the point. Gabble, gabble, gabble. Too much eating and drinking and talking—that was it. Bad for business, bad for the digestion.

He sat heavily, a big ruddy-faced man, hunched over the table, scowling at his food, scowling at his glass, scowling at the waiter who served him the creamy vanilla and kirsch *soufflé* which was to complete his dinner and leave him time to waste until the boat train went at nine the following morning.

He eyed the young man dining alone next to him with disfavor. He was a nice-looking young man, but too well done, too perfect in every appointment, in every detail of his dinner clothes. J. P.—who didn't mind wearing a rose in his buttonhole when he picked it from his own garden—despised young men who bought and wore white carnations in the evening.

He had reached the coffee stage to discover, when he took out his cigar, that he had no matches, and that there was no hovering waiter to hand him one. This made him savage.

"I beg your pardon, sir. Let me ——" His young neighbor courteously leaned over with one of those newfangled lighters, J. P. had bought a dozen or so to take home as presents.

"Oh—thank you." His tone was discouraging.

The young man fidgeted in his seat, took up a piece of bread, set it down untasted, lifted his glass of wine, set it down untasted. Then: "I hope you'll pardon me, sir," he said, moving a little nearer. "We're both alone tonight, and if you don't mind I'd like to talk to you. To tell the truth, I need some good sensible homely advice."

J. P. turned and stared at him with continued disfavor. "I'm not giving away advice or anything else," he snapped. And when he used that voice his wife, his business associates and his factory hands wisely got out of his way.

He had only time to puff once or twice at his excellent cigar before the undaunted young man spoke again almost plaintively. "I'm homesick as the devil."

"Why don't you go home then?" J. P.'s tone sent him there or anywhere else he might wish to go.

"That's just it," the young man eagerly replied. "I can't. I mean I can if I want to, but I can't seem to want to."

"Some people don't know what they want. I have no use for 'em," growled J. P., pointedly turning away, thus blocking with his heavy shoulder the maneuvers of a pretty woman who had been unsuccessfully making eyes at the young man all during dinner. Fell blessed silence, which permitted J. P. to return to his cigar and his private grievances.

"I don't want to pester you," the voice sounded once more in his ear. "Perhaps you'll have one of these cigars with me. I can tell you it's worth trying. I can see that you're a man of discrimination. And I really must talk to someone. The girl I was to have dinner with tonight let me down at the last moment. In fact, we had a row this afternoon."

"That's too bad," was J. P.'s sarcastic comment. From his vest pocket he produced a very small flexible nail file and began on his nails, which had been filed at so often that there was hardly anything left of them. He was conscious of the young man politely, patiently watching him. He was conscious, also, that before sailing he had promised his wife to try to break himself of the habit of filing his nails in public whenever he felt nervous or preoccupied. He gave his forefinger a last defiant touch before slipping the little file back into his pocket. Then slowly, as if absorbed in thought, he knocked off the long flaky ash of his cigar on the edge of his saucer.

The young man sighed. "And I'd ordered the dinner too. Everything she liked—melon, *poulet en cocote*, tomato salad, and an ice. We were going to have champagne."

J. P. surveyed the unfortunate lover with the dawning of grim amusement. "Seems to me your girl treated you pretty badly."

"She found me out," said the young man simply, and beckoning to a waiter, gave an order in fluent French.

"Found you out, eh? Not much to find, was there?" J. P. chuckled, which was a sign that the woodcock, the Richebourg, the vanilla and kirsch *soufflé* were at last having their mellow effect. He even looked at the young man, white carnation and all. The fellow had pleasant blue eyes.

He Flung Out His Hands as if Entreating Her to Tell Him That He Didn't. "Think What It Means. Breaking Faith With Myself. Admitting I'm Beaten"

There was an answering glint of humor in them now. "Very little, sir. But it's bad enough. I'm a decorator."

If he had said professional dancer J. P. couldn't have glared at him with more contempt. For J. P. felt meanly about decorators. His wife had got one of them once to do over their home.

"Oh, I know how you feel," the young man hurried on. "As a matter of fact, I call myself a decorator, but I'm not even that yet," he sadly confessed. "I'd like to be one is what I mean. I have a lot of taste, they tell me. My name's Donald Gray. I've been studying painting over here. It's the only civilized place to live, don't you think? The trouble is one has to make a living to live anywhere."

"You seem to be doing pretty well," J. P. dryly observed as the waiter poured the two brandies into two immense glasses. You were supposed to twirl the brandy about, lifting your glass while you did so, to squint and sniff before you sipped. Mechanically J. P. did this. Not bad liquor.

He set the glass down to take out a little red-leather notebook, one of which he kept in a pocket of every suit. At the end of each month he glanced over them to see if he had forgotten any stray bit of information or neglected to gratify any of the modest wishes his friends had voiced in his presence.

"Mem: Cognac. Larue's," went in small neat letters on a page by itself.

His neighbor watched with boyish curiosity the broad short-fingered hand delicately holding the silver pencil. "I ought to note things down. I get so many ideas." Receiving no response, he cheerfully continued, "I tell you what we can do, sir." He spoke as if J. P. had asked him what they could do to spend a jolly evening together. "Let's go to the Folies-Bergère. They say it's great stuff. We might have supper afterward if you're not too tired."

J. P. swallowed the last fiery drop of his cognac. He was feeling better—much better. Might as well take in a show.

"You'll come, won't you?" The boy had a winning smile.

"Oh, all right. I'll come if you'll be my guest."

"I hoped I might," his companion admitted with an engaging candor.

Getting into his long loose coat and pulling his black felt hat over his mane of white hair, J. P. glanced rather grimly at the slenderness and elegance of his new young friend, who had placed a fedora at a rakish angle on his sleek blond head and was standing waiting, a Malacca stick with gold initials in one hand and a darkish coat of English material over his arm completing the picture of fashion.

He seemed hugely pleased with himself. "Rather snappy, isn't it?" And he lifted the stick for a nearer inspection. "Sally gave it to me for my birthday."

J. P.'s answer was a grunt as he marched to the door of the restaurant.

II

IN THE taxi on the way to the theater the young man proved to be an agreeable companion, and by the time he settled down in his seat at the Folies-Bergère, J. P. was

in a genial mood. The trip had been pretty successful after all. He had seen his representatives—Mr. Golescu in Bucharest, Mr. Smeicholz in Berlin, Mr. Greenleaf in Paris. Tomorrow he was going home. Fanny would meet him at the dock, comfortable and affectionate like the dear wise woman she was, understanding his comings and goings, never questioning his judgment. He would tell her what he had told Golescu, Smeicholz and Greenleaf—that the Peter Tool and Machine Company would probably soon change hands. He'd had enough of it.

An extraordinary sense of warmth, of buoyancy, of holiday, entered into him. He felt himself rich in knowledge of the ways of men, rich in humor, rich in the capacity for enjoyment at the age of fifty-five. And all this working within him as he sat there, gave to his handsome bulk a quality of exuberance, gave to his eyes, under the bushy brows, a youthful flashing light as of limber steel in the sun.

It tickled his secret weakness for the fantastic that he should have been elected as a companion by this absurd young whippersnapper who had probably never heard of John Peter, and who had been neither awed nor fooled by the gruff manner and snappish temper of an older man. He had a sneaking liking for all sorts of things that had not fitted into his practical scheme of life—for art, romance, adventure. The boy knew these things. He knew good brandy too.

"Wonder what you'll think of this show, sir. It's a bit risqué, they tell me," Mr. Gray was saying in his pleasant persistent voice.

"I guess I can stand it." J. P. shifted his big shoulders in the cramped space, spreading his knees, resting his broad hands lightly upon them. "Why don't they get on with it?"

"We're early. Here, sir, have a program."

"Thanks." But he didn't look at the program. The theater was rapidly filling. The twang, the familiar drawl of his compatriots reached him on every side. They weren't going to miss a trick, he indulgently reflected. Neither was he. Say, the American girls were the prettiest girls in the world. Style to 'em. It made you feel at home to see men you'd like to take a drink with coming in with their wives and daughters. Like to travel. Like to see things, learn things. Nothing the matter with them. No, sir.

The boy seemed to follow his thought. "More Americans than French in Paris nowadays," he said. "They don't get it though—the real Paris, I mean. They don't give themselves time. If you weren't sailing I'd show you what's left of the old quarters. I'd take you to the most divine apartments of friends of mine—balconies and gardens. And then the little cafés. There's a *bistro* near the Halle aux Vins ——" He chattered on.

It was Paris all the same. There was a foreign flavor to it, a foreign smell and shape and color to the house where now, among the squarish Anglo-Saxons, J. P. detected vivacious Latin faces, facile gestures, the hum of other voices. His eyes grew keen in study of surrounding types. In a box near by a handsome effete young man lounged beside an older woman. The sudden weariness in her face, as her escort insolently turned away to stare at a pretty girl, made J. P. suddenly long to kick him out of the box. Down the row a woman leaned forward to smile up at a stout red-cheeked man with an infatuated expression. She laid her hand on his arm. Now if a beautiful woman were to stare at him that way. Faugh!—it sickened him. The queer treacherous little thrill subsided.

"Funny thing about girls," Mr. Gray remarked. "You can take them anywhere. I went out with Sally one night last week. She knew places in Montmartre I'd never heard of. I had to knock a man down before we were through."

"You don't say!" J. P. turned with a deceptive gravity to survey his young friend. Didn't think he had the nerve. Don't fool yourself. Muscle there in those long slim arms, that firm slim body. "And what did Miss Sally do?"

"She thought it was great—fact. I thought it mussy and stupid. It isn't civilized." The young man sounded petulant.

"Not civilized, eh, to knock a fellow down who's insulted your girl?" J. P.'s voice was dry. He thought of fights he'd had in his wilder days. Nobody had ever put anything over on him.

"I'd rather fight a duel." Mr. Gray moved restlessly in his seat. "There's something about a sword ——"

J. P. bent his big head and fingered his program. Swords. He'd dreamed of them as a boy. Thin and supple, leaping to the sun. Wrists at play. The scrape of steel meeting, rubbing, seeking, darting. Odd the boy should say that. Weapons were J. P.'s hobby. He had one of the finest collections in the country. Master weapons fashioned cunningly and lovingly. Weapons of exquisite edges, damascened. Lances, scimitars, daggers. There was one beautiful jeweled knife ——

Suddenly nervous fingers dug into his arm. "Good Lord, there's Sally. Look! That box over there to the left."

The curtain rose on a blaze of color and song. J. P.'s look turned from the stage to a party that was entering the box illuminated by footlights. An obvious fat man and woman, a short ruddy man and a girl. The tall figure of the girl in a white wrap stood out for a moment in the foreground. Sally was pretty, no doubt of that. But there was something more than mere prettiness in the carriage of the small head, the proud line of shoulder. A will of her own, by George! And who was that with her? Why, if it wasn't Julius Patterson. Well, well ——

"The little bald man is her father," young Gray was whispering excitedly. "D'you know him?"

"I've never met him personally," was J. P.'s cautious reply. Funny thing, too, that they hadn't happened to meet. Patterson, sly old fox, had handled enough of the Peter stock during the war.

"I thought perhaps you had," the young man murmured, staring hungrily at the box. "Isn't she a peach though? I wish she'd look over here. There—she's looking this way. Damn it, why doesn't she bow?"

J. P. pretended to be absorbed in the performance. None of his business whether the love affairs of this sentimental youth ran smoothly or not. But he was conscious of the ebbing of the boy's high spirits, the rather forlorn droop of the young shoulders and the longing in the blue eyes as they rested on the distant girl in white

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J. P. Watched Him Benevolently. Smart Youngster. Pity He Didn't Amount to More

THE MAKING OF A MERCHANT

"You Can Bet Your Bottom Dollar, Sam," I Said, "That It Is Not a Stall, But a Plain Business Proposition and Intended to Make Money for Yours Truly"

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

BY 1897, when I had been in business four years, I began to feel that I was on a fairly sound basis. I had paid off the last of my notes to Alfred, and had also returned to mother the $2000 she advanced me when I first went into business. I had, besides, taken on some new lines for which there seemed to be an opening. There was no regular trunk and leather goods store in the city, and a Chicago manufacturer who was anxious for an account in Centreton made me a proposition to handle his line, practically on consignment. I bought outright only an assortment of staples, amounting to less than $1000; he supplied me with the balance of my stock on a basis by which I paid him every ninety days for what was sold. This was really my first step toward becoming a department-store merchant.

As I knew nothing about leather goods myself, it was necessary to engage an experienced man to look after the line, and who worked, to a certain extent, independently from the other clerks. About the same time I put in a millinery department, and engaged a local woman to run it who had been in business for herself in town, but who had to give up from want of capital. I placed these new lines on the second floor, which had formerly been used only for storage, and built a broad stairway at the back of the store for customers to go to the upstairs departments.

Good for All Ordinary Requirements

OF COURSE, I was not by any means out of the woods financially. During the four years my paper profits had been around $5000 annually, but it was all in merchandise, and there was never a time but what I had to scratch pretty hard to meet my bills. The main thing I had accomplished was to get my credit on a fairly sound basis and to earn a little reputation in the trade as a live merchant. After the Chicago leather-goods manufacturer made me the consignment proposition I asked him why he came to me instead of one of the older stores, and he said he had looked around town and come to the conclusion that I had the best future of any. Naturally, I was tickled at this compliment, and still more so when he showed me his credit-rating book, compiled by a national agency. On the page where Centreton merchants were listed appeared my name and certain key letters that, when translated, read: "Good for all ordinary requirements."

Of course, this was not setting the world on fire, considering the length of time I had been in business. A good many people nowadays have the idea that it was a lot easier for a merchant to make money back in the 90's, when the expenses of a business were so much less, and when there was no chain-store competition. On the surface, it does seem so. When I bought the Stewart business Centreton had a population of 50,000 people and my store rent was $100 a month. Today, if I wanted a similar location, I would have to pay close to $1000 a month, though the city has only trebled in population. Other expenses of those days were proportionately low. I paid my head salesman, Herbert Troop, seventy-five dollars a month, which was more than was received by any other retail salesman in town. The standard pay for a grown boy just out of school was three dollars a week. Neither did a merchant have to carry large stocks, for people were more easily satisfied than now. During my first year my stock inventoried only about $25,000, yet there were but two general stores in the city that had greater investments.

But those business men who believe it was so much easier to get ahead in the old times overlook, I think, certain handicaps of those days. During my second year, for instance, I did a business of about $75,000, which isn't much, gauged by present standards. But to sell that amount we made as many individual sales as would be necessary for a $150,000 business today.

It was not only that merchandise generally was cheaper, but people bought less expensive things. One dollar, for example, was the standard price of a man's straw hat: even Mr. Willis, of the First National Bank, and others of his class paid only that figure. I recall this distinctly from a discouraging experience I had the second spring I was in business. I went into the lobby of the Commercial Hotel one evening and saw a young fellow named Len Crew, who was the son of a prominent lawyer, showing his new hat to a group of cronies, and I heard him say he had bought it in New York and that it had cost two dollars and a half. He also added, to impress his friends, I presume, that the Centreton storekeepers were way behind the times and if a man wanted to be up to date he had to do his buying in the big cities.

The Latest in Straw Hats

I SUPPOSE I was green enough not to know this was just sporty talk; and thinking I might cash in on some of the high-priced trade, the next day I ordered from a New York wholesaler an assortment of straw hats to sell at a similar price. They came by express, and I had them put in one of my show windows with a printed sign—"The Latest: $2.50." If I had been looking for advertising only, the venture could be called successful, for a great many people stopped to admire; but as a money-making project it was a flat failure. In the course of a week there was hardly a sale. One day I was in the First National Bank making my deposit and Mr. Willis, who often gave me bits of advice, called me into his private office.

"I've been looking at those twenty-shilling hats you've got in your window, Peter," he said gravely, "and it seems to me you're making a mistake. They may be worth the

money all right, but it's going to be hard to make the people around here believe it. The impression might get around that you run a high-priced store, and a lot of folks would be afraid to go in. A thing like that can hurt, you know. If I were you I'd take those hats out of the window and get rid of them somehow."

I saw that this advice might be sound and did as Mr. Willis suggested, working off my twenty-shilling goods at the standard price of one dollar.

Back in the 1890's there was no chain-store competition to speak of, but so far as I am concerned I would rather have the chain competition than the sort that did exist in those days. Anyhow, when the chain store cuts prices you know it, and you either meet the price or you don't. But when I first went into business price cutting was a private matter designed mainly to steal customers from rival stores; and a good bargainer could nearly always play one merchant against another, until he bought what he wanted at pretty near his own price.

An Eternal Business Triangle

THIS was especially the case in a period of dull business, when the merchants were loaded up with goods and needed cash to pay their bills. I remember one day during the hard summer of 1893, when I was going through the worst of my experiences, an old fellow named Ed Stinson, from the Baxter's Mills section, drove his double team and lumber wagon up to the front of the store and came in a few moments later. Herbert Troop started to wait on him, and from the rear I saw the two in conference across a small show case that was near the door, where there was a little assortment of jewelry and watches. Old Ed was one of the best-fixed farmers in his section, but had the reputation of being an exceedingly sharp bargainer; so I was not surprised when Mr. Troop came hurrying back to me with one of the big silver watches from the show case to ask me what was the lowest figure I would be willing to take. The jewelry stock was a hang-over from Mr. Stewart's time that I intended to close out anyhow, and I told Mr. Troop to use his own judgment; the big timepiece had cost something like fifteen dollars, and anything over that would be satisfactory. Mr. Troop went back to his customer and I edged forward to look on.

"This is a fine piece of goods, Mr. Stinson," Herbert began in his confidential manner, "and it ought to bring twenty-five dollars. But seeing it is you, we'll call it nineteen."

Mr. Stinson took the timepiece, hefted it in his hand and held it to his ear to listen to the tick. Then he set it back on the counter.

"I just aimed to get your price," he said finally. "I'll look around a little and maybe I'll come back."

As he went out the door Herbert Troop called out that we would let the watch go at the special price of seventeen dollars, but old Ed paid no attention and ambled across the street toward a store run by a fellow named Fentrick, who was a confirmed price cutter and a hard competitor of mine. Next to Fentrick's was a place called the Laurel Bar. Old Ed disappeared in there and pretty soon came out, and went into Fentrick's. We thought we had lost him, but directly he came back to us and asked to see the watch again.

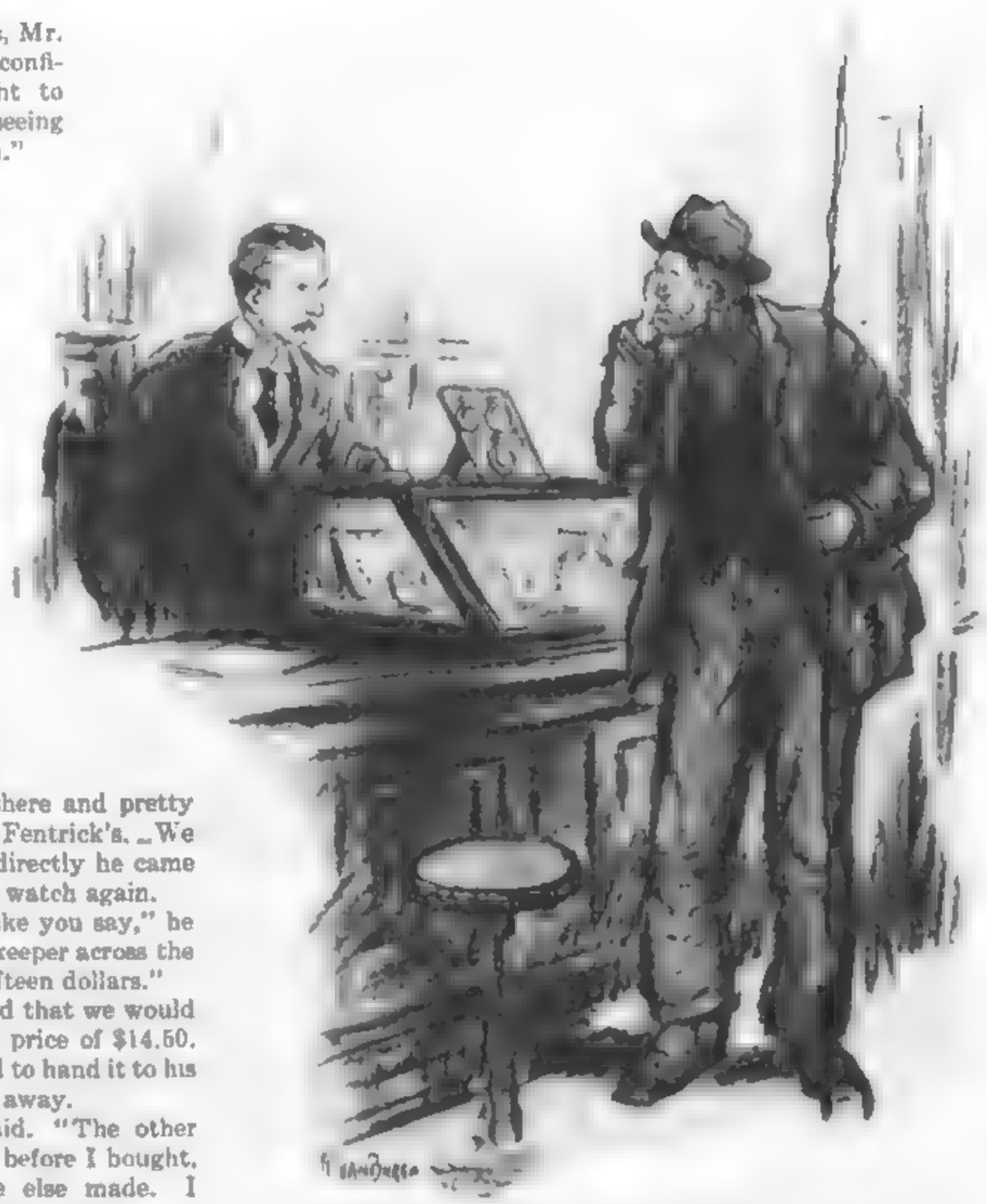
"It's a nice piece of goods, like you say," he told Mr. Troop; "but the storekeeper across the road offered me one like it for fifteen dollars."

Mr. Troop immediately stated that we would not be undersold, and named a price of $14.50. He wound the watch and started to hand it to his customer, but the latter backed away.

"Hold on a minute," he said. "The other storekeeper told me to see him before I bought, no matter what price anyone else made. I guess I'll see what he's got to say now!"

Off he went, paying a visit to the Laurel Bar before going into Fentrick's, and then coming back to us again. By this time it was a sporting proposition; and for the better part of the hot summer afternoon he went back and forth across the street, getting a fifty-cent reduction at each visit and celebrating betweentimes at the Laurel Bar. Our side finally won on a bid, if I remember correctly, of ten dollars, with a plated chain thrown in for good measure.

Ridiculous? Of course it was, and unfair business besides, because where price cutting was the regular thing the merchants naturally marked their goods high enough to allow for reductions, and the person who did not haggle paid too much. Even big business jockeyed its prices in those days. In every good-sized city there were railroad-ticket-scalpers' offices where travelers could buy transportation at cut rates. The express companies, too, went after business in informal fashion. There were three companies in Centreton that sent their wagons to my store every day to pick up packages, and each of the drivers was allowed to send personal packages free for any of the clerks who were in position to throw business to his company.



Mr. Stinson Took the Timepiece, Hefted It in His Hand and Held It to His Ear to Listen to the Tick

"I Have Been a Customer of This Store Many Years, Mr. Sherwood," She Said Resentfully, "and I Do Not Think I Should be Treated in Any Such Manner

National Advertising for Kindling

IT WAS not until late in the 90's that the better-class merchants in Centreton definitely adopted the one-price system. We knew, of course, that it was already in vogue in big-city stores, but there was a feeling that people in smaller places wanted to dicker and would feel badly treated if a merchant refused to come down a little from his marked price. I know that after I had gone on a strictly one-price policy almost every day some customer would become offended and walk out of the store because a clerk did not accede to his demand for an inside figure. It took a good deal of courage for a merchant to see people go out without buying, when often a trifling reduction would clinch the sale, but it was the only thing to do if a man wanted to treat all his customers fairly.

All these things have to be taken into consideration when you try to figure out if it was easier to make a success in the old days than now. Modern competition is keen, but the present-day merchant escapes a lot of complications that beset his predecessor. Besides, the merchant of today has assistance that the old-timers didn't get. Back in the 90's there was little of what we call "national advertising" to help the merchant sell. Sometimes, if a manufacturer was inclined to be very enterprising and helpful, he would send out a framed lithograph picture of his factory for merchants to hang in their stores. Personally, I never could see how these pictures could help to sell goods, though the manufacturers of the 1890's seemed to have great faith in them. At one time there were so many kicking around in the basement of my store that I had the porter chop up the frames for kindling wood.

In these pictures the factory was always the World's Greatest, and there was usually a river in the background dotted with sailboats, a string of freight cars waiting on a siding to be loaded, several two-horse carriages dashing along the street in front, and a flagstaff with a pointed

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EVERYBODY'S CAPITAL

By Kenneth L. Roberts

IT IS doubtless a sad commentary on the eyesight, insight, perception and good taste of the human race that beauty must have the proper setting in order to be recognized and appreciated by a large part of the people who come in contact with it.

The winner of a 1927 beauty contest would be unhesitatingly condemned as a flat tire and a wet smack by any reputable judge of feminine pulchritude if she were garbed in cast-off garments of the vintage of 1893, with leg-of-mutton sleeves and a protruding basque and had a smudge of soot on her nose.

Only the most experienced connoisseur of antiques can detect the value in a battered Hepplewhite sideboard when it is discovered in a spider-infested barn, covered with dust and acting as boudoir for several hens.

The Hope diamond, tossed carelessly on a tray covered with jet bangles, Czecho-Slovak garnets and woven-hair brooches, would be recognized by everyone as the sort of stone worn only by end men in minstrel shows.

And a beautiful Colonial mansion, crowded on one side by a garage and on the other side by a small Greek restaurant, looks to most people like a cheap boarding house that ought to be torn down to make way for a nice moving-picture theater.

The Mall as it Might Be

The Mall as it Exists, Formless and Disorderly

The Purse Strings

THERE are, however, two ways of looking at such matters. Should the beauty specialists be blamed for failing to see beauty in the ludicrously clad prize winner, or should assault and battery be practiced on the person who permitted her to wear the basque and the leg-of-mutton sleeves?

Should one sneer at those who are unappreciative of the hen-infested Hepplewhite sideboard, or save all his energies for the chastisement of the individual who originally relegated the sideboard to the barn?

Who gets the blame for the unimpressive appearance of a Colonial mansion—the passers-by who cannot see its beauties because of the atrocities that jostle it, or the gnat-wit who first permitted the atrocities to get within jostling distance?

Such idle speculations have more value than they seem to have; for they serve to introduce certain interesting features connected with the city of Washington in the District of Columbia, capital and seat of government of a nation.

Washington, in various ways, is a peculiar city. It is the only city in the world, with the exception of Canberra, the new capital of the Commonwealth of Australia, deliberately selected to be the capital of a nation, and carefully planned to accommodate, with a minimum of inconvenience and a maximum of beauty, the many departments and branches that are necessary in the conduct of the greatest and most complex governmental enterprise in history.

The residents and the property owners of Washington have no vote. Their voice carries as much weight in the affairs of Washington as the shrill piping of a swampful of frogs carries in the distribution of the world's rainfall. All the affairs of the city, in spite of the large number of commissions and commissioners that seem to have their hands on the rudder ropes, must eventually be submitted to the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States.

If the city of Washington needs money for the acquisition of parks that are essential to the health of its citizens and the beauty of its buildings, it cannot take its own money and buy the parks. Most emphatically and passionately not. It must ask Congress whether it can use its own money to buy the parks that the nation's capital needs. Furthermore, it must ask nicely.

If Congress is busy talking about the wolves of Wall Street, or the nefarious expenditure of money by some office seeker, or the crying need for new courthouses and post offices in Bazilga, Port Patchagamonk, Hopps Corners and East Fanny—as it frequently is—Washington may have less than a Chinaman's chance of spending the money that it wishes to be allowed to spend.

If Congress consents to listen to Washington's plea, it may say: "So Washington wishes to spend $2,000,000 of its own money, does it? Well, there is nothing doing! This is too much to spend on anything. It can spend $500,000 and no more."

In such a case Washington gains nothing by moaning that $500,000 is not enough for what she needs. It isn't that Congress thinks that Washington is lying about its needs, or anything like that; it merely doesn't wish to have so much money spent, and that's all there is to it.

Marred Beauty

THE members of the Senate and the House of Representatives are elected by the voters of the nation, and should be though they sometimes are not highly responsive to any genuine expression of opinion from those whose votes enable them to retain their proud and high positions. Consequently it is moderately safe to say that the voters of the United States control the destinies of Washington. If it is their wish that Washington shall become, as President Coolidge has said that it ought to become, "a city of stately proportion, symmetrically laid out and adorned with the best that there is in architecture, which will arouse the imagination and stir the patriotic pride of every American," and if they express their wish with sufficient emphasis, then Washington, at no far-distant day, will become the world's most beautiful city.

But if they do not care what becomes of Washington, and say nothing about it to their senators and representatives, then the city's beauty will be increasingly marred by cheapness and tawdriness; its opportunities will be lost through miserliness and greed, and future generations will find it as rich in mediocrity as were the generals of the Civil War in whiskers.

It will, in short, be in the position of the beauty contestant with the antiquated garments and the smutty nose, or of the Hope diamond in the trayful of junk.

In order that some of the almost unbelievable mistakes in connection with Washington's development may be understood by the people to whom Washington belongs, the city's form of government should be briefly explained. At the head of the District of Columbia are three commissioners. Two of them are appointed from civil life by the President and confirmed by the United States Senate, and they serve for three years. The third commissioner is detailed to his post from the Engineer Corps of the United States Army by the President.

Whenever any money is to be spent on the city of Washington, the heads of the various departments of the city of Washington prepare estimates of what they need and hand them to the District commissioners. The District commissioners look them over and then send them to the Bureau of the Budget, which looks them over in turn, and usually cuts them down. From the Bureau of the Budget the estimates go to Congress. Congress calls the heads of the District before it and asks them why they want the money and usually confirms the lopping of the Budget Bureau.

Years ago the Federal Government paid half the expenses of the District of Columbia, and the residents of

the District, who are not allowed to vote, paid the other half. Then it struck Congress that although Washington was the Federal city and the property of the entire nation, the Federal Government shouldn't be forced to contribute so generously to its upkeep. Consequently the taxpaying but nonvoting citizens of the city paid 60 per cent of the city's expenses and the Federal Government paid 40 per cent.

In 1924 Congress had another thought. It wasn't a new thought, but it was obviously a thought. The thought was that the Federal Government shouldn't be forced to contribute so generously to the upkeep of the nation's capital. The first thought that strikes many congressmen is the thought that any expenditure of money outside of their own particular districts, where the votes come from, is a criminal waste. Congress therefore should not be abused for having had this thought.

At any rate, Congress arranged things so that the Federal Government should contribute the fixed sum of $9,000,000 toward the upkeep of Washington and the nonvoting taxpayers of the city contribute the rest. Consequently it makes no difference to the Federal Treasury how much Washington spends on beautifying herself; she gets $9,000,000 and no more from the Government. She gets no taxes from all the land and buildings that the Government owns because government property in the District of Columbia is untaxed.

One might think, in short, that the only thing that could make Congress fretful would be Washington's refusal to spend enough of her own money to keep the city clean and orderly and beautiful.

During 1926 the city figured that the lowest possible amount of money with which it could satisfy its needs, keep its rapidly deteriorating roads in fairly decent shape, and otherwise carry on the business of the city that is supposed to "arouse the imagination and stir the patriotic pride of every American," was $40,000,000. Of this, of course, the Government had to contribute $9,000,000, or about one dollar for every four that the nonvoters of the city were obliged to disgorge.

Guardian of the Capital

WHEN this estimate was submitted to the Bureau of the Budget and to Congress, however, it was pared to $38,000,000, of which the Government still had to contribute $9,000,000. Washington knew that it needed another $2,000,000 to repair the holes in the streets and sidewalks, cover some of the mud in the newer sections of the city, and otherwise prepare for the needs of its own citizens as well as for the visiting millions of honeymooners, wandering consuls and vice consuls, house-hunting widows, high-school pupils, delegations of what-not manufacturers from every section of the country, people with stop-over privileges, conventions, voters' leagues, newspaper prize winners, witnesses before senatorial investigation committees and plain taxpayers who periodically roll into Washington to see some of the beauty that Washington is supposed to possess in such profusion. Washington knew it; and the taxpayers, in spite of their low, penetrating groans, were willing to provide the money by having their tax rate raised to eighteen dollars a thousand. This, it might be added, is not a particularly vicious rate, in view of the fact that those who pay it have sundry unusual privileges, such as looking at a senator whenever they feel depressed and discouraged. Nor is it unduly oppressive in view of the additional fact that there are bush-league summer resorts that tax their permanent as well as their summer residents as much as forty and forty-five dollars a thousand for almost no privileges except those of sleeping under blankets in July and breathing air that is perfumed with the odor of clam flats and overripe seaweed.

Never, since the days when George Washington and Thomas Jefferson literally forced the acceptance of the comprehensive and farsighted L'Enfant plan for a well-ordered city, has Congress initiated any scheme, plan or movement for improving the city, or for safeguarding the beauty spots that have gradually sprung into existence in it, or for protecting it against mediocrity, defacement or decay.

Improvements that have been made have been obtained only after interminable fighting, squabbling and petty bickering. A few of the most shocking of faults have been remedied only after public-spirited individuals have devoted years of their time, without recompense, to pointing out the faults to one Congress after another. Money that has been voted for the city's needs has been doled out as grudgingly, and after as many expostulations and delays, as though it were to be squandered in riotous living instead of on the repair, upkeep and improvement of the capital city of all the American people.

Let us consider for a moment the highly important matter of parks that are needed and that have been repeatedly recommended as essential to the beauty of Washington and to the welfare of its citizens.

When Washington, in the 1890's, began to slide down the toboggan of bad taste and ugliness with such rapidity that a cry of horror went up from the nation's leading architects, the most distinguished architects and city planners of the period gave their services to the nation under the name of the McMillan Commission of 1901.

Looking North From Fort Stanton

Rock Creek, Looking Downstream From the Connecticut Avenue Bridge

Among the Hills

THEY discovered almost immediately that Washington had the appearance of being a city of parks and open spaces, because of the parks that had been provided in the center of the city by L'Enfant, when he drew the plans of Washington in 1791, but that this appearance was an optical illusion. It was an optical illusion, because when Washington grew beyond the boundaries of L'Enfant's plan, it apparently never occurred to Congress or to any of the authorities who were connected with the city to insist on provision for parks, playgrounds or the other open spaces that are supposed to be recognized by city officials as being an absolute essential to a modern city that makes any pretension to beauty or attractiveness.

The outskirts of Washington—outskirts that within a very few years will be built up solidly to the little homes of the constantly increasing army of government employes and the people who are coming from every corner of the United States to enjoy the peculiar advantages that Washington has to offer—are as beautiful in their natural state as the outskirts of any city in America.

Washington lies in a bowl among the hills, and from the hills that rim it one looks down to the winding ribbon of the Potomac and to the gleaming dome of the Capitol or across honeysuckle-carpeted gullies and valleys and ravines to the smoky sides of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia and the swelling walls of the hills of Maryland. Forests of towering and lancelike tulip trees march up and down the slopes, and groves of oaks and flowering dogwood hedge the rolling fields.

Across all this expanse of beautiful countryside, in the horrible early 90's, the streets were laid out in firm and undeviating lines, as the squares are laid out on a checkerboard. No allowances were made for hills or ravines or valleys or watercourses. No allowances were made for parks or playgrounds or school sites or public buildings or diagonal avenues to provide pleasing short cuts to far-off sections of the city.

Suburban Washington, deprived of the guiding spirit of a Washington, a Jefferson or a L'Enfant, and intrusted to the tender mercies of Congress, was doomed to be a close-packed huddle of little houses and little streets, unbroken by beauty spots or breathing spaces, unlovely and undistinctive.

The first recommendation of the horrified McMillan Commission, therefore, made back in 1901, was that fifty-three park areas be acquired with all possible rapidity for the city of Washington.

Congress has had a quarter of a century in which to act on this recommendation, which came

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THE MAD MASQUERADE

VIII

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

TYBO, entering the train, had his first vision of what money meant when it meant nothing; also of what an English lord meant to officials. Their attitude is in part an inheritance of the time when great lords made the grand tour in their own great coaches of state, brought across the English Channel and supported and flanked by retainers. These rich lords drove through a poor country, showering equally arrogance and gold. Though these state progresses are forgotten, the tradition lingers; milord is still something superhuman. If this theory be not correct, why will a conductor displace a rich American for a lord whose tip may well be less? Anyhow, Tybo drank for the first time the heady cup of an extreme deference. He had to accept it; he had his part to play; and there was no time for inward revolt against gray heads bowed too low and toil-worn bodies bent too much.

Natural good taste kept him from overdoing it. There was no patronage in his handing out of *pourboires*, which his ignorance of proper amounts and of the value of the franc made more than lavish. The one thought deep in his mind, the factor that Lord Llanthony had overlooked, was the judgment of three friends—friends who helped and loyally supported him, but who knew him to be strutting in borrowed honors. Their hidden amusement must be accepted. He did not mind that. But what if any act of his should provoke inward criticism or derision? This powerful and continuous antidote to Lord Llanthony's poison had been overlooked by the latter. He had forgotten the intense sensitiveness of youth, its fear of ridicule. Tybo did not reason all this out. What he hoped was that the Archers would think him all right and that Sara would approve his actions.

He Had Medieval Visions as He Went to Her Summons. The Background of the Massive Château Encouraged This Fleeting Thought of Armored Knights and Beautiful Ladies Waving From Balconies

In the train Frank Archer remarked that between Blois and Angers more medieval history was preserved in castles and ruins than in any equal distance in the world. He spoke of the beauty of Azay-le-Rideau, of the sinister associations of Amboise and Loches, the *oubliettes*, the dark dungeons, the torture chambers, the cage for a cardinal who could not lie or sit.

"Whatever you do, Tybo," Peter cried, laughing, "don't take either of those. Buy Azay-le-Rideau."

There was one Frenchman in the carriage—an elderly man of great dignity of manner—who had given no sign that he understood English. White with indignation, he flung down his paper. "Insolent!" he cried. "Would you go to make the merchandises of a national monument of a people cultured before your parvenu country had been discovered?"

"Pardon," Sara quickly apologized in her perfect French. "It is a little jest which we make at home. If one admires the Capitol at Washington, perhaps one says he will buy it. It is a silly joke, monsieur, and has no meaning of offense."

The Frenchman rose, lifted his hat, and stepped out into the corridor. As he could find no other seat, the sight of his stiff back was a rebuke to frivolity.

"Monsieur," Sara called out, "you martyrize yourself because two peoples have the different ideas of the humor. Nothing offensive was thought or meant."

Sara's charming face and winning manner brought a smile, which widened as monsieur glanced at the downcast lids of the culprit.

"You are very *gentille*, mademoiselle." He resumed his seat. "Explain me this American humor which goes with jest to remark that it would buy this that it admires." Sara tried; Peter tried; they were soon in gales of laughter at the puzzled solemnity of the Frenchman's face. When they finally abandoned the hopeless task a pleasant relationship had been established. Monsieur gave his name and expressed the hope that "this gay-hearted quartet" would visit his château.

"But Monsieur Despradailles, I have been to the Château Malabry," Sara cried. "I remember well the tapestries and the *coffres*, and the cordovan-leather room. You have truly a beautiful home."

He was pleased. "A home—no. I am driven out, mademoiselle. I inherited the beautiful things and I have added all my life. Now the tourists come—hundreds in a day—and my château is a museum. No, no; I am expelled."

"You are very generous, monsieur," said Tybo.

"*Non!* I do not like. But if you have antiquities and the objects of art, it owes to the connoisseurs that they should see, and these are of a great number—French and of the foreign countries—and then the others, they read and they hear, and then it is a flood. All Touraine by the Loire is a great museum and one cannot churlishly make shut the door." He smiled. "There is a little house," he continued, "hidden in the trees. It is of the simplest. When I come from Paris I live there. In the late afternoon when the doors are shut and the crowds are gone, I rob through trees—no; how do you say?—I steal through the trees and have the long contemplation of my treasures. You have seen, mademoiselle. If the others like, I am very pleased."

Sara explained their pressing errand. The stupefied man looked from one to the other. "The children," he exploded—"pardon me, but I am old—to buy, to rent a château! Ah, this is your humor American again. Is it that I ought to laugh?" He had great shaggy eyebrows and they met in a tragedy frown.

Sara told of the accident and introduced her companions. "My cousin, Lord Pontlottyn," she said, "will tell you for what he searches."

Tybo, carefully avoiding American slang, explained his needs. "Can you suggest anything?" he asked.

A possibility was mentioned. Le Château des Baumes must be sold. Monsieur La Porte, its owner, had met great losses and accepted an appointment in the Colonial Department at Saigon, in Cochin-China. The animated description given by the Frenchman charmed the listeners. He ended by offering to take them there. He wished to see the face of his friend when these apparent butterflies clustered about, to be suddenly revealed as serious people of business with money in their pockets and brains in their heads.

"I hope he has not gone," said Monsieur Despradailles. "He will have satisfaction in a so-quick sale as you speak about, but such celerity is not possible. It is not to be thought about."

"If he collects the jits," said Tybo earnestly, "why can't he hand over?"

Sara translated without a smile. "All is possible, perhaps," the Frenchman said, lifting his eyebrows.

At the Tours station they found his automobile waiting, but also there was the baggage of Monsieur La Porte. No one knew whether the owner was taking the next train or the one after.

"If we meet him, couldn't we flag him?" Tybo asked. This time it was Peter who translated.

Monsieur Despradailles heaved his shoulders and nodded. He found an intense secret amusement in the extraordinary methods of these mad youngsters.

They drove along the north bank of the Loire, getting a whirling impression of towers, medieval walls, exquisite steep-sloping gardens, stately cedars, ornate chalets and mansard roofs.

"Monsieur La Porte," their host said, "is a *bon compagnon*—a good chap, you say—and we are friends, him and I—but I laugh when I think to pause him in the road,

mais, why not? With a grand pleasure I look on the face of my friend when he will come to hear that he rent or sell his château between here and the station. Ah! Ah!" He stood up in the open automobile and waved frantically.

"Milord," he said, opening the door and waving precedence

"With your permission, monsieur, may mademoiselle accompany us?"

"*Mais, certainement.* It ought that we have an interpreter charming."

Monsieur La Porte accepted the invasion with a vivid surprise, and answered the hasty introductions by an invitation to get in his car. He was taking the next train and time was limited. He was a fair-haired Tourangeau with a skin like a ripe apricot, and a spiked mustache. He addressed a polite phrase to "milord" which his friend translated, and he listened absorbed to the latter's exclamatory explanation. He cried "*Comment!*" three times, shrugged his shoulders four times, glanced from one to the other of the would-be buyers, and then broke out as follows:

"I must sell. I am forced to sell. But to merchants of pork, assassins of the franc, I sell not. And to brigands across the Sleeve—the brigands of Britain—I sell not equally. At the price double, yes. I am forced. Kick not my shin, *mon vieux*. They do not read my face." He smiled pleasantly at Sara, who was looking pensively out over the Loire. "To a compatriot, yes, for a million—to the others, double. Tell them to go to Gaudin."

"I am very sorry, mademoiselle," said monsieur in English, "but if I confess now that you have the French, it is due to follow that he will decline to negotiate at all, and your need is serious."

"That is certain, monsieur. That is why I am silent."

"You have the wise head, mademoiselle, but I—I am distressed that I place you with such awkwardness."

Sara smiled and warned Tybo by a touch on the arm.

"My friend!" Monsieur La Porte cried. "For all cash, no mortgages, I would—yes, I would accept eight hundred thousand francs. This girl is very charming, Despradailles. . . . You understand, *mon vieux*. When I speak of enemies who would rob us I do not mean anything personal of your young friends. . . . Her hair is of a tint *distingué*."

"We will see Gaudin." This interruption was volcanic in its intensity.

The gallant gentleman with the apricot face withdrew unwilling eyes from Sara's face. Giving his mustache one more swift turn, he said that if he could get the whole of the money by noon the next day he would accept seven hundred and fifty thousand. He looked at Sara. His friend knew that his financial troubles were the result of just that habit; a pretty face always drew him from business. He opened his lips to speak.

"We will leave you now, my friend," Monsieur Despradailles said hastily. "I will give them your Paris address."

They parted with elaborate ceremonial. Monsieur turned and waved a hand from his auto.

"*Mu foi!*" muttered Monsieur Despradailles as he stood by the roadside. "Every time he looked at her he took off a hundred thousand." He turned, distressed. "A thousand pardons, mademoiselle. It was a situation very delicate. He is choleric and the ridicule turns him over and over. If he knew that you had understanding of his utterances *farouche*—finished; yes of a verity—the affair would have been closed before it was opened."

"Do not be troubled, monsieur, I beg of you. I thank you that you kept silence. A château—that is our need. Nothing else counts."

"I breathe again, mademoiselle. You are of a spirit fine and delicate."

Then his auto, which had followed, picked them up. The outside of the country house was enthusiastically acclaimed. It had the solidity, the towers, the turrets, of a castle, with the charm of a dwelling. It was approached by terraced walls, covered with peach and pear trees trained *en espalier* with such care that the place of each twig seemed to have been settled before the tree was planted. A terrace of vegetables—artificial, hand-painted, Peter declared—flowers at the top terrace luxuriantly blooming, a sward of green grass, a grand cedar of Lebanon, a beetling portal, made gay and lively by fantastic carving, a door wide open. They entered a great sunny salon.

Tybo, who knew as much about buying a house as about playing the bassoon, had been rehearsed the night before. "Peter," he said, "would you crack your wise eye on the water supply. Frank, report on the drainage. I'll see if the soil is gravel. Sara, explore the rooms. You have ten minutes to report."

The Frenchman turned and saw that Gaudin, the well-known real-estate agent of the district, had entered the room He explained the meaning of the invasion. "And am I then to treat with *une volée de blancs-becs?*" demanded the latter indignantly.

"This mob of white beaks—of irresponsible youngsters," said Monsieur Despradailles in reproach, "will buy the house today and probably move in tomorrow."

"So does the arrogant wealth of the foreigner deride our customs," shrieked the small, precise man. "It is a matter of two months"

"They will make it two hours." The agent shuddered. "My good Gaudin, the proprietor has a grand necessity for money. You have orders to rent or sell. Have a care that the good American gold is not rejected."

Tybo, outside, heard his name. Sara, leaning over an ornate balustrade, beaming down on him, her red hair a sunlighted aureole, struck him for the first time as a figure of romance. He had medieval visions as he went to her summons. The background of the massive château encouraged this fleeting thought of armored knights and beautiful ladies waving from balconies. He found her in enthusiastic mood.

"These sun-lit rooms will do for auntie," she cried; "the rest does not much matter. Look at the view." They became practical. A lot of changes, improvements, additions, must be made in the matter of bathrooms, heating apparatus, and so on. That meant purchase.

"Can't be done," said Tybo, who had been thinking hard

"And why, pray?" asked Sara, straightening at the positive tone. She forgot the deference due to a lord.

"Despradailles: he will introduce us to others. He and his friends understand things. When Tybo comes ——"

"Well!"

"Just what you said in the train you'd all have to go somewhere else."

"Well?"

"Can't you get it?" He was surprised. "Landed with a house, and have to skip out before the ink is dry on the deeds."

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"Explain Me This American Humor Which Goes With Jest to Remark That It Would Buy This That It Admires"

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 16, 1927

The Future of Rubber

WHEN governmental control of price and marketing of rubber was first broached many business men in Great Britain shook their heads. There was some protest, but old-fashioned international traders had been so hard hit in their convictions by managed currency and protection to sheltered industries that effective protest was impossible. But widespread doubt remained among the free traders, and predictions have been continuously offered that the control would not last long and would terminate with a blow-out. Gradually signs are beginning to accumulate suggesting that these old-timers may have been right in their apprehensions.

A recent book published in England under the title, The Coming Collapse in Rubber, written by L. H. B. Angas, will serve as rallying point for the doubters. The prospects for rubber during the next few years are here painted in black. Production is sure to exceed consumption; saturation is in sight and may come to pass not later than 1933, with a preliminary slump within the next two years; developments in rubber growing outside the regulated areas are to exceed new demands, and the regulated areas are to suffer directly from the effects of regulation.

Events in this country have not been in favor of higher prices and larger consumption. During the rubber quarter beginning November first of last year, the allowance was 80 per cent of standard production. Since the desired price was not maintained, on February first the allowance was cut to 70 per cent of standard production. But prices did not rise as anticipated in consequence. Unless the price averages more than twenty-one pence during the present quarter, the allowance ought to be cut to 60 per cent on May first.

This necessity of putting pressure on the market in this manner was not anticipated by the control board and is highly distasteful to growers in regulated areas, who are watching with dismay the increasing production and marketing of the unrestricted regions. The British are beginning to fear that they are again, as so often in history, holding the bag for the Dutch. Also, plantation growers are beginning to feel that native production is being stimulated to such an extent as again to become a heavy factor in the market.

Rubber users in this country have formed an association that acts as an importing pool. Thus the largest consuming country acts as a unit against the largest exporting country. The advantage has been with the seller; it begins to look as if advantage were shifting to the buyer. It is understood that despite great activity in the automobile world in 1926, we used less crude rubber than in 1925. We were supposed to have stocks in hand and afloat on November first to the extent of some one hundred and twenty-five thousand tons toward estimated requirements for 1927 of some two hundred and seventy thousand tons. The pool is popularly supposed to have picked up a large but unreported amount. Economies in manufacture of rubber goods, and effective substitution as well, have made substantial progress during the past two years. Certainly the controlling prospects of the British producers do not appear so roseate as they did. There is a fair prospect that if we manage our rubber affairs elastically—to make a quip—and sit tight for a year or two, the present monopoly will be broken and free trade in rubber internationally reëstablished. If, as and when this occurs it will cause theoretical satisfaction, along with the practical losses, in Great Britain.

Is There a Book?

A CHARACTERISTIC of the present time, peculiar to it, is the abundance of literature on all manner of subjects. The word "literature" is here used not to imply literary excellence but in its more recent technical and restricted meaning of mere data. Even twenty years ago there was hardly the beginning of the flood of books that now engulfs the reading public. The onset has been extraordinarily sudden.

Inquiries are frequent these days for books on investment subjects, and publishers are straining themselves to supply the demand. If a man has a few thousand dollars to invest he asks if there is a book. Yes, indeed, they are pouring off the presses, of various degrees of excellence. There are plenty of books. It is to be doubted, however, if there is a book in the sense in which the question is so often asked.

Men and women too often make a purchase of securities under the enthusiastic glow that the clever salesman seeks to arouse; then, becoming suspicious and fearful, ask for a book which will tell them all about it. Naturally there is no such book.

Many books deal with general principles, and a few of high class contain detailed information concerning specific securities. Books of the latter type must be revised at least once a year to be of any value. Those of a more general nature are good for a number of years, but impart no secrets and no tips.

Books dealing with the selection and principles of investments have become very numerous. For the most part they describe bonds more fully than stocks, and many of them add little to a standard work on the subject written some twenty years ago. It is more difficult for reputable writers and publishers to put out anything of value concerning stock speculation; it is too individual and personal an art, too intimate and hazardous an experiment to write on freely.

Yet even in this difficult field the legitimate publishers of business works are making a bare beginning. The subtitle of a recent work on security speculation, The Dazzling Adventure, shows that the author has a sense of honest limitations.

To tell a man by book how to speculate is much like explaining how to be charming. Those women who have the most charm rarely write books on charm. Nor do successful speculators blab forth to the world how they do it. Even if they did, the average man would be a failure in his attempt to follow.

The reading of financial works helps an investor. Reputable books of this nature afford background and furnish many ideas that are helpful. But the essence of successful investment is good judgment, and that cannot be wholly taught.

Then, too, the conditions which affect security values change frequently, even with securities of the more conservative order. Books containing references to specific bonds and stocks rapidly become obsolete. Reading is useful to an investor, just as it is to a merchant or a physician, but it does not take the place of discernment and sagacity, or of natural talent, in the one case more than in the other.

Respectable Occupations

YOUNG men who enter upon the stage of affairs in these days have an advantage over their elders in having a far wider and more generous range of vocations to choose from. Specialization is called by many vile names; it is supposed to be a deadening thing. But it satisfies a variety of talents.

Men are born different, and their chances of being useful increase in proportion to the number and variety of occupations available. My son John may have made a poor lawyer or minister in the days gone by, but now he has an opportunity to show what he can do in handling X rays or wireless messages.

Nor is it possible any longer to say that this or that subject or calling is the most respectable, important and distinguished. In such a complex society as that we live in, requiring so many trained minds to keep it going, it is hasty to say that any occupation is lowlier than another. The idea that one is more or less humble is largely founded upon old prejudices and conditions rather than upon present realities.

In the past, many activities, though not exactly looked down upon, have been regarded as routine, taken as a matter of course, dismissed with such adjectives as "mere"—as, that is a "mere bookkeeping entry."

But with the extraordinary expansion of business, the subdivision of ownership through the sale of corporate stocks, the severance of ownership and control, and the great investment of fixed capital, accounting comes into a prominence and significance that cannot be denied.

At a meeting of the American Association of University Instructors in Accounting, Henry Rand Hatfield arose to a historical defense of accounting. He began by saying that contempt for his subject is not confined to university circles but is well-nigh universal. It is evidenced by ignorance, by condescension toward its devotees, by their exclusion from polite literature. The products of accounting are displayed neither in the salon nor in the national academy; one finds it discussed by neither realist, idealist nor phenomenalist.

"The contempt for accounting is clearly shown by a constantly repeated phrase, to me the most exacerbating because of the combination of ignorance and supercilious condescension—'a mere bookkeeping entry.' One might as well say, 'That is a mere algebraic equation,' or a 'mere axiom.' Mere truth, mere fact, mere sanctity, mere virtue. Of course, one may make a mistake in bookkeeping, just as one may lie either in Greek or in German, but that merits some adjective more invidious than 'mere.'"

Yet accounting locates responsibility, prevents fraud and determines profit. This last process alone is extraordinarily difficult.

The accountant is expected, as Dean Hatfield says, to chop an economic continuum like a business up into arbitrary and meaningless lengths called years, and to apportion to each year a proper part of the cost of a building which will last thirty years, of a machine which will last twenty years and of a stock of coal which will last four months.

Accounting is not new; it is very old. But it still suffers a little from the stigma that formerly attached to all trade. There are those who would say that far from trade or business being looked down upon in this country today it, together with all its guides and adjuncts, of which accounting is one, is placed upon the throne.

The question is more concerned, however, with academic standing and scientific approval. On this score values must slowly change. The accountant need not worry. Whether the older schools of learning like it or not, the test of respectability of an occupation, be it within or without the academic shades, is increasingly becoming one of its usefulness.

THREE TIMES AND IN?

By David Lawrence

NEARLY one hundred and forty years have passed since the Constitutional Convention framed the memorable document under which the Government of the United States operates today. In all that time, notwithstanding the many changes and reforms that have been made in our constitutional system, the question of presidential tenure still remains unsettled.

The Constitution does not prohibit a man from being President two or three or four or five terms, or more. The framers of the Constitution debated this point at length and the result was a compromise; they specified that the term of office should be four years, but they left it to the American people to decide how often the same citizen could hold the office of Chief Executive. Custom and tradition have since ordained that no man shall be elected to the presidency more than twice.

Calvin Coolidge has been elected once, but prior to that he filled out nineteen months of the unexpired term of President Harding. Shall this circumstance be sufficient to deprive him of the opportunity of seeking a second election? In other words, the case of Calvin Coolidge is without exact precedent.

Despite the fact that there prevails nowadays an impression as to the limited tenure of a President of the United States, opinion from the days of the Constitutional Convention has by no means been unanimous, either among the statesmen who wrote that document or the Presidents who have actually held the executive power. Even Washington, who declined a third term because it would have made him President of the United States for twelve years, did not hold the view that any man in whom the country had confidence should be ineligible for reëlection or election subsequent to his term of office.

Washington in 1788 wrote to Lafayette as follows:

"There are other points in which opinions would be more likely to vary. As, for instance, on the ineligibility of the same person for President after he should have served a certain course of years. Guarded so effectually as the proposed Constitution is in respect to the prevention of bribery and undue influence in the choice of the President, I confess I differ widely from Mr. Jefferson and you as to the necessity or expediency of rotation in that office. . . . I can see no propriety in precluding ourselves from the services of any man who on some great emergency shall be deemed universally most capable of serving the public."

The circumstances which influenced Washington's decision not to be a candidate for a third term were to some extent unrelated to the abstract question of presidential tenure. All Europe expected Washington to remain in office for life. The term "President" was accepted as a mere cloak for royalty. Even the American colonists themselves were so much imbued with the idea of a permanent executive that historians concede how easy it would have been to have persuaded the people to exchange the term "President" for "King." General Washington set a custom in renunciation and self-denial which at the beginning of the little republic was of especial stimulus, looking rather to a particular situation than to the fixing of a permanent policy. It was Thomas Jefferson who really perpetuated the tradition against the third election. As early as 1788 we find him writing to Alexander Donald:

"There is another strong feature in the new Constitution which I as strongly dislike. That is, the perpetual reeligibility of the President. Of this I expect no amendment at present, because I do not see that anybody has objected to it. . . . But it will be productive of cruel distress to our country, even in your day and mine."

To this thought he clung tenaciously, and in his autobiography, written after his retirement from the presidency, the sage of Monticello wrote:

"My wish was that the President should be elected for seven years and be ineligible afterward. But the practice adopted, I think, is better, allowing his continuance for eight years, with a liability to be dropped at halfway of the term, making that a period of probation. . . . Though this amendment has not been made in form, yet practice seems to have established it. The example of four Presidents voluntarily retiring at the end of their eighth year, and the progress of public opinion that the principle is salutary, have given it in practice the form of precedent and usage; in so much that should a President

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OLD MAIDS' CONVENTION

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

SANDY McNAB AND HIS NEIGHBORS — "Father, May We Gang Over on Buster Bean's Lawn and Roll Our Easter Eggs?" "Aye, Lad, But Ye and Sister Play Wi' the Eggs o' the Others, But Bring Yeer Ain Home to Lunch!"

Gallantry à la Mode

IN THE days of old—
Days of vinous frolics—
A custom used to hold
Among young alcoholics;
Every ardent swain,
Feeling somewhat chipper,
Would imbibe champagne
From his lady's slipper.

Now my lady trips
On a sole of leather,
With some colored strips
To hold the thing together.
Regretfully I put
Aside my lady's kicker;
It will hold her foot;
It will not hold liquor.

I confessed with pain
The sporty slippers she wore
Would not hold champagne—
I had found some prewar.
"The mode admits," said she,
"A substitute for slippers."
With that she handed me
A pair of knee-length zippers!

—Morris Bishop.

How to Hide a Stolen Car

The City

THE country was peaceful and fragrant and pretty;
They cleaned off the verdure and builded a city.
They conjured up castles to tower and steeple
And filled them with layers on layers of people.
To warm these abiders, they deemed it their duty
To fuel the flame till the heavens were sooty;
To rush them to labors and pleasures and follies
They crowded the roadways with motors and trolleys
And brought them all manner of comforts and chattels,
Assaulting their ears with the clangor of battles.
They reared up cathedrals that monarchs might pray in,
Begrudging the space for the children to play in.
They builded a city of triumphs and blunders,
Allurements, beguilements, enchantments and wonders;
All art and all science abundantly give there,
A marvelous city—but who wants to live there?

—Arthur Guiterman.

A REAL hick town is one where you never have to buy your hat or coat back from a restaurant!

THIS Young Generation, I'm sure, is all right,
No matter how thick they may tar it;
What gives us old fogies the terrible fright
Is some who pretend that they are it.

It's a Great Life if You Don't Week-End

IT WAS darling of you to get down by the first train, Peggy! Yes, doesn't the ocean look divine in this spring sunshine, and isn't the air balmy? I just love to get down here early, before there are any crowds or any mosquitoes. Now that we've been through the cottage, I'm crazy to show you my garden, and I know you'll love it; not a big one, of course, but it wouldn't seem homy if I didn't stick in a few things every season. Come right down the side yard—oh, you needn't be afraid of the long grass, for at this time of year you can safely walk—on your ankles? . . . You don't mean it, dear? Why, I haven't seen or heard a single one since I came down! . . . Well, I sowed lettuce here: it hasn't come up yet, but aren't my radishes splendid? Of course, we don't

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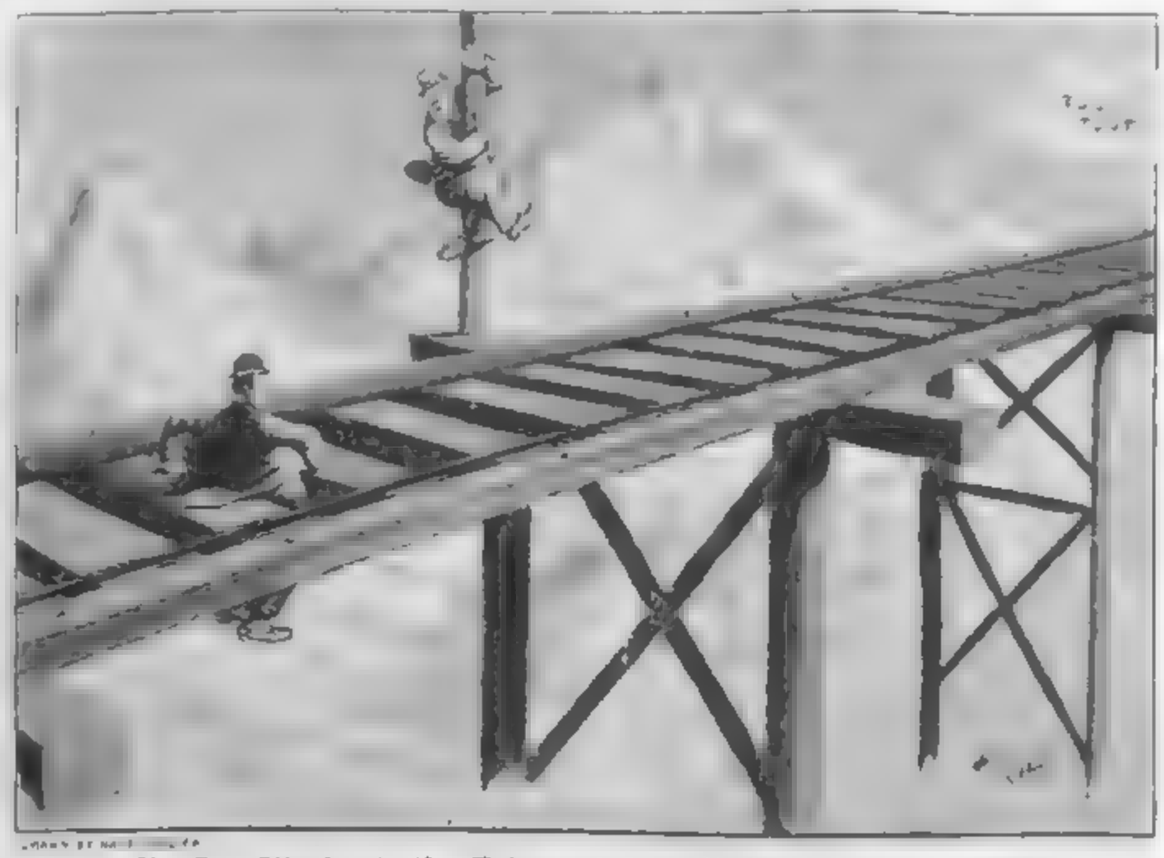
"The Poor Dears, They've Been Reading the Funny Papers! You Know, Boob McNutt Was Run Over by a Truck Today, Maggie Threw Jiggs Out a Third-Story Window and Three Men Beat Up Barney Google!"



The One Clinging to the Telegraph Pole: "Duck Your Head, Mike. Here Comes the Express!"

FULL-RIPE, juice-laden tomatoes, sun-sweetened right on the vines. All parts of the tomato discarded except the luscious tomato "meat" and the rich juices, concentrated in a smooth puree.

This is Campbell's Tomato Soup, with golden country butter blended in and seasoning delicately added to make the flavor even more piquant and tempting.

Tomato juice is considered by dietitians and physicians as one of the most valuable sources of vitamines—those mysterious substances that contribute so much to growth and health.

So Campbell's Tomato Soup is one of the most healthful of foods, as well as a treat to the appetite. See that the young folks get it often—it's so good for them. 12 cents a can.

Your children need Tomato Soup

Wholesome hints for young folks

Cream of Tomato Soup

Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat SEPARATELY an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup INTO the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately.

Tomato Toast

1 cup of milk; 1 tablespoon flour; 1 tablespoon butter; 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup.

Make a white sauce of the milk, flour and butter. Add the tomato soup. Reheat. Have ready serving plates with a slice of toast on each. Pour the sauce over the toast. Garnish with three slices of crisp bacon and serve at once.

Eggs with Tomato Sauce

6 hard-cooked eggs; 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup; 1 cup milk; 1 tablespoon butter; 2 tablespoons flour.

Make a white sauce of the milk, flour and butter. Add the tomato soup. Reheat. Cut the eggs in two crosswise. Slice a tiny bit of the end off so that it will stand up. Add these small pieces to the sauce. Pour the sauce upon a deep platter. Arrange the halves of the eggs in the sauce. Garnish with parsley and serve with or without toast.

Primping the Well-Known World

A Coral Chiffon Beaded in Crystal, Showing the Bolero Influence

A Stunning Ensemble. The Cape is in Fuchsia Georgette Shirred to a Band of Sea-Blue Lamé. The Gown is of Pale Blue Satin

A Wrap of Uncurled Ostrich Combined With White Crêpe

By Frank Ward O'Malley

I WAS trudging, disconsolate, through the great glories of the Rue de la Paix, bowed down by the lonesome thought that I was the only soul in all Paris who did not have a private, fool-proof, original scheme to save the French franc from disaster. And suddenly I got a flash.

Action! Ten minutes later I was dashing into M'sieu Teddy Rousseau's bank and outlining an initial borrowing proposition. Would the bank, I asked Teddy, lend me an envelope and one sheet of note paper? But yes. And I fired my opening gun.

Dear Madame Paquin. Be in front of the Café du Dôme between half past-nineteen and twenty o'clock this evening. Wear pink so I'll know you. Important. *Vive la France!*

Nothing doing. Madame Paquin, so word came back, had passed out of the picture some time ago, and the chief of the board of directors now running the shop had another engagement that evening. Subsequent quick messages to the Mesdames Madeleine Vionnet, Jeanne Lanvin, Jenny Sacerdote, boss of the Maison Jenny, and the others, asking each in turn to join me and slip on the nose bag, got me even less. None of the girls even answered.

"*Danger!*" That warning word on a placard tacked to Paul Poiret's inner *atelier* stopped me. With the help of my pocket dictionary I translated the notice. "Danger," I found, is the French word for danger. "Think"—so ran the rest of the French warning—"think to oneself three times before knocking on this door" whether or not "it is absolutely necessary" to interrupt great genius in the white heat of creation.

I didn't want to start anything. Like so many other great artists, Paul, so they tell me, is a bear cat when irked. A good scout, Paul, and a versatile genius, but when in wrath, so I'm told, he throws a mean bunch of chiffon.

They Shall Not Pass!

SO ALL I got in those first days was a batch of generalities: That this primping job Paris has cinched for itself—authoritatively telling every girl from Nebraska to Nippon and back again how to cloak, gown, shoe, hat, soap, rouge, scent, powder and jewel herself—ranks high among the first three or four greatest industries of the Continent; that it employs, either directly, or almost directly, three hundred thousand residents of Paris and immediate environs, and that it plays the most important part in the earnings, directly or indirectly, of just about half of the millions of the city.

Toward the end of the Great War, Vienna, thinking poor Paris crippled, put on a masterly, tremendous exhibition of feminine frippery in always neutral Switzerland in a last supreme effort to move the capital of Vanity Fair from the Seine to the Danube.

They shall not pass! All France, government itself, jumped overnight to the aid of its great pet industry. Into Zurich thundered special trains, loaded with crates of frocks, fabrics and glorious show girls. Fire flashed from the monocle of the mighty Redfern himself, hastily commissioned by his adopted country as commander in chief of defenders.

Vienna had invited all the world. The big ballyhoo started, died aborning. Down the Austrian slopes to the east straggled homeward the bedraggled invaders. Down the Jura foothills to the west marched the conquering host, singing their way onward beneath the fluttering banners of fair France.

Eighty-one years—that's a long time to be cock of the walk and then be expected to give up without battle. For it is now just eighty-one years ago since the day a young Englishman, one Charley Worth, revolutionist, came unheralded into Paris. Until young Charley Worth's advent even Paris, France, synthetically concocted a gown in the casual way that was in vogue when I was a lad in my home town of Wilkes-Barre. Mom and our dressmaker, Miss Gannon, would confer across the bolt of black silk pop had brought home from the Centennial or a trip to New York. Mom and Miss Gannon, in the end, would merge their conflicting ideas, retaining the worst features of each, and finally turn out something terrible.

But even back in earliest dawn of an æsthetically ghastly Victorian age Charley Worth had had a new idea. Following ten years or more of boulevard strolling, getting nowhere, Charley set up a gown shop. By this time even Charley himself was calling himself Virt—the way fashion must pronounce Worth now, or suffer messy decapitation. And the young M'sieu Sharl Virt's first revolutionary step was his announcement that he would no longer make up dress goods brought in to him. He would build gowns only from fabrics on his own shelves, selected by himself—or where do you go from here, gels, if you don't like my hoop skirts?

Frosted Gray Velvet With Dolman Back, Trimmed in Matching Fur

Inciting a Riot

"SACRED blue!" cried all Paris, but laughingly. "Sharl, go chase yourself and your newfangled notions up a dark rue!"

Then one afternoon the natty Empress Eugénie threw a party. It was a wow. Into the party came one Princess Metternich, all dolled up in a party dress that was a riot. It soon had Eugénie herself winging.

"Tell me, dearie," the empress finally braced herself to ask, "wherever in the world did you pick up this love of a hooper?"

"Well, you certainly have a nerve, empress," cried the Metternich, but under her breath. Incidentally, although my main facts are historically accurate, I have no stenographic record, of course, of the

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ALTHOUGH production is large, the demand is so great that in equity and fairness, orders for the La Salle are being filed and filled by Cadillac-La Salle distributors in the order in which they are received.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN • • OSHAWA, CANADA

LA SALLE

MANUFACTURED · COMPLETELY · BY · THE · CADILLAC · MOTOR · CAR · COMPANY · WITHIN · ITS · OWN · PLANTS

THE REVOLT OF PETER PURDY

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

XIII

SENATOR PURDY gave notice of his speech on Monday, and the vote on the Railroad Bill was to be taken on the following Saturday morning at eleven o'clock. The Washington dispatches printed in the newspapers on Tuesday morning made a feature of Purdy's announcement. He became more important in the news than he ever had been. There was spacious speculation by the correspondents as to what he would say, ranging from explicit statement that he would denounce all rumors that he was in revolt against his party and its leaders and would publicly proclaim his unfaltering allegiance to his party and its policies, to the equally explicit statement that he would cut loose entirely from his party, join the insurgents and vote against the bill. Rumor wandered widely between these extremes, but there was no direct quotation from Purdy.

He was besieged by reporters, besought by friends and by the senatorial politicians. The insurgents tried to check him up definitely and got nowhere in that enterprise. The organization leaders endeavored to sound him out and made no headway. The imperturbable Brewer stood guard in the outer office and fended off all comers. The senator was busy preparing his speech and could not be interrupted. Purdy, sour and starved, sat within his office, not entirely aware of the sensation he was, and edited his speech, and committed it.

When he came in that morning Brewer, after showing him a dozen different newspapers with his name in the Washington headlines, had warned him of the attempts that would be made to see him, to get advance information of his intentions, and to divert him from those intentions, by one side or the other.

"Better not see anybody," Brewer urged him. "It will only mess things up to talk to a lot of these people, and decrease the force of what you have to say."

Purdy, After Sufficient Solitude in His Office, Went Home Early and Put the Finishing Touches on His Speech in His Library

He Was Besieged by Reporters, Besought by Friends and by the Senatorial Politicians

"I don't want to see anybody," Purdy growled.

He was low in his mind that morning. His breakfast had seemed appallingly unsuited to his physical necessities—abhorrently so. His walk had tired him, because, cautioned by Brewer that he might be waylaid on his usual route, he had gone a roundabout way, and had been compelled to walk a greater distance than usual before he could get a car. Far be it from him to see anybody. What he desired most was solitude. His fellows did not interest him. They annoyed him. It was quite possible that every man who would try to break in on him that morning would come fortified and exalted by a good breakfast, by fruit, by eggs and bacon and biscuits and coffee; two cups, probably. Purdy groaned. He resented the entire human race.

Still, there was some balm in Gilead. The newspapers, with their Purdy headlines, tickled his vanity. The dispatches were pleasant reading. He was an outstanding figure. He was the big feature of the news. He hoped Paxton and the rest would see the papers. Those headlines would convince them he was no mere cipher in this game. They couldn't trample on him any more. He was no worm in the dust. Those days were over. He was a free and independent American citizen; he would so proclaim himself; and he wished he had some sausages and hot cakes.

Two of his visitors were Paxton and Drechester. They came at different times, and each asked to see the senator. Each was politely rebuffed by the watchful Brewer.

Purdy, after sufficient solitude in his office, went home early and put the finishing touches on his speech in his library, making sure he had the peroration well in his mind, and delivering it once or twice in order to get the dramatic and political effect he hoped to attain.

"Somebody to see you, suh," said his negro servant, breaking in on the elocutionary exercises of the senator.

"Who is it?"

"Didn't give no name, suh."

"What does he look like?"

"Kind of quiet-lookin' man, country-lookin' too."

"Did you let him in?"

"Yes, suh. You didn't give no orders contrary."

The servant partially closed the door and was standing by the senator's table. Purdy was trying to identify his caller from the description of him the servant gave, when there came a knock on the door, which was moved inward a little.

"It's me, Peter," said a low voice—"Meech. Can I come in to see you a minute?"

"I suppose so," Purdy replied hesitatingly.

He did not want to see Meech, although of all the majority leaders he was fondest of this soft-spoken, kindly, helpful and sympathetic man. Meech had done him many a good turn in the past by smoothing out opposition to appropriations Purdy needed for his state, and otherwise giving him valuable assistance. He could not affront Meech by refusing to see him, and, admitting him, he steeled himself against him. He knew how ingratiating Meech was.

"Have a seat," said Purdy. "How did you happen here? It is an unexpected pleasure."

"It is nice of you to say that, Peter. I feared I might disturb you."

"Oh, no; not at all. Nothing important was occupying me. Can I be of any service to you?"

"I don't know whether you can or not, Peter. I just want to have a little talk with you."

"I am always glad to talk with you, senator. What is in your mind?"

"Peter," said Meech, leaning forward in his chair and speaking in his most confidential manner, "what are these stories that are going round that you are going to desert the organization and the party and vote against the Railroad Bill?"

"Why, senator, I ——"

"Wait a minute, Peter. Don't be in a hurry about answering. Let me talk a little. I shan't be long."

Meech hitched his chair a little closer to Purdy, looked around the room as if to make sure no one was listening, and continued: "Peter, you and I have been friends ever since you came to the Senate, and we have worked together and voted together all these years. We have had our victories and our defeats, and both in victory and defeat we have kept the old flag flying. There have been times when both of us might have gained some temporary advantage by enlisting under some other flag; but we've stuck, Peter, you and I; we've been loyal."

Purdy started to speak.

"Just a minute, Peter," said Meech, laying his hand on Purdy's arm. "Don't say anything yet. I'm almost through. Now I see by the papers there is a great to-do over some speech or other you are going to make tomorrow. I didn't come over here to ask what you are going to say in that speech, to ask you not to make it, nor to try to get you to vote for the bill if you have decided to vote against it; but I did come here, as an old friend and a loyal friend, and a friend who has always stood by you and helped you whenever he could, to ask you to do me two little favors—and yourself, also."

"What are they?" Purdy was suspicious and his voice showed it.

"They're simple enough. As I said, I am not asking you what sort of a speech you are going to make or how you are going to declare yourself in it. Possibly you are going to settle all these rumors by declaring your regularity on the bill. If so, that will be what I confidently expect of my old friend and colleague. If not, and you intend to declare against the bill, the favor I ask of you is that you will not

(Continued on Page 38)

S W I F T

At Easter breakfast many women give added charm to the time-honored custom of serving ham through the fragrant richness of Premium. Always sweet and mild, Premium brings a distinctive flavor to your table and gives new goodness to other foods. For a memorable Easter breakfast this year, serve a broiled center slice of Premium with Brookfield Eggs fried in its savory fat.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

A new richness in eggs—After you have broiled your center slice of Premium, break Brookfield Eggs into the hot fat remaining in the pan and fry until done. Their flavor will delight your family.

Swift & Company

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make that declaration so positive that it cannot be withdrawn. Don't tie yourself down too tightly. Leave a loophole, because many things may happen between Wednesday and Saturday. You can get whatever effect you want by a qualified statement. Leave yourself an exit in case you should want to use it."

"Huh!" was Peter's comment.

"The second is that you will have another talk with me before the vote is taken. Nothing very alarming in those requests, is there? And nothing that commits you to anything, or tries to coerce or dissuade you from whatever course you have decided on. I ask you to do these things for me, not politically, not senatorially, but as an old friend. Will you?"

Peter thought as rapidly as he could. Of course he had never intended to run up the red flag of revolution. He detested the insurgents and all their works as much as Paxton and Meech did, but he had in view the definite object of getting his own rights. Still, those rights would not be jeopardized by leaving himself a line of communication with his old friends; conserved rather. And no harm could come of talking to Meech again before the vote. Perhaps Meech might have something to propose.

"All right, senator," said Purdy, after a time, "I'll agree to both those requests in deference to our long-time association and because of the high esteem in which I hold you as a friend."

"Thank you, Peter; thank you. I hoped you would. Now I'll be going. Speaking at two o'clock tomorrow; isn't that it?"

Meech rose and took his hat. He took Purdy's right hand in both his hands. "Good night, Peter," he said. "I'm glad we had this talk. We may yet find some way out of this."

"Good night," said Purdy, and he walked to the window and watched Meech slip silently up the street.

The senator looked over his speech again. There was nothing much to change that he could see. He remembered what the astute Enos Brewer had said: "It doesn't put you so far off the reservation you can't hop back if that seems desirable."

XIV

WASHINGTON dotes on a Senate show and flocks to the galleries whenever there is a chance of an interesting or exciting happening on the floor, whenever an incendiary speech is to be made, or there is a likelihood of two, or several, statesmen getting into a row. Particularly, Washington gloats over the opportunity of watching something defeated, or somebody; somebody attacked for any sort of alleged malversation—flayed, as the newspaper headliners put it. Hence the galleries were filled on the Wednesday of Purdy's speech, and hundreds stood waiting in the corridors long before the Senate was called to order at noon. Here and there a senator sat at his desk on the floor, writing busily, apparently unaware and unconcerned over the crowded tiers above him, but in reality appearing to his best senatorial advantage and seeking the impression of assiduous devotion to the interests of the republic.

As noon approached, other senators came in, singly and in couples, precisely as walking gentlemen appear on the stage in dramas that require their atmospheric presence, and atmosphering themselves in the same stagy manner.

When the presiding officer rapped with his gavel and said "The Senate will be in order," two-thirds of the senatorial desks were occupied and every gallery crowded to its fullest capacity save the press gallery. That stretched untenanted above the presiding officer's rostrum; but behind it, back of the swinging doors that let into the press rooms, the correspondents were at their ease, smoking, chatting, reading or writing, and waiting for the curtain to go up on the first act of the drama. The prologue did not interest them. They had all seen many such shows before.

The morning hour progressed in the Senate with its routine. Senator Paxton was not in his seat, nor was Senator Purdy. One o'clock -half after one—three-quarters—and Paxton came in, glanced at the packed galleries, smiled a little, and looked at the empty press gallery with another smile. He knew what both the crowds and the emptiness predicated. Five minutes later Senator Purdy pushed through the green-baize doors of the main entrance, at the far end of the center aisle, and lumbered to his seat, which was midway in the second row on the majority side. He had his manuscript in his hand, nodded to several senators who had thus greeted him, and sat heavily down at his desk.

The whispers of "There he is!" "That's him!" that had rustled the galleries when Paxton appeared increased to a sotto wave of "That's Purdy!" as that enormous statesman careened to his seat. Two o'clock arrived and Purdy rose. "Purdy's up!" shouted the watcher at the door of the press gallery. The correspondents threw away their cigars and cigarettes and crowded to their gallery, filling it to overflowing.

Purdy looked haggard and worn. His face was colorless. His lips were bluish white. His clothes hung baggily on his enormous frame, and his voice was more throaty than usual. He was self-possessed enough. Speech making in the Senate was no new thing to him, albeit he had never made a speech in such circumstances. "Mr. President!" he said, and every ear strained at what was to follow; and then slowly, without attempt at the oratorical graces, he went into a résumé of the history and accomplishments of his party. He sketched its beginnings and told of its triumphs. He gave it lavish credit for its accomplishments, which he enumerated, and continued in this strain for half an hour. He made no reference to the Railroad Bill.

"What's he getting at?" senators asked one another. The galleries were disappointed. After listening for five minutes and not hearing anything that savored of attack on anybody, not hearing a threat or a denunciation or a cry for justice, the listeners grew uneasy. They wondered in whispers what he meant. This wasn't what they expected. It didn't jibe with the advance notices. Why, the man was reciting a historical essay!

Purdy plugged steadily forward. Paxton sat watching him intently. He was too old a hand at this sort of thing not to know that something was coming, and he waited for the moment with such patience as he could muster. Other senators, after listening for a few minutes, had turned to writing, newspaper reading or to low conversations with neighbors. The galleries, thwarted of their bucket of blood, grew increasingly restless, compelling the presiding officer to interrupt the speaker with the usual "The senator will suspend a minute" and the stern "The galleries will be cleared unless order is maintained," enforcing the edict with sharp rappings of his gavel.

Presently Purdy paused, gulped a glass of water and turned toward Paxton.

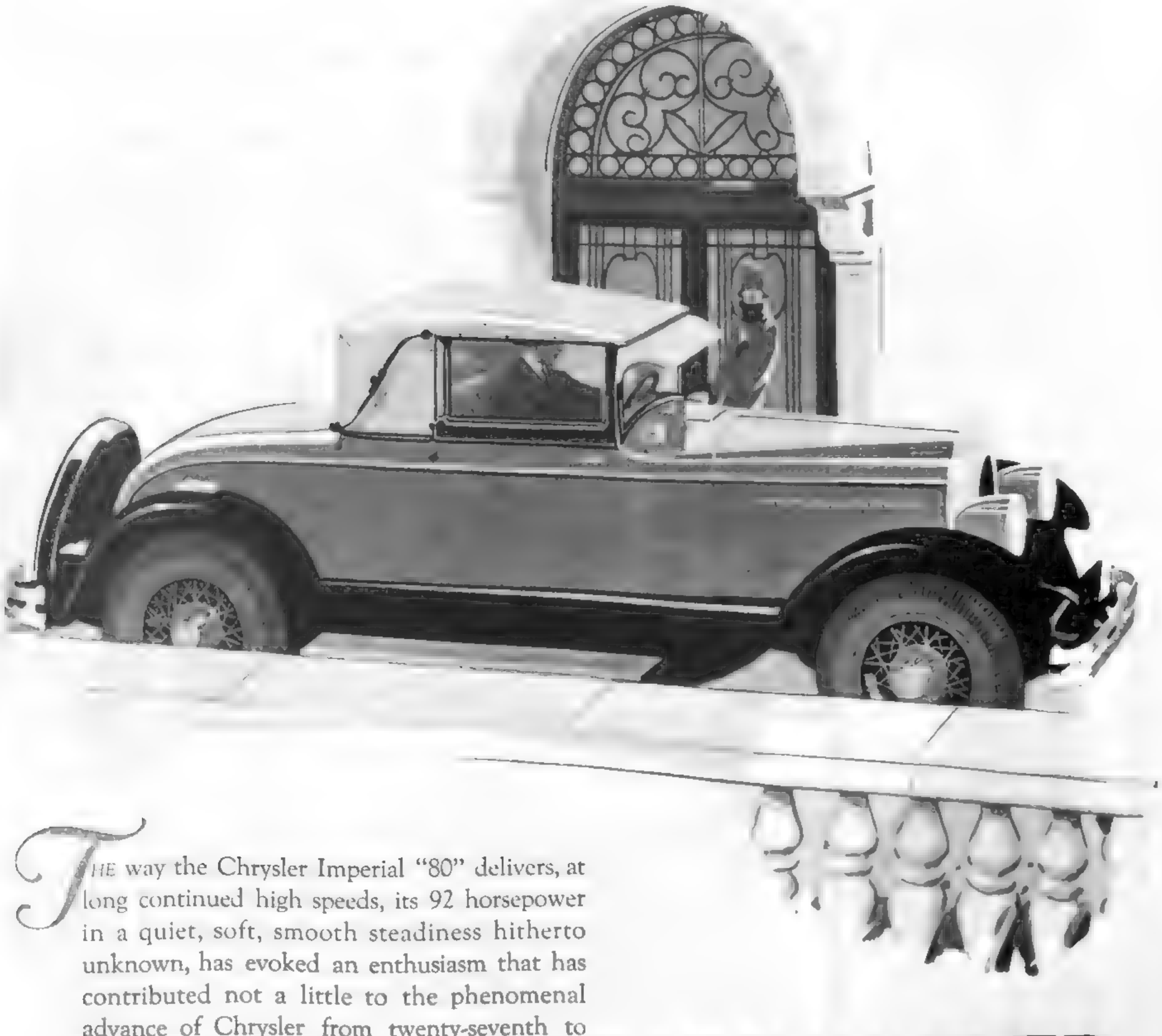
"Now it's coming," thought everybody.

The correspondents, who had been listening perfunctorily, became alert. The galleries, sensing the meaning of the pause and of the turn toward Paxton by Purdy, stilled. The senators came to sharp attention.

"Mr. President," said Purdy, his voice clearer and more resonant, conforming to the etiquette of the Senate by this address of the presiding officer, but in reality speaking directly at Paxton, with his great frame squared at the

(Continued on Page 170)

The Tone of the Consent Was Portentous, But Paxton Was Unheeding. He Lighted His Cigar



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S E P 25

THE MEXICO OF THE FUTURE

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

WE NOW reach the final milepost on this journey toward some kind of understanding of the Mexican situation. It registers the question, What of the future? When all is said and done, this is the crucial query. Obviously, our relationship with Mexico cannot remain forever charged with friction or worse. What is the formula for permanent peace and coöperation?

To comprehend the many difficulties that obstruct our best intentions to reach an agreement, it is first necessary to enlarge upon certain Mexican manifestations which have hitherto had only passing allusion in these articles. They enter vitally into any basis of accord. Until they are sterilized, real amity will continue elusive.

Chief among them is a deep-seated antagonism to the United States as a nation. This hostility does not reflect the feeling of the great mass of the people. Most of them are so ignorant that they neither know nor care. The seat of anti-Americanism is in the small group that rules the country and perpetuates itself, or its kind, through force. Likewise, force is the only agency they respect.

The Temple of Quetzalcoatl at San Juan Teotihuacán

Inaugurated by Carranza

THIS governing coterie not only has displayed its animosity to the foreigner in general and the American in particular in the confiscatory laws based on the constitution of 1917, but seeks to embarrass us politically throughout the vast domain from the Rio Grande to the Horn. It is part of a movement conceived in resentment of North American prestige and prosperity.

This movement is bad enough, but a menace to our material interests is likewise involved. Our total investment throughout Latin America aggregates $4,880,671,000, of which nearly $1,400,000,000 is in Mexico. During 1926 we exported $885,000,000 worth of goods to the countries beyond our southern border. Furthermore, a considerable part of our economic destiny is bound up in the Western Hemisphere.

Linked with the existing complication with Mexico is the larger question of our prestige in all Latin America. If we do not maintain our dignity and self-respect in this crisis, and put an end to persistent Mexican disregard of our rights, we shall find our sovereignty impaired in a part of the globe that has looked to us for leadership.

The Mexican political campaign against the United States was inaugurated by the ill-fated Carranza. In the period between our war with Mexico and the dawn of socialism in the republic, the attitude toward us was almost continuously friendly. Francisco I. Madero, who broke the long rule of Diaz in 1910, checked every sign of hostility. He was educated in the United States and members of his family had large business connections in this country.

Carranza, like Calles, was fond of posing as the defender of the Latin-American faith. He regarded himself as the bulwark between the "imperialistic aggression" of the great Colossus of the North, as we are called in Mexico, and the weak, downtrodden sister nations of the south.

All this was very flattering, but the movement has gone much farther. In 1919 Carranza initiated a crusade for the unification of all the Latin-American countries with a view to counteracting the influence of the United States through agitation for the abolition of the Monroe Doctrine. He maintained a number of radicals in the Mexican diplomatic service in Central and South America.

When the Carranza government was overthrown, the effort to coördinate the Latin-American countries under Mexican auspices ceased. It lay dormant through the De la Huerta and the Obregón régimes. With the accession of Calles in 1924, it came to life with a bang and has been going strong ever since.

President Calles Showing a Prize Chicken at an Agricultural College

Whatever his defects, Calles is not lacking in ambition. He aspires to live in history as a second Simon Bolivar, the great liberator of the Latin race in the New World. Bolivar died broken-hearted and disillusioned. Despite his great patriotic service, he reaped ingratitude and persecution. He was animated by unselfish desire, while Calles is the creature of political impulse.

Headquarters

THE Mexican movement to foster trouble for the United States in Latin America falls into two sections. One is the definite desire to establish a radical belt between our southern border and Panama. The other is to foment antagonism because of our "imperialistic intentions" as expressed in Cuba, Haiti, Panama, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua and elsewhere. We will first deal briefly with the communist phase.

Secretary Kellogg in the data he submitted to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, which now form part of the committee record, stated among other things:

"The Bolshevik leaders have had very definite ideas with respect to the rôle which Mexico and Latin America are to play in their general program of world revolution. They have set up as one of their fundamental tasks the destruction of what they term American imperialism as a necessary prerequisite to the successful development of the international revolutionary movement in the New World. The propagation of communist ideas and principles in the various countries of Latin America is considered secondary to the carrying on of propaganda against the aims and policies of the United States. Thus Latin America and Mexico are conceived as a base for activity against the United States. Communists in the United States have been repeatedly instructed to devote special attention to the struggle against 'American imperialism' in Latin America and to the organization of resistance to the United States.

General Aaron Saenz, Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs

"Bolshevik aims in this respect were succinctly set forth in a resolution of the Third Congress of the Red Internationals of Trade Unions, July 8–22, 1924, as follows. It was resolved:

"'To unite the national struggle against American imperialism in individual countries in a movement on a scale of the whole American continent, embracing the workers of

all countries of Latin America and the revolutionary forces of the United States. Mexico is a natural connecting link between the movement of the United States of North America and Latin America, therefore Mexico must be the center of the union.'"

The points to be emphasized here are that the Calles government is working tooth and nail to cramp our style wherever possible. Two major organizations are in the field to do the bidding of the powers that be.

The first is the Anti-Imperialistic League of America. Its object is to spread radical propaganda in all the Latin-American countries and to aid the Soviet Government in its campaign against us. Branches have been set up in most of the Latin-American republics, but the headquarters are at the Mexican capital because of its geographical location.

The Anti-Imperialistic League of America was represented at a congress of so-called oppressed nations held in Brussels in February of this year. Its direct emissary was Julio A. Mella, the Cuban agitator. Aurelio Manrique went as delegate of the Mexican Agrarian League, composed of leaders in the Calles agricultural scheme which I have described in these columns.

At this convention resolutions were adopted demanding complete "independence of the Central and South American countries," neutrality of the Panama Canal, and denouncing the "imperialism of the United States."

Sowing Discontent on Fertile Soil

THE second instrumentality for the spread of radical propaganda in the Western world is the League of Latin-American Countries. The principal idea behind this organization is to place men of left tendencies in power in all Latin-American domains.

Its chief organizers and agitators are well-known Mexican radicals. The president of Mexico has been so active in its affairs that its dogma has come to be known as the Calles Doctrine.

The most recent instance of Mexican meddling is in Nicaragua. By this time most people are familiar with the details of the conflict between Diaz, the lawfully accredited head of the government, and Sacasa, the liberal pretender. Sacasa was able to dispute Diaz largely because of aid and comfort received from Mexico. This led the United States to intervene to protect American life and property, and not, as the Mexicans have broadcast, to interfere in the affairs of a sovereign state.

What has not been brought out heretofore is the fact that in August, 1926, the National Nicaragua Committee, which, then as now, supported the liberal revolutionary movement, established its headquarters in Mexico City. In the early life of the committee Sacasa arrived at the Mexican capital and held various conferences with General Aaron Saenz, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Calles cabinet, and with Morones. He then proceeded to Guatemala, where he launched the revolution against the Nicaragua Government.

Not content with obstructing and misrepresenting the United States throughout Latin America, the Mexican propaganda system, which works ceaselessly, has carried the war to Europe. Here it found fertile soil in which to plant poison. Certain elements in various European countries lose no opportunity to take a fling at Uncle Sam. The Nicaragua episode lent itself to skillful manipulation.

In many Continental sections our intervention in Nicaragua is construed as the first step toward "an extension of the United States to Panama." Even so important a journal as Le Temps of Paris made this assertion. For several months the press of Germany and France has borne down hard upon our "covetous" and "imperialistic" intentions toward all Latin America. That the Germans should fall for this illusion is not surprising, because Mexico was the center of an adroit Teutonic propaganda during the World War.

Cock Fighting, the Favorite Mexican Sport

General Amaro, the Full-Blooded Indian Who Is Mexican Minister of War and Marine

Moscow, of course, came through with her usual bombast. When the Nicaraguan situation was at the sizzling point the Third Internationale proclaimed "the necessity of war against the insolent and mighty capitalist régime and imperialism of the United States." In a manifesto issued on January thirtieth, and addressed to "the workers and peasants of the oppressed nations of the world," the communist organization invited "all anti-imperialistic forces to support the people of Nicaragua in their struggle against the base designs of American imperialism." Maintaining that the United States must resort to force in order to accomplish its fell purpose, the manifesto further stated: "This is why the mask has been thrown away and the country occupied under the pretense of protecting the lives and property of American citizens. From the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego the populations must organize a powerful movement against the exploitation and spoliation of the United States."

Let me repeat that all this vilification of the United States leads back in one way or another to the Mexican ambition to create antagonism to us. In this respect it pursues precisely the same course as the Bolsheviks, whose prize purpose is to foment unrest and capitalize discord.

The anti-United States feeling in Mexico has gone beyond confiscatory laws and agitation in the sister republics. Early in January a boycott on all American merchandise and other products was proposed by the so-called Spanish-American Committee of Mexico City as a protest against our attitude in Nicaragua. A few weeks later one of the outstanding labor leaders, José Gutierrez, urged the CROM to rally solidly to the support of the government against "Yankee imperialism, which seeks any pretext for armed invasion of Mexico and threatens all Latin America."

I have dwelt upon the Mexican-inspired mischief-making in Latin America because we can never reach a permanent accord with our neighbors on the south until these pernicious activities are sterilized. So long as they continue Mexico cannot act in good faith toward or with us.

The American Club, City of Mexico

Our Long Service to Mexico

YOU have seen how official Mexico acts toward us. It may be interesting to contrast it briefly with our long service to her. In the first place, American men and money have been tremendous factors in the upbuilding of the country. Through these agencies towns, railroads, mills and wharves have sprung up, vast areas are developed, and employment given at good wages and under the best working conditions to hundreds of thousands of Mexicans. For every dollar that has been taken out another has remained behind.

Despite flagrant violations of life and property, we have maintained a well-nigh incredible patience and restraint. Moreover, the good will of the United States is absolutely essential to the well-being of any Mexican administration. No chief executive is strong enough to stand up long without it. The moment we withdraw recognition the embargo on arms across the border is lifted and revolution stalks about. The wonder is that Mexico does not go to the limit to foster our friendship, which has been as sincere and disinterested for her as our feeling for the other Latin-American republics. Instead, she seems to go to every extreme to neutralize it.

The effort to array Latin America against us is only one obstacle in the way of a permanent understanding with Mexico.

The latest crisis developed over the attempt of the Mexican Government to confiscate the alien-owned oil lands under retroactive legislation based on the constitution of 1917. The first inconsistency—I employ the most amiable word—grew out of the fact that Article 14 of the constitution

(Continued on Page 194)

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LETTERS FROM FRATERNITY

EDITOR'S NOTE—These letters and others which will follow were written by A. L. McCorrison, of Searsmont, Maine, to Ben Ames Williams, over a period of some four years. Except for the elimination of some personal matters, and except for condensations here and there, they have not been edited.

SEARSMONT, ME., Feb. 12, 1922.

DEAR BEN: I have had a bad cold for several weeks, but have kept about and did the chores as usual, and once was so indiscreet as to go pickerel fishing, and ever since have been paying for my folly. But am much better today, as I've just had a good long pull at the pipe, and it tasted good. Yesterday I could not smoke. Sarah (Mrs. McCorrison) has just opened all the doors and aired the house, and says she has no fears for me now, for she says: "No man could smoke such a stinking pipe and be sick."

I believe your friend has given you the right kind of dope on woodcock shooting, an "open right and No. 12 shot." I shall certainly be interested in that English-made gun. I once killed 10 foxes out of 11 fired at; I missed the tenth fox, but had already killed 9 straight. The gun, an old-fashioned 12-gauge muzzle, of English make, and probably made before a choke bore was ever invented—the gun was old when I used it, 41 years ago this present winter. None of these foxes came up and looked in the muzzle of the gun; the most of them were running as only a fox can run, and quite a number of them fully 50 yards away. But there was 3.5 if not 4 drams of best glazed powder behind one ounce of No. 3 chilled shot, on top of powder, 2 thick felt lubricated wads, driven home with a heavy black ebony ramrod; and that old cylinder gun certainly had what G. would say, "penetration," and some kick. But it produced the bacon for me at least. Pardon me, Ben, for mentioning this wonderful fox story to you again. I have probably told it to you 25 times. It's your English-made gun that's to blame.

The reason I have not written about rabbit hunting is there has been a crust that no dog can run in ever since early in January. As soon as conditions are right, G. and I will try them and let you know result.

I probably should have quite a pickerel story for you if it hadn't been for this cold. I expect a large crowd was fishing today, as conditions have been good.

TUESDAY, THE 14TH.

I am much better today and have no trouble with the pipe. When I can't smoke, I am sick.

No, I never belled a fox, and never heard of such a thing. But I have known of one man chasing a fox for the other man to shoot. The trailer using a tin horn, or whooping like a hound. When I lived over in Frankfort a man named Noah Sanborn, a native of N. H. who lived near Mount Waldo, used to make his son follow a fox and toot a tin horn. And one forenoon he shot two foxes so chased. But Noah would not do any chasing, so the son, Everet, rebelled, and I never heard that Noah killed another fox. But Everet once told me he had chased many a fox for his father to shoot. Is following a fox with a bell, belling a fox?

The fields are covered with a smooth blanket of snow about 15 inches deep; there are no drifts, and I don't think I ever saw a greater contrast between the dark greenish shades of the woods and the glossy whiteness of the snow.

I have just finished a small churning for S. As I stood by the sink I could look over to the Montville hills and see the valley and notch at the Ctr., and the top of that clump of pines in F. H.'s pasture, that stand on the knoll above the pool by the big pines where you once caught a mess of lusty beauties. Ben, I don't think I ever look out across those hills but I think of those brooks and thank a kind fate that dropped me down in this humble neck of the woods. No doubt there are better brooks, but those suit me well enough.

WEDNESDAY, 2 P.M.

Snowing hard today, wind from the southeast, but too cold to rain. Sarah sold 4 cats last week.

I am sending Chilton & Bud a souvenir of the kind of hay a moose eats. It is a water willow that I found at the foot of Quantabacook pond. Mr. Moose had browsed off a large number of these willows and ate them, as I could find nothing on the ground. This is one of the stubs that he left.

With our best regards to you all,

Sincerely,

BERT MC.

SEARSMONT, May 29, 1922.

DEAR BEN: Sarah says I ought not bother you with letters, but you will put up with a few lines I am sure, when I tell you that with the help of H. R. we have put eighty thousand trout fry in these waters within the past 3 weeks. Last Wednesday we planted 40,000, all in the Sheepscot. The finest lot of fry I ever saw. We went through Liberty, McFarland's Corner to Whites Corner, and made the first plant over back of Hog Back Mountain; then down brook to Peavey's, then over the hill to Berry's Corner, then down to Paul Young's. We fished a few minutes, just at dark. I caught two trout. The road was so bad from Berry's down over the hill that we came home by the Lewis Mill, and I think I made a discovery of a new place to fish. It is called on the map Accidental Pond; is only a little ways from the Lewis Mill. I have seen trout from this pond and have been intending to go there for many years, and the next cloudy day may drop a line there. The shore, what I could see of it, was open pasture land and open hardwoods; a small pond under steep hills.

Three weeks today—the 7th—we put 40,000 in these waters; 25,000 in the Ruffingham brooks.

I have been setting out strawberry plants and asparagus today, and tomorrow shall plant the garden. The asparagus is H.'s idea, but it will be two years before it will be fit to eat. Then, he says, it will last 10 years. I wonder where I'll be then. I wouldn't work today, only I want to go fishing, and the garden must be planted; so the sooner, the better.

They told me some fine salmon had recently been caught in George's and Swan Lake.

Partridges are nesting now, and there's lots of them. A black duck is setting in the meadow above the village, and I saw three old birds the night I was in Ruffingham meadow.

H. R. has 7 hives of bees here, and yesterday he and I clipped the wings off of the queens. Did you ever see it done? If not, it would certainly interest you. I am quite sure I have lost two swarms that have got away.

I had Doctor L. fix my teeth recently. My jaws are mighty sore now.

E. B. saw, yesterday morning, a large bull moose—could see its horns plainly from the house.

Sarah sends love to you all.

Sincerely yours,

BERT MC.

SAT., NOV. 25, 1922.

GROUND white with snow this A.M., 9 o'clock. Went deer hunting with G. P. down through the Whicher swamp, where we saw the track of a moose, stopped at G's and had a drink, then home. Result of the day's hunt—saw the track of one moose, one deer, one hedgehog, besides many of fox and rabbit. Of hunters, we saw and heard of 38—three were women.

7.30 P.M. When all had met at the store and reported, it was found that W. H. had shot a doe in the Whicher swamp. John L. had knocked down a large buck in the Herrick lot, laid down his rifle and was about to cut its throat when the deer suddenly sprang to its feet and ran out of sight. John sprang for his rifle and fired a snap shot as the buck disappeared.

Early in the forenoon L. P. jumped a large buck near Hemlock hill and fired five times, without apparent result. B. R. then took the track, and L. went down the river to a clearing, where the deer suddenly came out of the woods about 30 yards in front of him. And L. fired six times more, eleven times in all—the deer still lives.

The deer appear to have yarded, which accounts for so few tracks in the open land. No wild geese seen yet.

NOV. 27TH.

No deer killed today, though several were jumped, but could not be followed, as the ground is bare. Doctor S. saw 4 moose, two bulls, and two cows. One of the bulls was a monster. Doc said he didn't believe he could span the width of its horns. Doc is a small man. About this time, in the Whicher swamp, someone fired 6 times and badly wounded a large moose. John L. and B. C. were within a few hundred yards, and frightened the man before he had time to gather up his empty shells. They picked up 4, which the game warden now has. The moose was badly hurt. It laid down 3 times before J. and C. left its trail.

NOV. 28TH.

The warden has been after the wounded moose today. Will kill it if possible.

NOV. 29TH.

The warden is still hunting for the wounded moose, but the snow is now gone and the moose will probably lay in the woods till spring, if it is dead. A small doe was wounded near the Whicher swamp today and was killed

(Continued on Page 46)

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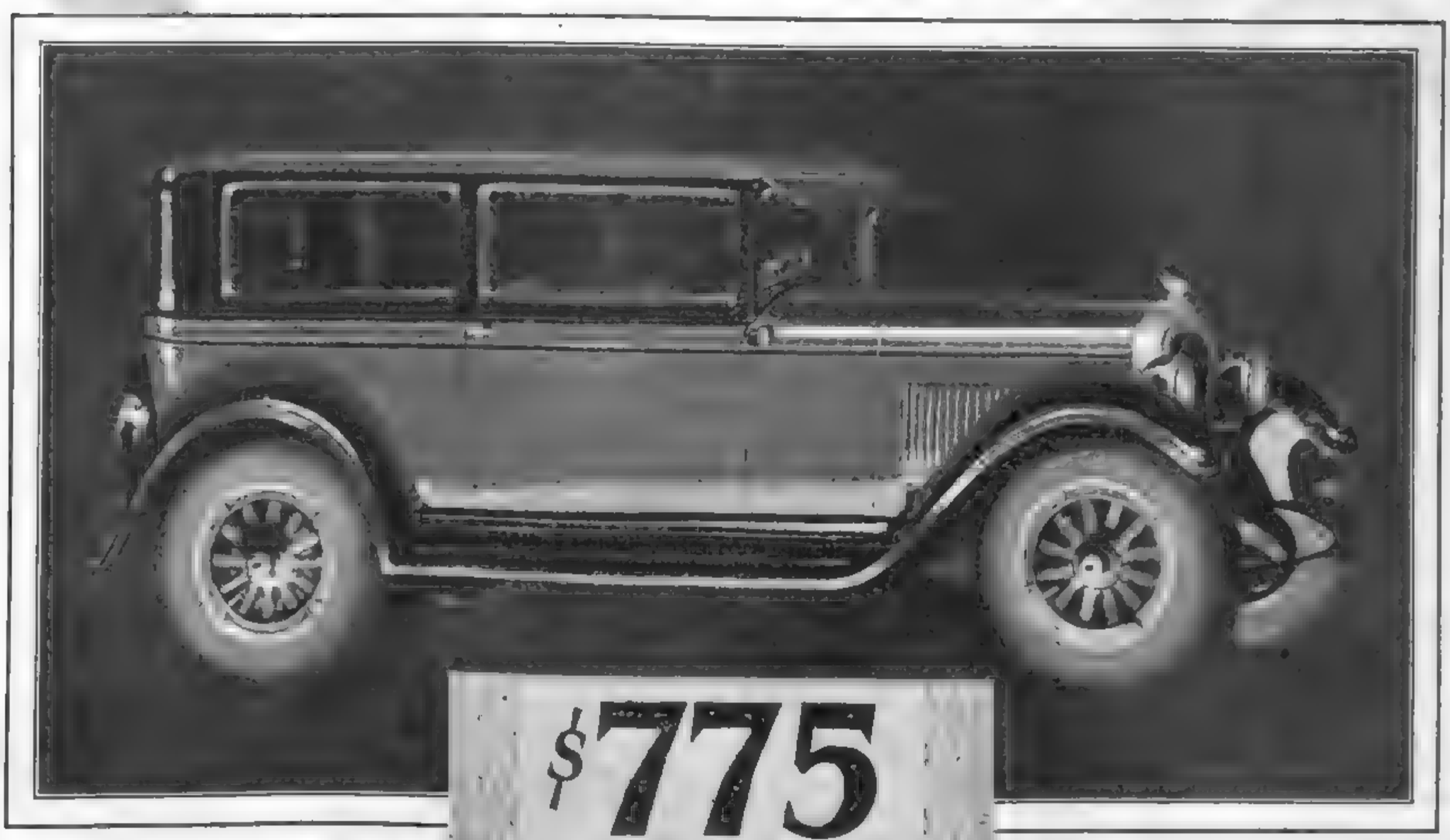

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Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

VIRGINIA GREY as *"Little Eva"*

After a year and a half of strenuous labor, Universal's great revival of *"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"* is now nearing completion. Because of the amazing things it has been possible to do on the screen which the limits of the stage never allowed, I am convinced this picture will take rank among the classics of the screen.

I have always wanted to produce this story in a big way, and it was a dream of mine to have much of it enacted in the actual localities in which Harriet Beecher Stowe's story was laid. And now it has all come true. We have already invested $1,500,000.00 and scoured the country for the best talent. The result will prove a revelation to you, and exceed your fondest dreams.

Believe me, this is not by any means "just a picture" or in any sense an ordinary production. It is most pretentious and is in reality a spectacle. The cast, as you must agree, is exceptional. JAMES B. LOWE, the most celebrated colored actor in the country, is "Uncle Tom." VIRGINIA GREY, beautiful as a dream, is "Little Eva"; GEORGE SIEGMANN, one of the screen's most famous heavies, is "Simon Legree"; MARGARITA FISCHER, famed for her beauty and exceptional talent, is "Eliza"; ARTHUR EDMUND CAREWE is "George Harris," the slave; LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD is "Lawyer Marks;" MONA RAY is "Topsy" whose brilliant performance will prove a revelation.

When completed, *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* will be presented in the leading theatres as a special attraction. Those who have seen it so far, tell me that theatre history will again be written by its success; just as the original play established world's records in its day. So, I commend the picture to you and await with deepest interest your comments.

Coming soon, *"The Claw,"* Cynthia Stockley's fine story, starring NORMAN KERRY and CLAIRE WINDSOR. It is a drama of the African veldt. Have your favorite theatre get it.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photo of Norman Kerry

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 44

in the Quantabacook pond just at dark. She was shot through the hips, and the poor suffering creature was trailed by blood nearly two miles. It is a shame to allow the does to be killed. D. shot a large buck today.

It is snowing tonight. God help the deer tomorrow. No wild geese.

NOV. 30TH.

I'm sixty-seven today. Where have all those years gone? "Echo answers."

All the hunters were out and three deer were killed—two does and a buck. One in the Pendleton woods, one in Maple meadow and one on Daget hill. And a large otter was shot in the George's River over back of Andrews Hill, west from here.

No wild geese reported today. I guess we are to have an open winter. I have seen wild geese as late as Christmas.

FRIDAY, DEC. 1ST.

Put 12 hives of bees in cellar today—16 in all. Got badly stung.

DEC. 2ND.

A long ring on telephone about 6 o'clock gave notice that the warden would give $5.00 to the man that could find the wounded moose tomorrow—Sunday.

No wild geese.

6.30 SUNDAY EVE., DEC. 3RD.

A large number of men were looking for the moose today, but without success.

No wild geese yet.

MONDAY, DEC. 4TH.

Very warm and pleasant.

No wild geese seen or heard today.

One night last week, G. G., while going home from P.'s store at No. Searsmont, heard a moose bellowing off in the woods toward Quantabacook pond. He said it was a frightful sound. Also the wild scream of a lynx has been heard on several nights in that vicinity.

No wild geese.

FRIDAY, DEC. 8TH.

No one has seen any wild geese since about the middle of Oct., when a few flocks were reported. There was the largest flight last spring I ever knew. What has become of them?

DEC. 13TH.

Clear and cold today, wind N. W. and blowing great guns.

While coming home from the village last night with lantern in hand, I made a misstep on the platform and fell keersmash and sprained my left ankle badly, so that I can only hobble around today. Lots of autos passing today. Old Quanty is frozen over, and soon the pickerel will be biting. How swiftly the seasons move, and each change brings its own peculiar charm. And pickerel fishing through a hole in ice—to those who love the sport—is not the least.

No geese.

DEC. 31ST.

Looking out of the kitchen window through the orchard, the snowdrifts look like the waves of Old Ocean as they roll along some outlying sand bar. The order of the day is—doing chores and breaking roads.

8.30 P.M. Mrs. P. and one of her girls have just gone home. A few hours more and 1922 will be numbered with the past. What has it left to be remembered? For Sarah and I, much to be thankful for. Good health above all else. And for me, a number of happy days with rod and gun. One morning in the Ruffingham meadow I caught three brook trout in succession that weighed over three lbs. Could anything more be asked. Not for me. I only hope the coming year may bring as many pleasant days. And already there seems to be a change, for the sun broke clear tonight and went down in a purple haze, and the wind is in the south, and I can hear the roar of the river, which usually indicates rain.

Must put the dogs and cats to bed.

MONDAY, JANUARY 1, 1923.

What a change from yesterday A.M. The old year must have gone out to sea and took along the piercing cold winds that have prevailed for many days. And the new year brought them back this morning, tempered by the Gulf Stream, for this land has been drenched with showers from the S. E. all day, and still raining hard tonight.

Must put dogs and cats to bed.

Sarah sends love to you all.

Sincerely,
BERT MC.

FEB. 18, 1923.

DEAR BEN: A beautiful winter day; the sky is clear. The sun is right, but the wind still from the northwest, and very cold, 20 below this morning. How I want to see the fog roll in over the Camden Hills once more. But the south winds will soon be here and unlock the fountains of these hills. Then what a deluge there will be.

Ben, you ask me to write, but what must the subject be? I'm so ignorant I can write only of myself, the things I've seen and passed through. And it seems to me I've already worn them threadbare. But there are variations. I once knew a man whose father was a preacher by profession. And I often heard him say his father owed his success to the fact that he once memorized several excellent sermons. And ever after could preach without end. And as men climb the hill of time they are apt to revert back to the things that have passed. And so it is with me. I remember things that happened fifty years ago as though it were but yesterday, and enjoy the memory of them.

How well I remember one beautiful mid-May morning in the spring of 1869. The winter of '68-9 father worked in Cuba at his trade—coopering—as he had done several years previous. He would go down to Cuba in the fall and return in the spring. Usually working his passage both ways on sailing vessels. And in the spring of 1869 he came on board a Winterport vessel. The captain and many of his crew belonged in that vicinity.

The captain and all his crew, father as well, had a personal supply of good things that were subject to duty. Father's supply consisted of a very good sized two-horse load of pineapples, oranges, sugar, syrup, tamarinds, cigars, and two five-gallon demijohns of West India rum. How well I remember those demijohns. I can smell them even now. How they fascinated me. The glass was dark green; the wicker work, with its twisted handle, white and new. In those days, it seems, it was the custom, in such cases, for the customhouse officer to close his eyes. But this time the capt. was apprehensive of the Winterport officer. And father decided to land his goods at Sandypoint. The vessel arrived in the river late in afternoon; and father was hastily put on shore. It was dead low water, and his dunnage and goods were left on a sandy beach at the upper side of the steamboat wharf.

As father was getting his things onto the wharf a man came down and helped him, inquired who he was, and so on. When father told him, he said: "You won't be able to get these things home tonight. Why not put them in the storehouse?" Of course father could do no less than accept the generosity of the man, at the same time, it set him thinking. So, when the goods were all under cover, father asked the fellow if he smoked, and of course he did. And he gave him a box of cigars and probably something out of the demijohns.

The next day, which I remember was Sunday, father got a man with a span of horses to go to Sandypoint, and I went with them. That was one of the red-letter days of my existence, that I shall never forget. It must have been early May, for the red maples were in full bloom, the roads had begun to dry out, and the trout brooks were running normal.

We must have arrived there by 10 A.M. In the meantime father had found out that the man who had stored his goods was a customhouse officer, and consequently was a little apprehensive. But as we drove onto the wharf the man came down from his house and met us with a smile, and when he went back he carried on his arm a basketfull of pineapples, oranges, and probably something else. I don't remember, only that he was smoking a cigar.

And those cigars bring to mind an instance that happened in the late summer of that year. Like all boys, I had a boon companion a little older than I, who shared all my pleasures and some of my sorrows. John L. was his name. He was as fond of trout fishing as I. But unhappily for John, his father wasn't, not all the time. But that's another story.

One day I told John that father had a lot of damaged cigars—moths had bored holes in some of them, and he would lay them aside. John said, "Can't you get some?"

"Yes, I will when he lays by enough so he won't miss them." And for several days we waited. Finally I took four of them. John was expecting me and was waiting down under the milldam—a place where we used to go for suckers, smelts, eels, and sometimes trout. And it was there we decided to have our first smoke. When John saw me, he inquired how many I had, and I replied, "Four."

"Gor-ram-it"—that was his swear word—"why didn't you take more?"

"That's all I dare take this time, John, but next time I'll take more."

We crawled in under the old log dam. It was late summer and the water was low, but there were schools of small fish and some large suckers, swimming beneath the old pine log on which we sat astride. Oh, the joy of the anticipation of that first smoke!

The aroma of those cigars will always linger in my memory. And John, how impatient he was. We first tried to smoke them whole, but they did not draw well, so we cut them in two. Then they went better. There was always rivalry between us, and we tried to see who could smoke his piece first. How those cigars did burn. We blew smoke in each other's faces and tried to blow rings, and artistically crooked our elbows as we held the cigar between thumb and finger, and deftly snapped the ash with little finger, until finally we both dropped stubs—together. The first half of that smoke contest closed with honors even. We then lit up again, and again blew huge mouthfuls of smoke in each other's faces. Finally one said to the other, "Are you sick?"

"No."

"But you look sick."

And so we argued, each declaring he wasn't sick, all the time puffing to see who could smoke his stub first. Suddenly we both rolled face down across that old log and fiercely fed the fishes. For a time all argument ceased between us, as we mingled our sighs and bitter groans, when one through his tears said to the other:

"You said you wasn't sick."

"I wasn't, till you was; that's what made me sick."

"I wasn't sick first; you was; and that's what made me sick."

And then again we both fed the fishes. The contest had shifted, but still went merrily on. When we crawled out from under the old dam the sun was low in the west, a chill was in the air, our clothes were covered with filth, our faces haggard and tear stained, walk unsteady. But when we parted, John said: "You started it!"

Alas, those happy days of boyhood. Gone forever.

Mr. McCorrison inclosed in this letter the following account of a fox-hunting expedition treasured in his memory:

HUNTER'S LAST CHASE

It was in late October, 1882, just as the first gray streaks of light began to gleam in the east—"When flecked darkness, like a drunkard, reels forth from day's path and Titan's fiery wheels."

I unleashed Hunter, the hound, for what proved to be his last hunt. For only a few

(Continued on Page 48)

556

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THE SEIBERLING RUBBER CO.
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For gentlemen too, of course.

(Continued from Page 48)

days later, this fine dog was taken with distemper and died within a week.

Hunter was of noble blood, and the best-trained foxhound I ever saw. He was sired by a full-blooded English bloodhound that was one of a pack that was imported from England in the early 70's and owned on a plantation on the banks of the James River in Virginia

This dog—Old Music—so named for the clear musical tone of his voice, was supposed to have been stolen by a negro and sold to a sailor on board a vessel that had loaded ship timber in the James River for Rockland, Maine.

He was owned in Rockland for several years, but one day was run over by a lime-rock team and badly crippled, so that he could only run a short time, then he would walk. It was then he was brought to Vinal Haven. And often in the winter 1877-8, I walked beside him and helped him over the rough places, while the other fellows shot the fox; and we got several in that way.

But the old dog's feet got sore, and we bought a female hound that proved to be a fine fox dog. In the spring of 1878 we bred her to Old Music, and she whelped ten pups, and Hunter was one of these. He had many characteristics of Old Music, especially his voice, which was low, clear, and distinct. He was not so heavy, but taller, more lithe and slender, his color black and white mixed with tan on head and ears, which measured twenty-four inches across.

In the winter of 1878-9 I shot two foxes in front of him when he was only eight months old, and one of these, though badly wounded and almost dead, got hold of Hunter, and I had to break the hold by pushing the stock of gun between the jaws, and ever after Hunter would not tackle a wounded fox, but would not leave them. Once he followed a fox forty-eight hours, then lay down in the snow, and there on the track we found him.

In the winter of '79-'80 quite a number of foxes were killed in front of him, though I only got one. But in the winter of '80-'81, of thirteen killed in front of him, I got ten; nine were killed in succession, missed the tenth, but got the eleventh. Making ten kills in eleven chances. This was the last winter I hunted foxes in the town of Vinal Haven.

Vinal Haven, Fox Island, is ten miles long, by seven wide. Its surface rough, uneven and densely wooded, some hardwoods on the hills, but mostly spruce and cedar. There are several small fresh-water ponds. It abounds in mice, red squirrels and rabbits, also muskrat, mink and otter. Its shores are rough and irregular, with many bays, creeks and narrow inlets, some that are called rivers, and numerous small islands connected by sand bars at low tide. With these variable conditions, the ebb and flow of the tides, it is considered one of the most difficult regions possible for a hound to trail the fox. It was there Hunter learned his lesson.

So, when, one October morning after I had come to live in Searsmont, I started out, it was with confidence, if he should start a fox, he would stay. There would be no false chase. The day was ideal, so calm and still; the voices of men could be heard a mile away. A morning when the land seemed full of echoes. A heavy dew had fallen and every bunch of grass was bending with its load of crystal moisture. A cobweb would wet you. A day when the scent would lie. We went out across the fields and down over the hill to the river, but found nothing. I then took the boat, for up across the river a quarter of a mile away was an open piece of pasture land several acres in extent, that had once been a cleared field.

A few old apple trees, near by an ancient cellar wall, was all that then remained of what was once the house of one of the early settlers of this land. Scattered here and there were small, half-sunken rock piles, the home of the field mouse, that dainty morsel that Reynard likes so well. A place where hunters often came. And many a wily fox had bit the dust on the near-by hills, that had first been started there. And there, just beyond the cellar wall, as Hunter circled down past a rocky run by the old spring then choked and shaded by a tangled mass of weeds and wild asters, he first caught the scent of game.

How fierce and eager he was. How his lithe, sinewy body would twist and turn, his tail would swing in circles, and from side to side. From his nostrils came a loud, knocking sound as he pressed his nose to the ground and inhaled his breath, long and deep; then he gave tongue. A long, low, clear cry that echoed and reëchoed through the woods and out across the valley to the distant hillside. Then he fiercely rushed ahead again, caught the scent. Again that buglelike voice sent the echoes through the woods.

And so he worked down the slope, across the rocky run, through its tangle of thorn and blackberry, alder, birch, and hazel, to the woods a hundred yards beyond. There his voice began to quicken as the scent grew hotter. Suddenly it changed; he had started game, the quarry was on the run. How those clear buglelike notes reverberated that still morning; what a volume of sound rose and fell as he went on, over high or low ground, gradually diminishing beyond the high land in the Pendleton woods until I could hear him no more.

For a while I listened in silence. Had they gone to the hills? Only time could tell; but if not, I felt sure that Hunter would drive him back to this open land, for it was a natural runway of the fox. But, hark! I hear him, faint and indistinct. If he has gone to the left, I shall miss them; but if to the right, they will surely cross this opening. Again I hear him. It's an echo from Andrews Hill, off across the river, to the southwest and to the right. They are coming back, up beside the river, direct to this opening.

Louder and louder came the echoes. Was ever music more sweet? When suddenly Hunter's voice comes clear and distinct as he came onto high ground in the Pendleton woods. I knew by his steady, regular cry that he was running with head high, far to leeward of the trail, by the scented air, and running as only Hunter could run.

On they came. How the echoes rang; a continual din of sound. I glanced at the heavy 10-gauge to be sure that all was ready; was tense, but not excited, only expecting to fire at a rapidly running fox. Then out of the cover a hundred yards away came—not the expected tuft of red! but a streak of gray. And how it ran what leaps, what bounds—straight at me.

When thirty yards away it suddenly stopped and rose on its hind legs. A strange and most wretched-looking rabbit. Wetter than the proverbial rat, its long tattered ears, gray narrow face with bulging eyes and cloven lip, showing long yellow teeth. A pitiful-looking object.

But there was no mercy in the eye that glanced along the shining tubes or finger that slowly pressed the trigger, when suddenly across my mind flashed a thought. I blinked my eyes and looked again. There could be no mistake; 'twas the very same. Gaunt and aged he looked, but still unsubdued. A warrior true and brave. There before me, after a period of three hundred years or more, once again stood Shakspere's "dew-bedabbled wretch. . . ." "Poor Wat. . . ." "On his hinder legs with listening ear to hearken if his foes pursue him still."

My finger left the trigger of that gun as though it were a hot coal. I would not have shot that rabbit for the gold of Africa.

Then Hunter broke from the cover, and again, as of old, how the welkin rang.

The way that ancient rabbit side-stepped, in and out, among the silver birch, golden witch-hazel and scarlet sumac, was a sight to behold. As he gained the crest of the hill, with a mighty bound he shook himself and disappeared.

As Hunter came on, I lifted my hand and said: "To heel," and the obedient dog came in, a puzzled look in his intelligent eyes, as if to say, what is it? "It's all right, old boy; no ordinary rabbit would have tempted you, but we'll hunt no more today."

When we got back to the boat landing the sun was rising above the tree tops. As we came out of the valley to the high land, I looked out over the river and wondered how many years that ancient rabbit had lived there.

Though that was forty years ago, for aught I know he still lives in the Pendleton Woods just over the river from Hardscrabble.*

Alas, poor Hunter. Only two weeks later I buried him in the valley under the hill by the river, on a sunny, southern slope. Head to the east.

Itasca Lake, Minnesota, Headwaters of the Mississippi River

* Hardscrabble is the name of Mr. McCormson's farm.

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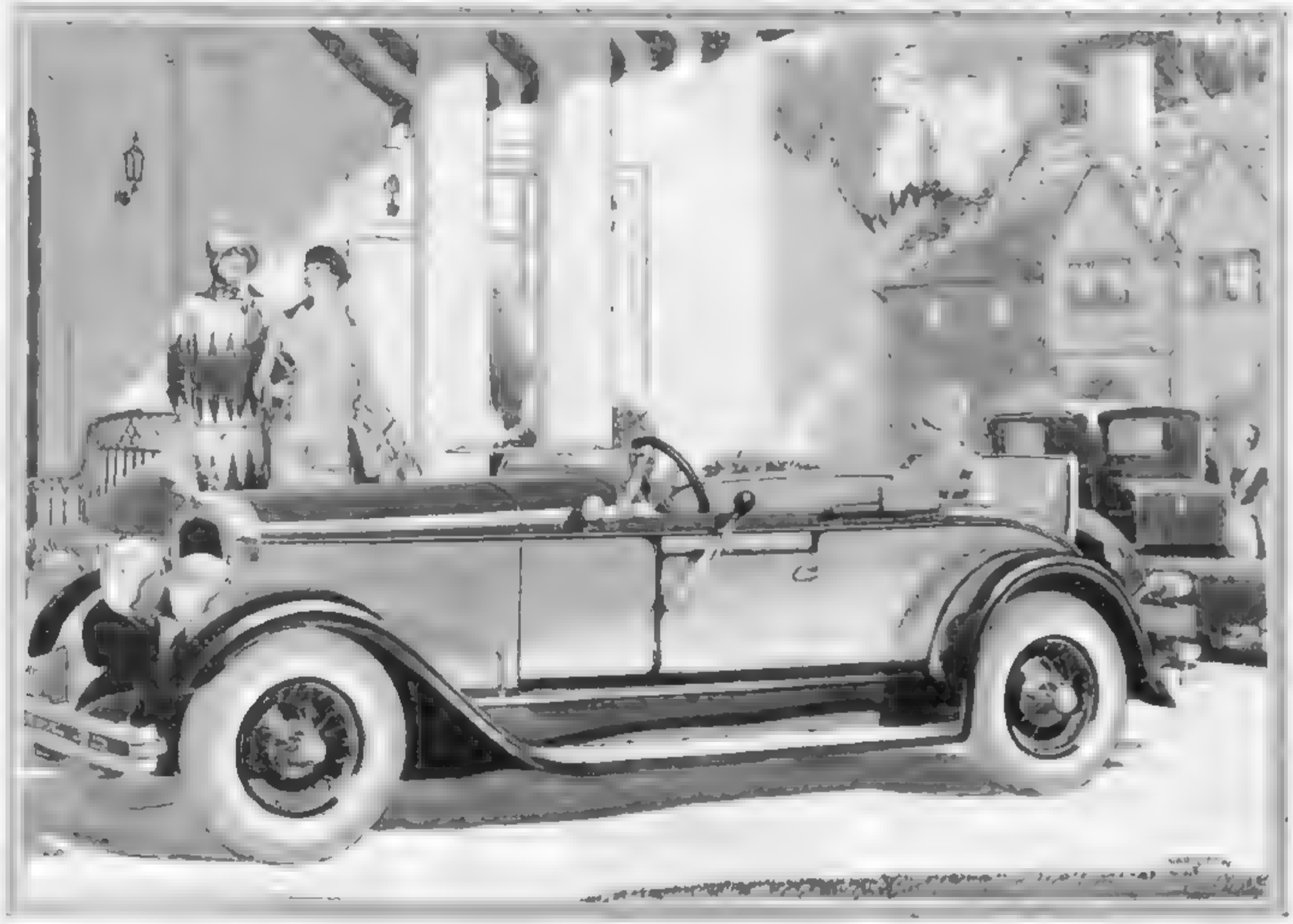

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IN December the first little Marmon Eights were shipped to various communities throughout the country. By the latter part of January the car had received a most spectacular ovation at all of the principal automobile shows and salons.

Probably no automobile of modern times has created such universal comment and praise, and surely no automobile has given such immediate and indisputable proof of what it will do.

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"Guess most men and women are the same — want comfort without sacrificing a single line of style. So Glove-Grips are for all of us!"

THAT is the way men and women tell one another how enjoyable Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes are.

You, too, will enjoy the unusual comfort and smart trim lines that come from the patented Glove-Grip Arch. It feels pliant as a glove, flexible as one of your own muscles. And what is even more pleasing, it fits so well about your foot that it looks custom-made.

The nearest Arnold dealer will fit you most carefully and let you feel for yourself the new freedom of Glove-Grips. And see for yourself the well-groomed lines that they give you. If you do not know where he is, write M. N. Arnold Shoe Company, North Abington, Mass. And we will hasten to introduce you to

ARNOLD GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

The Nanette

CURLY-TAILED WOLF

Continued from Page 13

a cook I could borrow too? We've no servants with us. After dinner, my offsprings told me what they thought of my cooking, and I hear that you've lost a ham and some other edibles. You must excuse the outrage. I'd never thought of raising Geoff and Clare as housebreakers, but they've begun well. They'll be over to apologize in the morning."

Mr. Van Eck purred, "Damn smart kids, Sid. . . . Is your wife bringin' servants up? I see where she got off a liner yesterday mornin'."

Lupus had suddenly a sense of something wrong having been said. Was it right for pop to mention the black-headed woman at all, when she didn't know the Van Ecks? He must ask Carolus or Mary about that.

"I wonder," said Paramore, "is there a cook out of a job in Couveris."

"I'll have Mary go down in the mornin' an' get you somebody," Lupus said eagerly. "Hey, I'm married again, Sid—on my birthday, three weeks back. It's Mary Clements that's been keepin' books for us a year. She was Jim Clements' wife that useda be the Episcopal preacher downtown. Her mamma's old Mrs. Kitchener that teaches Latin in high school."

"That's the pedigree, Sid," said the sachem. "This is a stock farm. She's a nice girl, Sid. You can congratulate him without blinkin'."

"He's of sound mind and solid judgment," the rich man laughed. "All right, Lupus. I'm sure you're in luck. And if Mrs. Lupus will find me a cook, I'll give her one of my remaining bottles of champagne. My cooking had this dreadful effect on Clare and Geoff, and I think you'd better ask us to breakfast, sir, or worse may happen. I saw Geoff looking at your cows hungrily this afternoon."

"You're welcome as daylight, Sid," said the sachem. "It was in the papers that your aunt's dead out in California. I can remember her up at Saratoga with your folks. She wasn't so handsome as your mamma, but she'd got a good shape. Carolus, ladies used to have figgers oncet. You could put a lady's waist in a glass of whisky then. Women looked like women when I was younger. They look like nothin' now."

"Pop, you always talk like women were some kinda cattle. You're an old heathen. Ain't he, Sid?"

"Lupus, it's how women talk about men when we ain't in the room. Am I wrong, Sid?"

Sidney Paramore stopped filling his pipe and said, "Why ——" His face had become red under the eyes. He said, "Why, you're not wrong, sir. They're not quite so sentimental as we think they should be, perhaps. . . . Chuck me a match, Carolus. . . . Do you read all the obituaries, sir, in the New York papers?"

The sachem spat in the coal scuttle and purred: "I don't mind knowin' the news at all, son. I've been goin' to Saratoga to the races since I was twelve. I've seen a lot of high-an'-mighty people an' git interested to read they're dead. You ain't ever been much to Saratoga. You ain't a bettin' man. Nor am I. I've bet on colts that came off this place, but it was most for sent'ment, like I'd bet on Lupus here. He's a good boy, Sid. He ain't smart, but he's solid. Any time you're in trouble, sing out for Lupus. He'll see you through. Look at the fool blush!"

"Aw, shut it off, pop!"

"You," said his father, "go to hell. You're a good boy. . . . I could write a book about Saratoga races, Sid. I remember your dad an' Jerry Le Moyer an' Casmir Preble givin' a dinner at Canfield's place the night Le Moyer's Bedford won—an' that was a dark hoss. I hear Colonel Le Moyer lives in Paris now. I bet he's at the races every day it ain't a rainstorm."

"I dare say," said Paramore. "Yes, Mr. Le Moyer has a flat in Paris."

"You still got your dad's house in New York, Sid?"

"Oh, no. I sold that directly after father died, sir."

"But you ain't sellin' this house here, Sid?"

"Good heavens, no! No, I'll be here all summer and fall, sir. The kids like it here and I'm awfully fond of it."

Lupus had a feeling of shells under his feet. Something might explode at any breath. Something was horribly wrong around here, and pop's eyes were just daubs of black lash in his brown mask. It was a mask too. One eyebrow had risen toward the smooth black hair.

"You're gittin' the whole of your aunt's estate, Sid?"

"Yes, sir. . . . It comes to about a hundred thousand, the lawyers write me."

Mr. Van Eck said sleepily, "A poor feller would be kind of stunned to hear a piece of news that size. Did you expect her to die so soon, son?"

"No. It was quite a jolt. We'd been in the south of France all winter—the kids and I—and I managed to have pneumonia in April. I wasn't very bad, but it was a nuisance, and I couldn't start over, you know, when they cabled that Aunt Rita was ill. We only landed last week."

Carolus, too, knew that something was wrong. He'd drawn back behind a corner of the stove, and his eyes, glittering widely, shone through his fallen hair. Lupus found something to say.

"Kid, you need a haircut."

"Yeh," said Carolus; "g-guess I do. . . . I guess I'll go to bed."

But the rich man lightly said:

"'Minute, Caro. What was this yarn you were telling Clare and Geoff about the curly wolf?"

"Oh, 'at's just a story, sir."

"But they got the details mixed. The man let the wolf come to stay with him and it took the best bedroom and—then?"

"Oh, then it bawls him about the cookin', an' then it wants him to curl its tail for it every day, an' he gets sick of this and burns its tail off with a poker an' it quits him. . . . G'night," said Carolus, and flitted out of the kitchen.

"That's an old yarn, Sid," the sachem purred, shifting his peg on the floor; "one of those morals you tell kids. Grandmamma used to say, when she'd see a girl dressed too fancy, 'Her folks are raisin' a curly-tail wolf.' Has she quit you, son?"

The millionaire jammed his hands into his pockets and looked at Mr. Van Eck for a long breath, while the faintest noise above stated that Carolus was coming into his bedroom from the upper hallway.

"You're quite extraordinary, sir. . . . To be exact, I technically deserted her so as to facilitate the proceedings. I took the kids down to this little place on the Riviera. There's a friend of mine—a novelist out of a job—who has a school for children there. . . . Yes, it was all over last fall. G-gave her fifty thousand and dropped it. She stayed in Paris with her father. He has a flat. For a bankrupt," said Paramore, "Mr. Le Moyer seems to be very well off." His voice was still lightly genial, but thin. He went on, "You're quite extraordinary!"

Lupus ground his ear with a fist and wondered dizzily what was happening. Something had happened and pop knew all about it, and Sid didn't seem to care much. He was grinning.

"How much you got left, Siddy?"

"Let me see. . . . Two thousand nine hundred and forty-nine dollars and twelve cents a year income. But you must remember that I make as much as fourteen or fifteen hundred a year writing articles on architecture. And there's Aunt Rita's money coming. I'll get along, sir."

"Sure," said the sachem. "You got plenty of sense, son. . . . How much was there left when your old man died?"

"About four hundred thousand and the house in New York, sir. It wasn't mortgaged either. . . . And Clare and Geoff will have a little money of their mother's when they come of age. We'll be all right, Mr. Van Eck, when Mrs. Lupus has caught a cook for us. . . . I think the kids are rather amused. They weren't at all fond of her and—Clare's clever—they knew pretty well what was happening. I suppose my expression on the first of the month when the bills rolled in was a give-away. I've never been able to hide my emotions as well as one should."

"It's a gift, sonny," said Mr. Van Eck. "Well, I had in mind to write you a letter, Sid, seven years back an' say stop when it was in the papers you was engaged to Le Moyer's girl. But, hell, we don't do things like that. And I bet she has nice things to be said for her, at that, son. Everybody has. I hear her damn father made as good cocktails as anybody in Saratoga. . . . Got bankrupted in 1912, didn't he? Been livin' in Paris since. . . . I bet, if I went to Paris, I'd know a lot of fellers by sight. And I bet a lot of 'em are livin' comfortable too. He's a handsome man yet?"

Sidney chuckled. "Slight suggestion of pressure at the waistline, sir."

"Alc'hol an' waistlines," the sachem drawled, "never was friendly. . . . Well, you met Le Moyer's girl in Paris in the war, and thus we find an' so we see. Thar's part of a piece I spoke in school oncet. Jiminy! That's fifty years ago. . . . You sing out, son, for whatever you want. . . . What's she come back to New York for?"

"I can't quite imagine, sir. When I saw that she'd landed I packed the kids up and we left. She can't have her divorce yet. . . . She has several nice qualities, sir, as you were saying. But the whole thing was a failure, for various reasons. . . . Well, I'll go home and tell Clare and Geoff that they're not to be arrested, and go to bed. I'm rather seedy."

"You look so, Sid. See you at breakfast."

"Right. 'Night, Lupus. . . . I say, don't look so flabbergasted!"

"Yeh, but," said Lupus, "I am. I'm awful sorry, Sid."

"It's all in a lifetime, or any other of the appropriate platitudes, Lupus."

"Wh-what's platitudes, Siddy?"

Paramore turned on the doorstep and said, "Pleasant expressions of the commonplace, Lupus. *C'est la vie* is the French phrase to cover the situation. God bless you! Have your cook make biscuits for breakfast."

His robe went swishing down the stone steps of the kitchen porch. Lupus stared through the screen and licked his lips twice. . . . But it wasn't true! Over there in the dark was the Paramore house, with a bathroom to each bedroom and furniture that glittered everywhere in silks and gilded lines. This block of jeweled ice, the Paramores, wouldn't melt in his mind. It wasn't true! The clock struck one in the hallway, pealing its stroke with a deliberation that seemed a groan. . . . No, it wasn't true! There had always been the Paramores, filling their house in summer with exalted guests. Women looked insolently from the cars and dogcarts at Lupus in the highway, and sometimes gave him a wide, leading stare. It wasn't true!

"Don't take it so hard, son," said his father. "He'll git along. He's got sense. Somethin' to Sid. It's by way of his mamma, prob'ly. His fool of a father knew enough to put on a collar, and that was all, I bet. And he's shut of that woman."

Out on the roadway Sidney paused to shake his pipe and a flutter of sparks fell. Lupus said, "But ——" and helplessly turned from watching.

"What surprises me," said the immovable sachem, "is that his old man lef' four

Continued on Page 52

VELVET INTERIORS —
ENDURING CHARM

CA-VEL is a name that is fast becoming a symbol for fabrics of the highest quality. The majority of fine closed cars are now upholstered in these richly colored velvets, and furniture makers and interior decorators have long favored them for their enduring beauty.

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CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 50)

hundred thousand. Seems accidental. Sid knows a hoss when he sees one. Paramore used to bet on hosses because Le Moyer told him to or he liked their tails. A fool, if I ever seen one! And after Sid's mamma died, there was considerable women at Saratoga to help him give dinners. Seen him at it. . . . Yah! Curly-tail wolves!"

"But his old man left him four hundred thousand, pop!"

"Lupus," Mr. Van Eck said patiently, "I dunno what I'll do about you. You're wise about cattle an' hosses, an' you got sense enough to pick two good wives an' let the others git by. But you ain't 'maginative. Here's this Paris, where they grow clothes, an' there's that woman of Sid's. It's commonplace, like he was sayin'. You're thirty-seven, boy, an' it's time you quit bein' so upset when some commonplace thing comes off. S'pose there's a tramp out on the road there, and he takes a rock an' swats Sid on the head with it. It could easy happen. Wouldn't that be commonplace to read of in the paper, if it wasn't a feller you knew?"

Lupus sat down on the cool floor and revered his father. Pop was extraordinary! Stablemen and cattle dealers and rich folk who wanted a Van Eck colt filed past the black eyes and the hawk nose, and pop saw clean through them, and didn't give a damn.

"You mean his wife has just took—taken—four hundred thousand off of Sid an' then quit him?"

Mr. Van Eck said patiently: "Ain't it commonplace, Lupus? If it was a girl downtown here had helped her husband git rid of ten thousand dollars, you wouldn't even yawn to hear tell of it. Mult'ply ten thousand by forty an' add on Le Moyer's girl that I used to see drinkin' highballs with her father's gang at Saratoga when she wasn't old enough to have her face painted. It's just some 'rithmetic, son. And they been in France, where Le Moyer could come in for some meals. . . . This Le Moyer is my notion of a gentlemanly kind of thief. I know nothin' against him except I never liked his face. . . . Carolus, how came it you was tellin' the Paramore kids about curly-tail wolf, boy?"

Carolus had silently moved in from the living room on his big yellow feet. As it was commonplace to see Carolus without hearing him, Lupus just noted that the kid was now in a white bath robe instead of white pants, and attended his answer. This came slowly; the boy lifted a foot, set it down carefully and said, "It was kinda private, sir. We were talkin' ——"

"You ain't a bad boy," said the sachem, and poked his cane at his grandson's toes in sign of high favor.

"Thanks a lot," Carolus said, and flushed. "What horses will Mr. Paramore an' the kids want, grandpapa?"

"Let Sid choose, sonny."

"Yes, sir. Cheese McCarthy's mother, the fella that works at the drug store, does cookin'. She's out of a job now, 'cause the folks she worked for moved to Cohoes, sir."

"Git down an' fetch her up to see Mary about workin' for Sid in the mornin', son."

"Yes, sir. . . . Good night."

"Good night, sonny."

Carolus hesitated, curling up his toes on the boards, and then he said, "The kids are scared she'll get hold of Mr. Paramore again, sir. . . . Good night."

Mr. Van Eck watched the white robe flutter off through the living room, and said, "No kid ever kep' the whole of a secret. They told him all about it, see? I knew he was excited at supper. He ate three times more'n usual. He ——"

Lupus jumped to his feet as the telephone rang in the living room. He jumbled the thing around on the desk after banging a toe on the old footstool that supported pop's wooden leg when he was writing. Carolus was ghostly beside him in the gloom, at once, and pop's nightshirt filled the doorway.

"You, Lupus?"

"Yeh, Siddy. . . . Sumpin wrong?"

Sid said quietly: "Listen! There's a car outside with a woman in it, and they're ringing the front-door bell. I know it's—Mrs. Paramore. Now if she comes over to your place to make inquiries, Lupus ——" He stopped short. Away off, behind him, some shrill, constant sound was filling his great house with a reduced clamor. "Lupus, for God's sake, don't tell her I'm here! Will you do that for me?"

"You bet I will, Sid! Got your lights out?"

"Yes. All right," said Sid, and his house was no longer on the other end of this wire.

"Is she after him, son?"

"Yeh," said Lupus. "Turn the lights off, kid! Turn 'em off so she can't come in here an' ask questions!"

His son's gown swirled through the arch into the dining room, then into the kitchen. Everything was black, and Lupus rubbed his eyes. Sweat had come into his lashes and he felt cold all over.

"She seen the papers, boy, about Siddy's aunt dyin' off. She thinks there's juice in the orange yet. I bet Le Moyer got her on the first ship she could catch."

"But ain't she divorcin' him, pop?"

"She can drop that, sonny. She ain't so young she can pick an' choose her next man. If Sid's still worth havin', she better stick to him. She's smart enough to know that. Her old race-track swell of a father always stuck where money was likely to come from. I bet he's got some of Sid's in his bank right now. I bet ——"

Carolus said, "Hey, dad!" as Lupus began to rattle the door into the porch. The thing stuck in hot weather. Must get the sides planed. He had to haul on the knob with all his force.

"Lupus, you be careful, son!"

"The hell I will!"

Stars sparsely festooned a sky burdened with many clouds. Dew slushed pleasantly between his toes as he ran down the grass. It must have been fun, he thought, to be an Indian and run around killing people at night. He remembered to lift his feet high over the tracks of the trolley line to Rangerville, and then he didn't have to think about anything until fine gravel of the curving Paramore drive stung his soles, and he dodged over the rim of low shrubbery to run on grass again among boles of the trees which interlaced their boughs and hid the stars. This was a dirty trick on Sid! She'd turned up in the middle of the night. A man was silliest after midnight, and Sid, somehow or other, was an innocent kind of fellow. He'd never knocked around much, to hear him talk. She could cry and carry on and get him melted down if she went to work right. She must be pretty smart. . . . Ho! There were the lights!

Lupus stopped, panting a bit, and stared through some white birches clumped together at the front of Sid's house. Columns rose two stories from the low stone terrace, but they were mere glimmers, because the motor's lamps shone straight ahead on the gravel and made the smashed stone look like a waveless gray pond. It was funny to hear, outside of the great house, this far, angry humming of the bell. It came clear and then stopped. It was ringing back in the kitchens somewhere, but the noise sputtered along and echoed so that it was distinct as the crackle of a match when the man in the driver's seat lighted a cigarette. His coarse voice was clear too:

"I guess you folks missed your guess. You been ringin' five minutes."

A shadow in the portico said sweetly, "Oh, there's someone here. It's a big house, you know, and they're probably all fast asleep."

The bell began once more as the man stopped speaking.

"You might knock," a woman said.

So there she was! The new voice came from the machine's rear seat. Yeh, Lupus thought, that was how she'd work on Sid. She had this weary, sweet voice that was sugar in the air. There she was all right! But who was the man in the portico? . . . Lupus walked through the white birches and hurt a sole on a big piece of gravel.

"Here's a guy," said the driver.

"Yeh," Lupus said, on one foot, "here I am! What you doin' in here, fella? This house is shut."

"I," the driver drawled, "ain't doin' a thing, Billy. This lady an' gentleman hired me in Albany."

A tall man came strolling down from the terrace and walked into the bright wave of the lamps. His gray clothes hid a deal of neat flesh and his white mustache seemed blue in the electric glow.

"You say the house is shut?"

"Sure it's shut," said Lupus, plucking his wet shirt from his chest.

"But the gates were open."

Lupus thought very fast, and said, "Yeh, but kids come in here an' leave the gates open. I got to send a hired man over from my place to chain the gates shut all the time. Kids come in to look at the house, y'see. It's too bad you come all the way from Albany. You ought to've telephoned."

But they didn't believe him, the man in the light and the hidden woman, losing all contour under the car's canopy. They simply did not believe him, although neither of them spoke. The driver from Albany said, after a while, "Looks like you're outa luck, sir."

"Yes," said Lupus, "you're out of luck. Mr. Paramore's been livin' in France lately. The place ain't been open in more'n a year."

"And you've not seen Mr. Paramore or his children here?"

"Why," Lupus said, "they been livin' abroad!"

He had lifted his voice and it brought down an echo from the portico. The man in gray turned sharply and glanced upward, taking his hat from his white head.

"Gee," said the driver, "it's a big dump!"

The house imposed itself on the night as a prodigy. Shadows enhanced its length and the roof seemed to be hidden near the clouds somewhere. Lupus felt a funny awe. The place wasn't so big as all that, but its silence and its darkness made the motor small, and the tall gray man was a nobody, fanning himself with his hat.

"Is there no way we could get in, Sally?"

"Only by breaking in, dad," the woman drawled.

So that was Jerry Le Moyer! Lupus curled his toes on the gravel and peered twenty feet at the vague face that seemed purplish in this false sunshine of the bulbs. It was scaring to look at a man who'd owned Bedford Second and Sally Rose and once a whole racing stable. Lupus rubbed his ear with a moist fist and wondered if the fellow wore a stomach band. His waist was hard-looking, and yet it jounced when he stepped back into the portico. His front jogged as he left the lights. Maybe a kind of band held him together. He was old too.

"You're Mr. Van Eck, aren't you?"

"Yes'm," said Lupus.

"You haven't a key to the house?"

The tender drawl crept at him in the air and Lupus wanted to grin. That was pretty good! She'd never spoken to him and now she was ready to ask him for help.

"No'm," said Lupus.

"And you're very sure that Mr. Paramore isn't here?"

The bell was ringing again, so far inside the house.

"He'd ha' heard your father ringin' if he was here," said Lupus.

"I dare say," Mrs. Paramore drawled. "Had you heard that he was coming up? We were expecting him to meet us in New York yesterday and he didn't. We've just landed."

"Know you have. It was in the papers," Lupus said.

She was a little plainer now, under the canopy, leaning forward a trifle, with some kind of veil swathed around her head. The bell was ringing once more and Lupus wondered if Sid could hear any of this from some window opened a crack behind the columns.

"Have you any keys over at your place," she asked, "that could fit this door? I'd hate to break a window to get in. We simply can't drive back to Albany tonight. We shouldn't get there until four or five, and my father's worn out."

Say, she was right after him! She'd get in the house if she had to break a pane. And she knew Sid was in there—that was all. She knew poor Sid and the kids were here.

"You better get started back to Albany," said Lupus.

"Oh?"

Mr. Le Moyer came to the edge of the terrace and drawled in his sweet voice he'd handed down to his daughter, "I give it up, you know. Is there a hotel in Couveris? . . . Yes, of course there is! I remember the place. Well, we'd best go there."

"I'd rather climb in a window, daddy."

Mr. Le Moyer said gently, "The water and lights may be turned off, old girl, and that wouldn't do. I hate camping out. We'd really best go to the hotel and do some telephoning in the morning."

"I'd rather," she said, "climb in a window."

Lupus stiffened his knees and a hot flood rose in his throat. He swallowed it twice and then saw Mr. Le Moyer receding in the portico toward the dim windows that flanked the white door. Then a voice thundered in the air, crying, "Hey, you keep out of 'at house! Hear me? You ain't any business here!"

"Mr. Van Eck!"

"Aw," said Lupus, striding into the lights, "tell it to snakes! You keep outa here, you old race-track swell! You got enough of Sid's money in your bank! You keep outa here an' keep this squaw outa here! She's done Sid harm enough, and I'm talking! Get to hell back in your car an' get out!"

The driver leaned out of his seat and his open mouth glowed in the air, cavernous, hung on the shadows.

Lupus felt inclined to stick something into it.

"Mr. Van Eck, don't speak to my father in that tone!"

"I'm talkin' to you!" Lupus shouted at the gray man above him. "You, there, in the corsets! Sid gave her fifty thousand last fall an' you got a plenty too! You're my notion of a kinda gentlemanly thief, fella! Keep outa Sid's house or I'll send for the p'lice! She's took four hundred thousand off him an' now you're after this stinky little piece of money he's getting off his aunt!"

"That'll do!" said Le Moyer, on the steps of the terrace. "Hold your tongue, you thug!"

Lupus shouted, "I'm talkin' to you! You're an old race-track stiff that's been bankruptured an' had to go live in Paris! Yeh, you used to be high an' mighty up at Saratoga! Don't try an' bawl me out, 'cause I ain't goin' to be bawled out! I'm Sid's friend and you ain't goin' to get inside his place an' bulldoze him to take back this—this lady! You don't get in and get at him an' have her cry an' carry on! Want me to ring for the p'lice? I damn well will! Think I'm goin' to let you an' her take any more off Siddy? Get in your car an' travel!"

This thundering voice echoed down from the house in a cascade of small explosions. In the silence the driver sat back in his cushions with a jolt.

"That will do," Le Moyer said. "Who are you? Who the devil are you?"

"My name's Lupus Van Eck. . . . Yeh, you saw in the papers where Sid's aunt's dead an' he gets her 'state. This lady ain't so young anybody's goin' to marry her soon, if he's sober. You come hotfootin' over to make up with Sid an' clean him some more! I tell you what you are," Lupus gasped, "you're atavisms! You're dogs that've gone back to bein' wolves! I'm talkin' to you!"

Mrs. Paramore said, "You seem to be enjoying yourself, Van Eck. Are you very drunk?"

(Continued on Page 57)

Why you steer clear of Quality Risks

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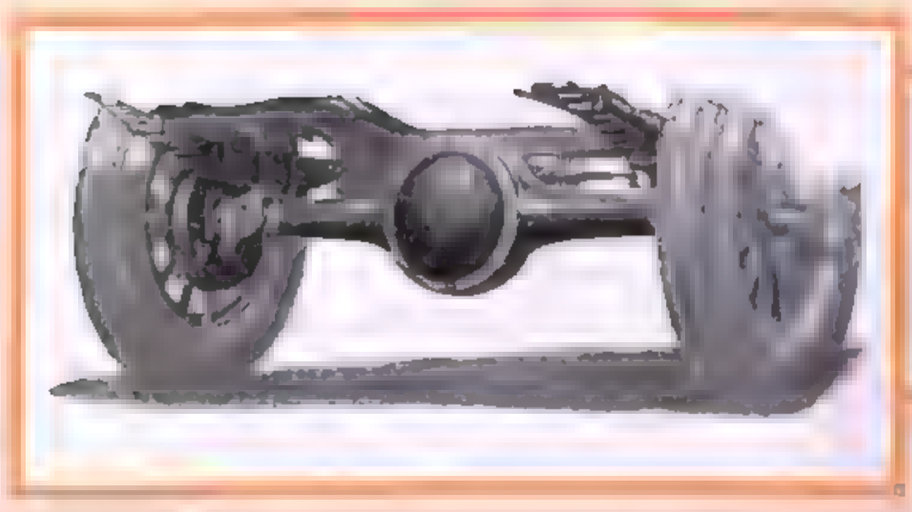

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(Continued from Page 52)

"Naw! But I'm enjoyin' myself! I'm a hedonist! Gimme any more lip an' I'll tell you what I think of you! An' I don't wanta, because maybe Sid can hear us! I'd hate him to hear what I think of you!"

"Ah! Then he's here!"

"Sure he is," said Lupus. "Ain't you got sense enough to know when a door stays shut you ain't wanted inside it? Say, clear out, will you? I'm tired of talkin' at you, Le Moyer!"

It struck him that the motor's lamps had swelled their lights. Le Moyer was a clear figure, lighted from everywhere, with his hat in his hand and his chest, in a silk shirt, heaving above the tight bands of his waist. And then Lupus saw that the great hallway glowed behind the windows and the door's fan of panes. When the door opened, Sidney Paramore's black robe was a stiff tree in the doubled glare falling from a lantern in the portico's ceiling.

"You keep outa this, Sid!"

"I'd better stop it, Lupus. . . . Mr. Le Moyer, this is quite impossible."

Mr. Le Moyer stopped his hat's restless movement in his wet hand and said, "I —— Why, Sidney, we rather hoped that—this—ah—misunderstanding ——"

"It's quite impossible," said Sidney.

Lupus licked his lips. The new light somehow did not reach the woman in the car. He was suddenly glad of that, because she did not speak or move. She was entirely silent and hidden.

"Oh, very well, Sidney," said the old man, moving his hat again. "But ——"

"Say, I'm talkin' to you! Get in your car an' leave him be, you fool!"

"I don't know what business you have to ——"

"I'm talkin' to you!" said Lupus. "Move!"

The woman in the car drawled, "Come along, daddy. It's no good, you know. We'll go back to Albany, driver. . . . Come along!"

The car made no great amount of noise on the driveway. Its lamps flickered once on some people whose clothes looked white. Lupus wondered about that, and then shyly said, "See you at breakfast, Siddy," to the drooping man in the bright doorway.

"Thanks, Lupus."

"Aw, that's all right, Sid. . . . Hot, ain't it? Good night."

He went padding down the driveway as the lights were cut off, and wondered about those people in white until a voice purred, "Kid, here he is! Lupus, git into your pants! Give him his pants, Carolus!"

"Here you are, dad!"

"Thanks a lot, pop. But what's the good of puttin' 'em on now, huh?"

"You got a red-headed wife, sonny."

"'At's so," said Lupus, grabbing a pair of cotton trousers from his son's hands. "I forgot. Did she send you for me?"

"No; the kid thought of it."

"I owe you money, sonny. . . . Well, I'll run on an' tell Mary."

"You needn't tell her you spoke soft, son, 'cause I could git some of your remarks from the road. . . . Was that Le Moyer in the car with her?"

"Yes, sir. Tell you all about it in a minute. G'-by."

In the house, he ascended the stairs whistling and noted that Mary had her lamp turned up. So he came at a military stride into the room and said, "Hey, I been havin' a time, honey!"

"Many scalps, Osceola?"

"Yes'm. Two."

"I'll sew them on your hunting trousers tomorrow, Lupus."

"Yes'm," said Lupus, blushing. He sat down on the floor and went on, "Well, I had a time. It was this way ——"

DISARMAMENT AND OUR NAVY

(Continued from Page 15

not to give the weight of their influence to the formation of projects the realization of which is so uncertain."

There was an honest man!

At once, also, arises the host of practical difficulties of enforcing agreements restraining the traffic in arms or agreements to boycott an aggressor nation. It is a sad fact that alliances, with their compacts to go to war, can be easily written and understood, and that agreements not to engage directly or indirectly in warfare are hard to formulate and almost impossible to enforce. Too bad! But true.

How Large is an Army?

Then when it comes to arriving even at the first principles of land disarmaments, the unforeseen obstacles which fly up into the bright, smiling, innocent face of hope, kindness and good intention are simply astounding to those who are uninitiated. Even the experts who have met in Geneva to talk about it are flabbergasted. Such problems!

For instance, one of the big stumbling-blocks in Geneva is the simple question: How large is one army compared to another? Well, of course, says someone, an army of 100,000 is an army of 100,000. But is it? Is it an army of 100,000 British soldiers or an army of 100,000 Koreans? Oh, well, we will say it is an army of 100,000 good fighting men. Ha! How long do they train? Well, let that go. All right. What is in their hands? What do you mean? We mean how are they equipped. For instance, one army has tanks and another poison gas. Which is the better? There is no way to tell the comparative military power of armies this side of letting them fight it out. That is how it begins to look.

But suppose we say that we can get around that difficulty. All right. A gentleman in the corner arises to say that economic and money power in these days must be counted in as armed strength. Did the United States have any army worth mention in 1914? Look at the hordes it poured overseas, and more to come. In order to balance ratios in any program of disarmament, must we not first take stock of the whole aspect of modern fighting power? In other words, on the assumption that Russia has little economic backing for a long struggle, is she not entitled for security—always it is called self-defense and security—to keep up a larger hitting force in times of peace? These are the kinds of problem which give the conferees headaches.

Oh, but that is not all! What about balancing ratios between the nations which have conscription and those which have volunteer enlistments? Country A may, like the United States, have no drafting of youth for a two-year army training. Like us, it may have an enlistment army, with not much turnover in its personnel. Let us say that it has an army of 100,000. But Country B has an army of only 50,000 and it wants Country A to reduce its army to that number.

Now comes the trouble! Country B has a conscription system. Its 50,000 men in the army today will go tomorrow, and 50,000 more will be trained. Yesterday, and two years ago, 50,000 more were trained. Country B, instead of having an army of 50,000, really has at hand an army of 1,000,000—not all active, but there just the same. So is Country B right in asking Country A to cut its army to 50,000? Who knows—and who can find out?

The League's disarmament conferees have been trying to find out for months and months, and frankness compels them, when asked the question point-blank as to how far they have got with these problems, to answer that they have not got very far. Again, it is necessary to repeat that all their labors serve none the less an excellent purpose; they serve to bring to the lap of humanity the realization of difficulty. It is not necessary for them to bring to all of us pacifists—everyone is a pacifist—discouragement. We do not need discouragement. But we pacifists—and everyone is a pacifist—do need something else which the conferees bring forth; we need intelligence.

With Emphasis on the Device

A part of that intelligence is the recognition that the limitation of land armament is infinitely more difficult and elusive than the limitation of the devices to arm the seas or even the skies. Men can move about on the land in infinite ways and find diverse ways to fight with an endless variety of machines and instruments. These machines and instruments are so small and so varied that no one can keep track of their manufacture, movement, quantity, or even quality or type. But when we get to the water, and even to the air, limitation is easier; it is easier because, unlike the case of land armament which serves men in process of fighting, the sea and sky emphasize not the man but the machine. We arm the army, but we man the ships of the water and the air. In the sea and the heavens, the device is the important thing. Its possession can be known. Varied as the types may be, they are not so varied as those of land armament. They may be classified. They offer a field in which, at least, a rough balance of ratio can be made in types, numbers, capacity and power.

This consideration, among others, was in President Harding's mind on the several occasions when he expressed to me his desire to do something toward relieving the world of the burden of armament; it undoubtedly played a part in the mind of Hughes when he was preparing the hit on the nose of the Washington Conference. Cutting down navies is the easiest place to begin; cutting down capital ships is the easiest corner of that easiest place. Capital ships are not kept up anyone's sleeve; secondly, they have an unpleasantly high cost; and thirdly, no one is sure that in future conflict they will be worth what they were believed before the war to be worth, or even after the war was over—or even yesterday.

Low-Cost Hitting Power

The deal was made to maintain the now famous 5-5-3 ratio of strength among the countries signing. The United States voluntarily fell back to an equality with Great Britain. With Great Britain and Japan, we actually sacrificed vast naval property. France and Italy agreed to the ratio, but had to scrap nothing.

An attempt made to limit submarines and aircraft was blocked by France because of her desire to have, as she believed, hitting power at low cost. The unlimited competition in small craft goes on because of the plausible argument that submarines and the smaller craft are the poor man's defense. This is precisely the basic reason why France and Italy had no taste for President Coolidge's proposal at the end of this January to isolate at the disarmament conferences at Geneva the subject of smaller naval craft. The political reason, of course, for insistence by France and Italy upon all armament, land and sea, being considered together is found in this simple imaginary conversation between President Coolidge and M. Briand:

Says Mr. Coolidge, "Let's get rid of the expense of some of these cruisers and small craft. Let's promise not to have so many."

Monsieur Briand smiles, and then, with Mussolini, breaks out in loud laughter. He says to Mr. Coolidge, "You propose to give up what you haven't got."

"We could get them," replies Mr. Coolidge. "In fact, if we can't make a bargain, we must get them."

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"Well," says Monsieur Briand, "let us talk about all naval and land armaments together."

"What on earth do you want to do that for?" asks Mr. Coolidge. "Don't you want to discuss navies?"

"Not so much, sir," says Monsieur Briand. "We are not stocked very heavily with navies. We are rather long on armies. *Pardonnez-moi*, Mr. President, in this disarmament business, the way to trade is to have something to trade with."

The net of the armament situation is this: Europe is arming. It is the old story: one new rifle in A's hand makes B buy two more. It is hard to stop. It concerns us. It concerns us from a brotherly and humanitarian point of view. As a nation of people, we rather incline to the belief that a fair amount of armament keeps the peace, but too much breaks it. We hate the waste in it. But Europe could go a long way in arming before it would really concern us as a menace. It was good news when, after the war, the armaments of Europe began to drop off. That generation was weary of fighting and had little money in the till. It is bad news to find that the curve is going upward again. We must look twice before we turn any money over to arm-buying nations or cancel their debts. This is not being smug and superior; it is merely being sensible with foresight.

Mr. Coolidge, and not Monsieur Briand, has the last word in the imaginary conversation, for he can say: "Ah, yes, of course, of course. Quite true. One must have something to trade with. One's army costs money. It is very nice to have an army to trade with, but it is almost nicer to have the money to pay for that army, Monsieur Briand. No one knows better than I how offensive and vulgar money is. I quite agree. But on that point, have you noticed that the world is coming round to the view that armies are even more vulgar and offensive than money? Let us contemplate this, Monsieur Briand: The warfare of the past was carried on with a loaded gun; the warfare of the future may be principally carried on with a full pocketbook. What emerges from your cannon, sir? Shells! Yes, shells and francs!"

So must an idealist converse with a realist—when necessary.

A Continental Wall

Such a conversation would serve to bring into the light some truths about the self-defense—it is always self-defense—programs of Europe. Mr. Coolidge's proposal for extending the limitation of naval armament to cruisers and small craft, together with unfavorable answers of France and Italy and the acceptance by Japan and the profound consideration of Great Britain, is quite enough to turn the eyes of the American people toward their navy.

How about our Navy?

What about our own self-defense?

What have we to fight with?

In a disarmament conference, what have we to trade with?

When we ask for a reduction in cruisers, do we talk with cruisers?

What do we need in a navy?

Have we got it?

The answers to these questions, when one has combed the facts in Washington, are as follows: Under the present conditions of the world and of our own tempting prosperity, we have not enough self-defense; in a disarmament conference, we would have little to trade with unless it were our financial ability to pay for any program of naval expansion which we might adopt; when we ask for a reduction or a better balance in the ratio of cruisers we are just talking, but not talking with cruisers; we need a navy strong enough to be such a wall of this continent that we would not need an army, and we have not such a navy.

Property Insurance

There are other minds than those of shipbuilders and munition makers and jingoes which hold the opinion that a navy not quite strong enough is almost on a par with an egg that is not quite fresh enough. The bald, bare truth about that navy and that egg is that from many points of view they are less desirable than no navy and no egg. If our Navy is not strong enough, and knows it, then it is bottled up as the German Navy was bottled up during the war. If it is not quite strong enough, and does not know it, it is battled down. Whether bottled up or battled down, a navy that was almost good enough is a great waste. The investment is suddenly turned into a double zero merely for the want of a comparatively small expenditure necessary to make a navy just good enough. The lives of some large fraction of the 82,000 young Americans now enlisted may be thrown away. A navy almost good enough to avoid that useless waste will usually represent some misconception of economy, either among the taxpayers or in legislative halls where appropriations come from.

I do not believe that the desire to save among the American taxpayers quite equals their desire to go to bed of nights with a sense of assurance that the Navy is good enough. As a nation we would be glad to cut down armament; we are no such fools as to believe, in the light of the experiences and disclosures of disarming attempts, that there would be either providence or efficiency in taking our guard down in the hope that our example and our precept and our preaching would get us anywhere.

It is the Navy that gives force to our example; it is the Navy that gives force to our prosperity as an instrument of influence and good-doing. It is the Navy that is better than insurance of our property, for insurance promises only compensation for loss and the Navy guarantees against loss. It is the Navy, if it is just strong enough to save our lives and keep us at peace. It is the Navy that even the most extreme pacifists must thank for their opportunity to hold forth pacifism. There is nothing in the Navy which damages our national will for peace; there is a great deal in it—if it is just good enough—to damage any foreign will for war.

We have not much excuse for not knowing whether the Navy is just good enough. Fighting power in a nation is hard to measure, as I have said; land fighting power is almost impossible to measure. But the

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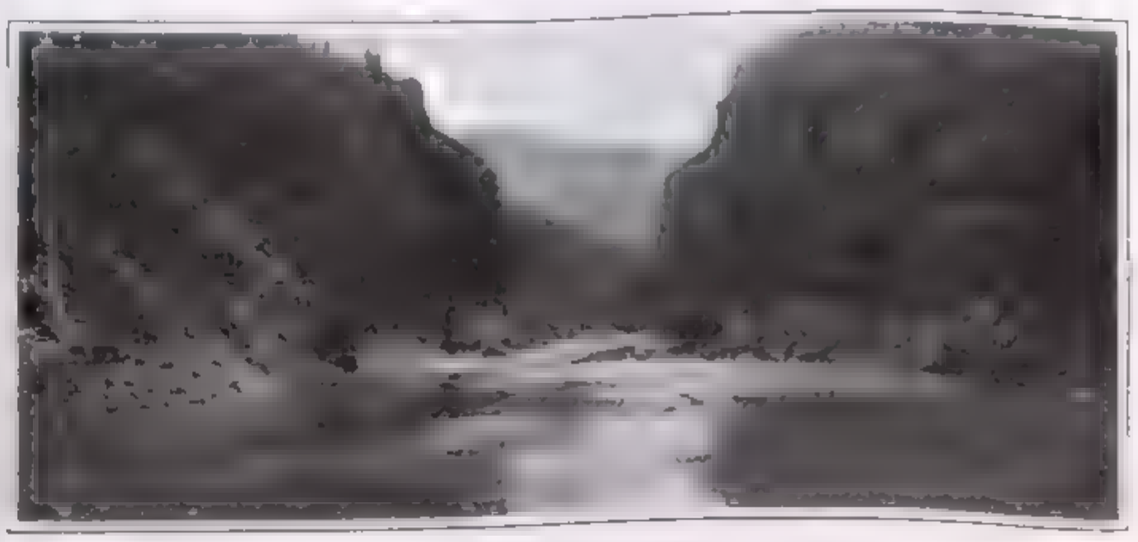

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(Continued from Page 58)

strength of navies, though difficult to measure accurately, is comparatively easy to estimate for good working conclusions.

Nor have we as a people much excuse for swallowing the absurd notion that the building of new ships is a terrible burden on the country. We have heard so often about naval-construction appropriations exceeding the expense of the education of youth!

In 1924 we spent on public education very nearly $2,000,000,000.

In 1927 the Navy Department has to go to Congress and fight to get an appropriation for new construction and repair for the Navy of less than $18,000,000. That is not 1 per cent of the public school expense.

It will cost each one of us for that horrible expenditure about fifteen cents!

If we each had a box and had to drop into it a cent a day for the Navy, we would not only have enough to pay our present naval bill but to build and maintain a navy almost equal to that of Great Britain and Japan combined.

High Costs in the Future

Perhaps no better recent exposition of the insurance investment in our Navy has been made than that of Senator Hale, of Maine, who, with an able, succinct review of the naval situation, introduced the 1928 appropriation bill in the Senate on January twenty-first. If he were to state the case again, he would probably bring out with greater strength the fact that our Navy is better than insurance for loss; when strong enough, it is a guaranty against loss.

Senator Hale said that the mere property value in the United States was about $400,000,000,000. If the Navy guarantees that value on payment of a premium of some $315,000,000 for all its expenses during a year, the American taxpayer has bought something much better than insurance for a premium payment lower than the rates of insurance companies against loss by fire.

But Senator Hale did not say that the appropriations now made for our Navy would maintain it. The shocking fact which he brought out, although he gave it little emphasis, was one that every American ought to paste on the lower edge of his daily reminder calendar. It is the fact that our present appropriations not only do not guarantee a navy strong enough but do not even provide anything like enough to replace and maintain our present naval strength.

Read this. Senator Hale, after explaining that we have a total of 321 ships now in commission, went on:

"I have had prepared by the department a statement of costs of construction of our existent 321 ships. The total amounts to $883,000,000. The bulk of these vessels were built at a time when the purchasing value of a dollar was much greater than it is now. Reckoning the current value of the dollar at 66 cents, a third of the $883,000,000 cost—$300,000,000, in round numbers—could be added to replace these 321 ships, making the replacement value somewhere around $1,200,000,000.

"The life of a battleship is estimated at twenty years, the life of an aircraft carrier at twenty years, the life of a cruiser at fifteen years, of a destroyer and of a submarine at thirteen years. Allowing for a somewhat longer life for the auxiliary ships in the complement, it would be fair to take twenty years for the average life of the complement. On this basis, dividing $1,200,000,000 by twenty, an expenditure of $60,000,000 would have to be made every year for twenty years merely to replace the present ships in commission. Should a lesser expenditure be made in any one year, the difference would have to be made up the following year or in subsequent years.

"Since the war we have had to do very little replacing of ships. Naturally, in cutting down our armament after the war from a wartime to a peacetime strength, we have kept in commission only the best of our ships and their useful life has not yet expired.

"We have not replaced because there has been no occasion to do so, and that occasion in the case of the great majority of our ships has not yet come; but it must eventually come, and within the next few years the first part of the replacement program must be begun. When it does begin we shall have to spend per annum for replacement not only the $60,000,000 above stated, which would be the annual charge on an ordinary twenty-year replacement program, but the added increment for the years in which we did not replace. For instance, if there has been no replacement for ten years, the annual replacement would be $120,000,000 per annum for the remaining years. If there has been no replacement for five years, the annual replacement would be $90,000,000.

"What I wish to demonstrate is that within a very few years we must necessarily come to a time when great expenditures in addition to those which we are now making will confront the Navy. It is vital to us that before we come to that time, as far as possible, we get the Navy up to the full strength which our naval policy demands, so that such a new program shall not have to be met at the same time as the natural replacement program.

"Our country is prosperous; we have been and are raising large sums by taxation. It seems to me that the real interests of economy would be better served by using some of this revenue to build up the Navy rather than to wait a few years and put a load on the country which may come at a time when we can ill afford to stand it."

The cat is out of the bag. Even to maintain our present Navy, we do not pay as we go!

As Senator Hale points out, unless foreign disarmament comes as fast as the American people would like to have it—and it will not—our present policy will not only fail to maintain the power of our Navy as it should be maintained but will create a situation where we will have to pay the piper or lose our standing completely.

Consider the fight in this Congress about a proposed appropriation of $1,200,000 for three cruisers already authorized in our naval program.

On February twenty-fifth, the press of this country gave out a stick or two of a news item. It read:

"Today the Senate required no roll call to concur in the House amendment which cuts the appropriation for three cruisers to $450,000. The money may not be spent, since the amendment is so worded that the President has the discretion as to when the money shall be used to begin work on the three cruisers."

Three Cruisers and a Monoplane

On the same day news dispatches from Europe announced the successful tryout of the new French flying boat which has attracted the curiosity and envy of other powers. The hull of this monoplane measures eighty feet in length. Says the New York Times:

"France will eventually have as part of her air defense a fleet of the most powerful bombers in existence. Experts say that twelve of these giant planes, carrying the largest type of bombs, could lay waste the major portion of a large city in one attack.

"Despite the marked advance in aviation made in Britain, Italy, Germany, the United States and Japan since the Armistice, France, because of just such strides as this, leads the world. What the actual strength of the French air force is at present it is impossible to say, but foreign observers believe that were a war suddenly to occur, France could easily mobilize an aerial army of 1200 planes for an attack on enemy territory. And this is exclusive of planes necessary to maintain a home defense.

"France intends to retain this world supremacy at all costs, feeling that the next war, if and when it comes, will be largely fought in the air and that her exposed geographical situation justifies a dominant position.

"Foreign air experts who recently witnessed the test flights of the new bomber pronounce it a marvelous machine."

This new war fleet is not mentioned here to create needless alarms; it is mentioned here because on February twenty-fifth, our Congress cut an appropriation for three cruisers to $450,000 and said that we may not spend the money anyway. And on that same day my inquiries as to the cost of this one French monoplane—one of a proposed fleet—revealed that it had cost $450,000!

We gave up in the interests of disarmament at the cost of $175,000,000 our undoubted supremacy in capital ships.

The 5-5-3 agreements have been kept. When statements are made to indicate that the powers which signed have shown bad faith in the carrying out of the agreements, such assertions come from irresponsible sources.

But that is not the point. The two vital points are: First, we are not spending enough on our Navy to keep up the replacement, and when the day of reckoning comes and a very large appropriation is proposed how the economy shouters and the organized fanatics will squeal! That will be our day of danger. That, if ever, will be the day we shall see our Navy hamstrung.

Behind the Ratio

And the second point is equally worth remembering. It is that the 5-5-3 ratio is maintained only as to capital ships. In cruisers and in the new fields of fighting, over and under the water, there is no agreement to limit expansion. And in these fields, considered by many experts as more important for future conflicts than the battleships, we are allowing ourselves to slip.

We have one aircraft carrier and two being built. Great Britain will have six and Japan three.

We have ten light cruisers, under 10,000 tons, and two being built. Great Britain has forty and eleven being built. Japan has nineteen and six being built.

We have no destroyers of 1500 tons or over. Great Britain has eighteen.

In the 800-ton class, we have 276 destroyers. Great Britain has 169 and Japan 78.

We have three submarines over 2000 tons. Great Britain has two, and also two in the 1000-ton class and two in the monitor class. In the 800-1000 ton class, we have fifty. Great Britain has thirty.

We are building three 2000-ton-plus-class submarines and no others. Great Britain is building four above 800 tons and has appropriated for six more. Japan is building nineteen.

The chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs says: "We are clearly far below our ratio strength both as respects Great Britain and Japan in light-cruiser tonnage. The very considerable building programs of these two countries in respect to these ships indicates that they have no intention of standing on their present strength in this class of ships."

And again: "The United States has laid down, since the treaty, sixteen vessels of a total tonnage of 120,900, more than one-half of which is made up of the two aircraft carriers; Great Britain, thirty-seven vessels of a total tonnage of 285,790; Japan, 101 vessels of a total tonnage of 339,201; France, 96 vessels, of a total tonnage of 221,828; and Italy, 46 vessels of a total tonnage of 102,207.

"From this it will be seen that in post-treaty construction the United States is falling far behind all the other nations party to the treaty in its building program. Six of the ships included in the sixteen that the United States is building are small river gunboats for Yang-tse River patrol in China."

That is just the plain simple fact—we are not keeping our Navy up. Why mince words about it? The bald facts make pretense ridiculous and niggardliness foolhardy. No one wants armament, but while we are getting toward disarmament, who wants the guard down? Who wants our Navy—our primary line of national defense—to be feeble enough to invite trouble? Our policy is not our own, of course; it is in the nature of things that while others will not limit naval strength in their sea hounds, their submarines and airplanes, they and not we write the bill of fare. But who among us, saddened though we may be by the unprogressive state of the world, wants to let the door of our safe rot away? The Navy is that door. If it is almost good enough, it is just no good!

In 1921 we appropriated $434,000,000 for the Navy; in 1922, $410,000,000. In 1927 we appropriated $324,000,000 and for the 1928 appropriations the proposed maximum of the Administration was not the $381,000,000 proposed by the budget officer of the Navy, but only $315,000,000. Slipping?

As a result of this scaling and skimping—this policy of economy which might cost us Porto Rico or New York City some day—the Navy cannot keep up to snuff. This applies not only to new construction; it applies to operation and maintenance and to making the necessary changes to modernize old ships.

We need, but the Navy has not been given money to buy, sufficient radio equipment; money for proper changes in fire control on ships; money to pay the full minimum of 86,000 men; money to prevent nineteen ships being put out of commission.

We need money to give each representative a right to appoint five men to the Naval Academy instead of three, so that we may have sufficient numbers of highly trained officers. The appointment of five men by each representative in Congress is authorized, but—here again is the old joker about authorizations and appropriations—we have no money for more than three.

We need money to start Officers' Reserve Training Corps in eight of our universities as authorized, but the appropriations cover only six.

There is no money to develop sufficiently our oil reserves.

So it goes. So it goes in spite of the fact that a dollar spent on the Navy may make needless the expenditure on our Army.

Somehow the fanatics among the pacifists have lulled us—and even lied us—to sleep. They have made us believe that the way to disarmament agreements is along the path of having nothing to trade with. They have made us believe that our Navy is not the cheapest insurance in the world. They have made us believe that the Navy is a sore burden on the taxpayers. They have made us believe that the ratios fixed by the Washington Conference on capital ships guaranteed our naval standing.

An Ounce of Prevention

They have narcotized us while other powers have knocked those ratios into a cocked hat in terms of cruisers, and of the underwater craft and of ships of the skies. They have made us feel that war is terrible and caused us to forget that our Navy will prevent more wars in a day than it will cause in ten centuries. They have made us feel that the Navy is only a fighting machine and caused us to forget that the Navy is an instrument of good order, a carrier of relief to the stricken and the weak, a charter of the seas, a training school and an educational system so attractive to young men that 75 per cent of them reenlist and the stream of thousands who graduate come from the salt winds as good, clean, prepared citizens.

They have made us believe that the Navy is something to be ashamed of.

No, they have not—not you or me! We are just as good pacifists, if not better, than these fanatics.

The Navy, whether an instrument of peace, as we wish it to be, or an instrument of war, if others ever insist, ought to be the pride of the United States and every citizen in it!

When we forget that, in these days of our contentment—mark it down—we are living in a paradise of fools.

Not a ripple in your coffee cup

signals the starting of THE PIONEER LIMITED or THE OLYMPIAN on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. Serenely as ocean liners these crack flyers glide into motion. It is friction elimination by means of Timken Bearings which smooths your journey, effects an 88% power saving in starting, and ends the hot box hazard!

More than anti-friction bearings, Timkens permanently protect railroad journals against the effects of shock, side-thrust, speed, and weight. The railroads, like all other industries, find a far higher endurance factor in Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, Timken tapered construction, and Timken-made electric steel.

This exclusive combination of design and material makes it possible to maintain journals permanently trouble-free and wear-proof with the merest fraction of the lubrication and inspection hitherto required. A request gives access to Timken data, and brings any desired engineering counsel.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

The Super-Six Principle

HUD

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Standard Coach	$1285
Standard Sedan	1385
Custom Built Models	
Roadster	$1500
Phaeton	1600
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5-Passenger Sedan	1750
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As Thrilling in Beauty as in Performance

In appearance and value, as well as performance, Hudson is the most talked of car of the year. It has captured public imagination as no other car ever shown. Its dramatic welcome rapidly swept to new sales peaks, far exceeding the greatest factory output Hudson ever produced. And this leadership is still ascending on nation wide acknowledgment of the new meaning which the released Super-Six principle gives to performance.

The Super-Six has the smoothness of an electric motor. Four years' development led to full release of its capacity in power, stamina and safety. It led to a new chassis capable of safely using the wide performance range of the motor. New driving delights resulted. Your Hudson Super-Six never extends itself. It always has reserve power for the approaching hill or for greater speed. And its four-wheel brakes with the flexibility of the motor permit a flashing nimbleness you will like.

From the effortless smoothness with which the Super-Six whisks you into motion, to the carefree way in which you may make any trip from a journey down-town to a run across the continent, there remains throughout the zest of driving that is possible only to its elastic and smooth flow of power.

And there is a car in its seven new body types that meets any desire for beauty, comfort and luxury.

freed to the Limit —

SON

Super-Six

Here are two new members of the No. 7 Family!

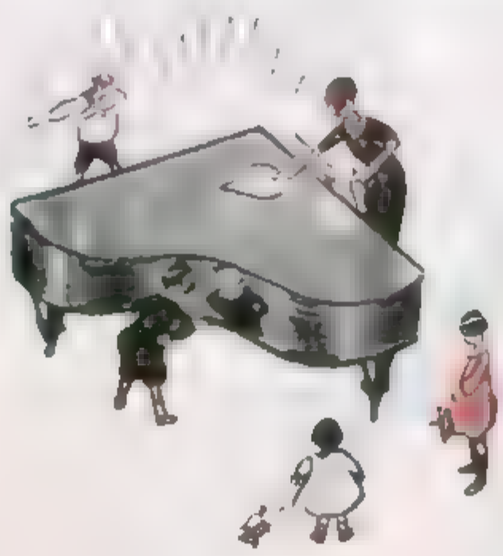
WHEN THE TOP GETS DINGY

Simply apply No. 7 Auto top Finish with a brush, and the top will regain all its former lustre and will be water-proofed into the bargain. There is no excuse for the top looking dingy.

"OUT, RAIN SPOTS!"

When you give the nickel work on your car a rub with No. 7 Nickel Polish, the rain spots and other discolorings come off so fast—and so completely—that they might as well have stayed away in the first place!

Bring back the original beauty of your car with No. 7 Duco Polish!



Motorists, get this.

Whatever the finish of your car—whether Duco or something else—all you need to bring back the original beauty is a can of No. 7 Duco Polish, a soft rag, and just enough elbow grease to be healthy. Give the finish (and this goes for the fenders, even if they're baked enamel) a brisk rub-down, and it will positively beam like a June bride!

• • •

Many motorists confess to us that they have a terrible time keeping a can of No. 7 Duco Polish in the garage. Their wives are forever taking it into the house because it works such miracles on the furniture! (Our advice is: have two cans, one for the car and one for the house.)

MADE ~ ~ BY ~ ~ THE ~ ~ MAKERS ~ ~ OF ~ ~ DUCO

HOW TO PENSION YOURSELF

(Continued from Page 21)

But for the most part the man on a large salary is expected to look out for himself, and is considered pretty much of a fool if he fails to do so. Pensions of any type of more than $5000 or $6000 are rare indeed.

But the failure of pension systems to provide a fancy living standard for the higher-salaried groups can hardly be considered a serious defect. Of far more concern is the fact that industrial pensions make no provision for the worker, high or low, who does not stay with one concern for many years. Says the Pennsylvania Old Age Pension Commission:

In most of the plans studied, the minimum length of service demanded before the worker becomes eligible for a pension is from 20 to 25 years. In view of the fact that there are authoritative statistics which show that only less than 4 per cent of the male workers in industry remain with the same employer for twenty years or over, and only less than 3 per cent of the women workers stay that long in the one job, it is difficult to see how the total number of workers who can qualify for industrial pensions under rules of this sort can grow to such proportions as will serve materially to reduce the army of indigent aged.

One motive which leads employers to inaugurate pension plans is to hold their workers and reduce labor turnover. The loss of pension rights is always dangled before the employe as a deterrent to quitting his job, and with middle-aged and elderly employes it is the most powerful deterrent imaginable. In order to get a pension men will hang on with the last ounce of energy in them, and it is difficult to see how retirement annuities can be provided for drifters.

There are cases where men are better off in remaining with one company all their working lives. But for others change is essential. If there were no migration in industry, there would be dry rot for the individual, for industry and for society.

Industrial pensions thus affect only the relatively small numbers who remain with one concern for a long period. Nor are those left out by any means always the flotsam and jetsam of society. Pensions really have the effect of rewarding long and continuous service without providing for that great body of worthy employes who from time to time change or lose employment. The present system thus falls far short of meeting social needs.

Industrial pensions can never cover anything like the whole field until the worker is able to carry his accumulated pension or retirement rights or benefits with him from job to job. Employers are not yet ready for any such arrangement, but until it comes into existence, agitation for state pensions is sure to continue.

The Field Not Covered

A recent study of old-age annuities by the pension committee of the National Civic Federation suggests several methods by which workers who occasionally change their employment can be included in a pension plan which will at the same time redound to the employers' benefit.

Industrial pensions do not at present cover the field. Thus far few other than the largest corporations have adopted pension plans. There is a striking concentration of such plans among railroads and other great concerns engaged in the public service. More than 70 per cent of the companies which answered a questionnaire addressed to all those known to have pensions were from the employers of 1000 or more workers.

Only about 5 or 6 per cent of the dependent aged in this country are now receiving pensions from firms which employed them. On the other hand, about 4,000,000 workers can look forward to pensions, provided they retain their present employment. This is a great achievement, this covering of such large numbers, contingent though it be.

But it is a small percentage of the total number of persons who are gainfully employed—about one in ten. There are all the small farmers and farm laborers, the little merchants and their helpers, the laborers and mechanics that work for small concerns, household servants, waiters and others engaged in personal services, salesmen, doctors, nurses, lawyers, dentists, and all the miscellaneous group of small independent business units.

Naturally a demand arises that the state should step in and fill the gap. There are always those who sincerely believe that the state can make up for defects in our institutions. Industry covers only part of the field. Why should not the state cover it all?

In only one state in the Union, as far as the writer is informed, are state pensions actually being paid at the present time. This is Montana. Old-age pension laws have been passed in several other states, but later declared unconstitutional, or have failed to go into effect for various reasons.

Adding to Self-Respect

There are few states, however, in which there is not agitation for such laws, and bills are frequently introduced for the purpose in the various legislatures. Laws such as are proposed are fairly common in Europe. England has an old-age pension system, the first bill looking to that end having been submitted to the House of Commons in 1772.

Both the advocates and opponents of state pensions in this country argue vehemently from European experience. On the one hand, it is said that the older countries have been unable to avoid state action, and we cannot alone hope to escape the inevitable. On the other side, it is argued that the dole and other state pension schemes abroad have worked injury.

The writer doubts if we should borrow unreservedly from European experience. Standards of living are much lower abroad and there is much less change from lower to higher walks of life. There is less need in this country for the European forms of social insurance to piece out starvation wages. Besides, the attitude in Europe toward the state and toward poor relief is entirely different.

But despite our high wages and standard of living, we have about 2,000,000 dependent aged, and they have to be cared for. It must not be supposed that effective arguments are lacking, even in this country, for state pensions.

There are only four ways of any importance, aside from state pensions, by means of which people too old to work are cared for. The first is to let the property which they have accumulated take care of them. Military, civil and industrial pensions form the second method; care by children, relatives and friends the third; and almshouses, poorhouses, county farms and other methods of poor relief the fourth.

A few labor unions, churches, fraternal organizations and mutual-benefit societies provide old-age relief. Also there are homes for old people the funds for which come from private benevolence. Here and there are homes for the elderly of specified occupations. Often these institutions are of a high class.

But all this type of provision is very limited in extent and cannot be compared in importance with any of the four principal methods. Fraternal societies do much in the way of sickness and insurance benefits, but very little for old age.

Old people feel keenly enough the mortification of being dependent upon their children, but that is as nothing compared with the stigma and degradation of going to the poorhouse. Although these institutions vary in different states and localities, most authorities regard the majority of them as blots upon modern civilization. Indeed, the poor laws in some parts of this country are said to have undergone no basic change since the days of Queen Elizabeth in England.

Poorhouses are expensive to maintain, represent a large fixed investment and rarely produce happiness in their inmates. They are the social graveyards, the last resort for the derelicts of life. Yet lacking other means of support, that is where many of the old are forced to go.

It is argued that for no greater expense, perhaps for less, these old people can be kept at home with the aid of a small state pension.

It is usually a great mistake to separate the elderly individual from other members of the family, and in poorhouses even couples are sometimes separated. A home that is even partly one's own always adds dignity to the individual, and there is nothing which takes its place.

Nearly all the states have mothers' or widows' pensions, which in reality amounts to keeping the children in the home instead of in institutions. Yet, as advocates of old-age pensions argue, this innovation has not rocked the foundations of American institutions; indeed, most people do not know that such a thing exists. Yet the tragedy of institutionalized old age is probably no greater than that of institutionalized childhood.

What those who favor state pensions plausibly say is that a very small income adds immeasurably to the self-respect of an old wage earner. The old father or mother who has a pension of twenty-five or thirty dollars a month will be welcome in the home of working-class children, while if the old persons are absolutely penniless it may be necessary to send them to the poorhouse.

A few dollars make a great difference. An old man who asks his hard-working son for a five-dollar bill is most unwelcome. It simply isn't done. But his son's family is nearly always glad to have him drop in for supper.

Nearly all proposed state pension laws provide for a maximum of one dollar a day only to persons of seventy or more, without other means of support, who have been residents of the state for fifteen years or more.

It is difficult to see how the expense of such a meager dole could possibly exceed that of the present almshouse system.

Poor Relief in Disguise

Nor is there any substantial sentiment in favor of universal pensions—that is, for all old persons regardless of their means. It would be obviously foolish as well as costly to pay a dollar a day to an old man who already has an income of $100 a day.

The objection has been made that prospect of a state pension would keep people from working hard and being thrifty, but there is no force in that. No man is going to stop working because thirty or forty years from now the state promises to pay him something less than a dollar a day provided he is then in abject poverty.

Even supposing these people were shiftless in their youth, they have got to be cared for in old age. The taxpayers have to foot the bill in any case. Shall the impoverished elderly be kept in poorhouses or supported in their own homes?

But upon closer scrutiny the attractiveness, or at least the importance, of state pension schemes seems to the writer to grow dimmer. To keep the costs low it is usually proposed to begin such pensions at seventy. This makes no provision for the great numbers who break down physically or whose earning capacity is impaired before that age. The long-residence qualification also rules out many worthy and needy people.

But a more serious point is that these so-called state pension laws are not pension plans at all, but poor relief disguised in another although possibly a better form. They are urged with the idea of removing the stigma of the poorhouse, and yet the

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BREAD baking has passed as a household art and has now become not only a commercial science but a community service.

The Quality Bakers of America is an organization of leading wholesale bread bakers cooperating in the interest of better bread and better bread merchandising.

Membership, which is by invitation only, is limited to one quality baker in a community, as the organization is non-competitive as well as cooperative.

National headquarters are maintained in New York City, where a staff of experts in every department of the business—production, purchasing, engineering, sales promotion, advertising, and general research—are employed, together with a field force of specialists who work with members at their bakeries.

Conferences of the owners and chief executives of the plants comprising the membership are held twice a year and in addition there are annual conferences of the Production Managers and the Sales Managers of members.

Conceived in the spirit of service, the Quality Bakers of America as an organization has enjoyed a gratifying success because it has stood for progress and because it has ever kept at heart the best interests of all concerned—employees, the retail grocers through whom its products are distributed, the industry and the public.

Bread, the food of the ages, a mainstay of the dominant races of the world since the dawn of civilization, is today better than ever.

It is convenient to buy—and to serve. It is economical.

It comes to the housewife not only fresh but protected in all its goodness from bakery to table.

And it is nutritious—a great body-building, sustaining food.

Today the insignia of the Quality Bakers of America, which identifies a member, appears on countless bread wrappers throughout the country. It is a mark of quality, a symbol of bread excellence and a guarantee of goodness.

Make quality bread a part of every meal, every day, because

"Better Bread Benefits Everyone."

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

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Ride smoothly on "washboardy" roads with WEED *Levelizers*

Short choppy jabs of washboardy or corduroy roads are hard on tires and springs; they also shock your nerves. No need to jounce around if you'd have WEED Levelizers installed to control car-springs and keep tires from bounding.

WEED Levelizers "level the road as you go." But where roads are smooth, Levelizers ease off and give balloon tires and soft springs practically free play.

Any garage man or mechanic can install Levelizers with ordinary wrenches, for in most cases cars come with frames drilled for shock-absorbing devices. Ask your dealer. If he doesn't have the right WEED Levelizers to fit your car, he can get them for you from a nearby distributor.

Made by the makers of WEED *Chains and* WEED *Bumpers*

only way to qualify under them is to be a pauper.

The social reformers, welfare workers and labor leaders who advocate these laws talk as if they would solve the whole great problem of old-age provision, whereas in reality they are nothing but a system of supplementary poor relief.

No matter how rich this country becomes or how successful we are in maintaining the individualistic character of our institutions, we must always carry the burden of those who cannot care for themselves. Just how it shall be done seems to the writer an important but hardly more than a technical question, and whether such unfortunates are cared for under the name of pensioners, patients or town and county poor need not greatly worry either conservatives or liberals. As the director of group annuities of one of the insurance companies says:

> All these systems are expensive; all of them inefficient; but they seem to be the best we can do. The adoption by any state of such pension legislation would not involve a change of principle or a change of fact, but merely a change of part of the mechanism for doing something which it is, by other means, doing already.

It is to be feared, moreover, that even if states adopt pension laws, the problem will be far from solved. For the real need is often for medical care, nursing, hospitalization and homes for chronic cases. Even now the poorhouses are largely infirmaries, although mostly very poor ones. As the minority report of the Massachusetts Pension Commission says, "The state's duty is not done when a dollar is tossed to the needy poor."

The field for state pensions is therefore distinctly limited. The theory of keeping old people in their own homes is sound enough, but many are too sick to stay there. It is to be feared that a dollar-a-day pension might be merely in addition to, rather than in place of, institutional care. There is no blanket prescription to relieve the needy poor.

A serious defect of most of the industrial and other pension systems adopted in this country, as well as of the suggested state pensions, is that they smack too much of charity and paternalism. This is all right if they are frankly nothing but poor relief. But a dignified method of providing for the old age of the average self-respecting employe should be of entirely different stuff.

Joint Contributions

In its eventual solution the financial problem of old age must be dealt with in a way entirely different from that of the majority of industrial pensions or most of the suggested state pension schemes. The whole trend of modern thinking on this subject holds that responsibility rests jointly upon employer and employe. In other words, contributions to the fund to pension the old must be made jointly by both.

There can be no real security to the individual unless he has a contractual relation to the agency granting the pension, and that is far more likely to exist if he has himself contributed something toward his own pension. As the Carnegie Foundation remarks:

> It is to be hoped that the majority of the world's teachers have reached the point where doles and gratuities can be regarded only as an insult to their self-respect, and that vague and conditional grants promised from a public treasury can never again take the place of annuities adequately planned, soundly purchased and contractually provided.

Security in old age for wage earners, as well as for teachers and many other classes, calls, in the opinion of the old age pensions committee of the National Civic Federation, "for organized, coöperative and assisted thrift."

The very fact that so many corporations have inaugurated industrial pensions shows that in the opinion of the employers themselves great masses of workers are not able to save enough out of their wages, unassisted, to provide for the period in life when they are no longer active.

"The contributions should be divided," says the Civic Federation, "according to some mutually acceptable and agreed upon rule, a substantial part to be paid by each assured employe in the form of contributions from his wages and the balance to be paid by the employer. The plan should be contractual. The contributions should be set aside or paid over in trust exclusively for the purpose of the plan, in or to some strong financial institution, such as an insurance company or mutual benefit society or trade union, and there accumulated subject to strict supervision and regulation by the state."

There is no question as to the effectiveness of organized, assisted mass savings. One of the best illustrations is group life insurance, whose recent growth has been so remarkable. A few years ago practically all such insurance was purchased at the sole expense of the employer, while now nearly all of it is paid for jointly by employer and employe.

A great advantage of the contributory pension system is the compulsory savings element involved. This in practice means pay-roll deduction. Many theoretical objections are raised to pay-roll deduction, but in actual practice the number of employes who object does not seem to be substantial. Especially is this true when it is known to the wage earner that the employer is contributing as much or more on condition that the employe is willing to permit the deduction.

Special Cases

Indeed, pay-roll deduction in countless instances is the only way in which increases in wages or salaries are saved at all rather than absorbed in an expanding style of living. A utility company in Kansas which employs 1300 people requires each of them to account for 10 per cent of his wages in the form of savings. In view of the fact that the average amount saved and accounted for is 13 per cent, there cannot be many who object.

Though there are many contributory savings schemes in this country, the number of actual pension plans, based on such principle, is as yet very small. Outstanding among them is the Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association, which took the place of the Carnegie pensions for college professors when it was found necessary to put Mr. Carnegie's original idea on the basis of joint contribution instead of outright gift.

This association provides insurance and annuities to college professors at cost, and is the second largest writer of annuities in the country. Several of the great church denominations are about to go on the same basis as regards their clergymen, and a similar association is being started for trained nurses.

The great advantage of the joint contribution arrangement is shown by a very simple example, which would apply not only to teachers and clergymen but to many classes of employes in business concerns. If the employe begins at the normal time of entrance into the occupation to permit a 5 per cent pay-roll deduction, and the employer contributes an equal amount, there will be provided, at the age of sixty-five, a pension of at least half his highest salary.

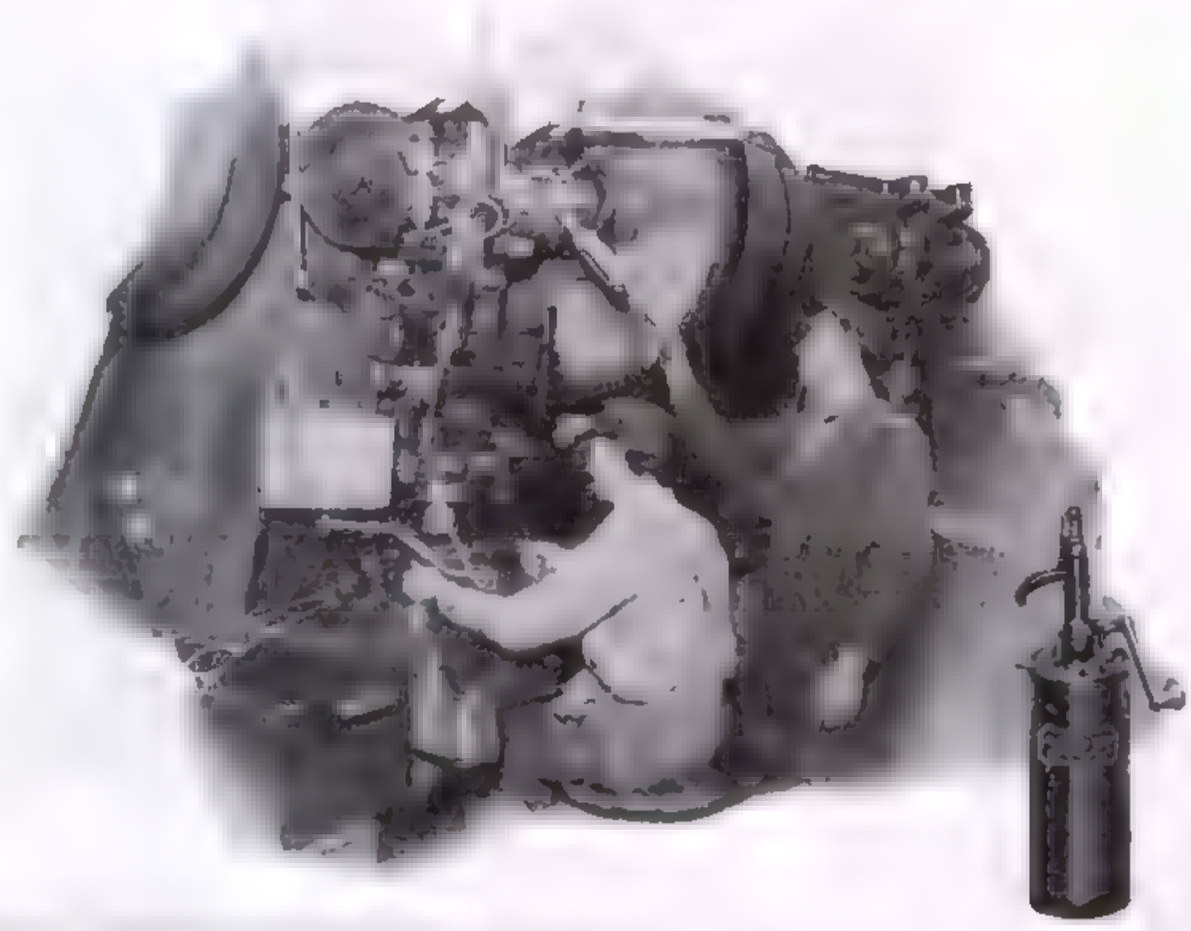
The technical details of such an arrangement do not matter here. Whether we call it a system of deferred annuities, a money-purchase scheme or a savings plan, the essential idea is the same, and perfectly obvious to the most uninformed.

It is not pretended that such an arrangement will take care of every conceivable condition of employment or every class of worker. How about a girl who goes to work at seventeen only to marry at twenty-two, who then stays out of gainful occupations until she is widowed at fifty, and again seeks employment? It will need real ingenuity to care for her.

But then there is no plan or scheme that covers all cases unless it be an inconceivably vast and costly system of universal

(Continued on Page 69)

Announcing– a revolutionary change in industrial lubrication



This system has already been thoroughly tested in:

Factories of all kinds
Steel Mills
Cement Mills
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Crushing Plants
Textile Mills
Food Plants
Tanneries

An entirely new system of lubrication,

tested privately with surprising results in 70 different industries, is now offered to you with the following proven advantages:—

As you probably know, a system of high pressure lubrication known as the *Alemite* System was developed for automobiles some years ago. Today it has supplanted old-fashioned methods, such as grease cups, etc., on over 10,000,000 motor cars.

Many industrial engineers, with difficult lubrication problems, saw its possibilities and purchased random fittings and compressors for tests. The results were so gratifying, even with this makeshift equipment, that we immediately began to develop a system especially adapted to meet the needs of industrial plants, mines, quarries, etc.

The mechanical features of this new system, as shown at the left, are very simple. But its results are surprising.

With this system, thorough lubrication can usually be accomplished in ⅓ the time. Saves ⅔ of former labor costs. It usually saves 50% in amount of lubricant used.

The use of this "barrel-to-bearing—without exposure" system prevents dust, dirt or moisture from ever entering a bearing. Lubricant never sees daylight. From above illustration you can see that it eliminates all danger of physical injury to the oiler.

It cuts down fire hazard by eliminating oily rags or dripping oil.

If properly installed it enables you to lubricate almost any machine without a shut-down.

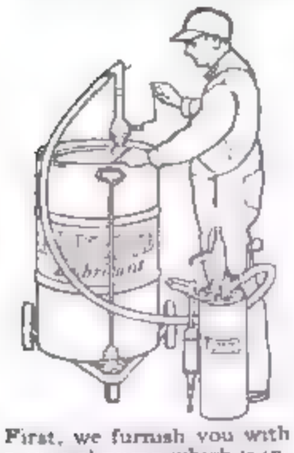
It prevents contamination of products being manufactured.

Most important, it is a high pressure system that delivers the lubricant to a bearing with sufficient pressure to insure positive, thorough lubrication under all conditions. It decidedly prolongs the life of bearings.

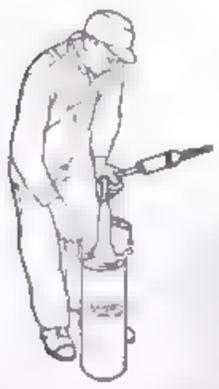
There is no industry where this new system of lubrication will not pay for itself many times over, the first year.

We have a publication, "Alemite Industrial Lubricator," devoted exclusively to industrial lubrication problems. We will be glad to send it to you upon request. Just check and fill in the coupon at the right.

The Alemite "Barrel to bearing, without exposure" High Pressure system

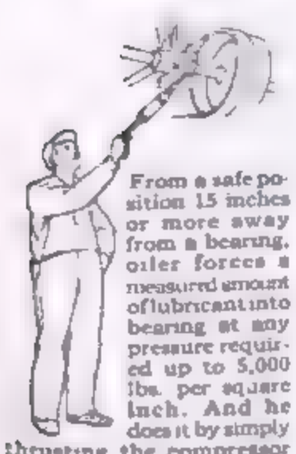


First, we furnish you with a special pump which is installed thru the bung of a fresh barrel of lubricant. The barrel is never opened. The hose is inserted in a plug in the top of the Filler Tank, and a few turns of pump handle fills it with 20 lbs. of fresh lubricant. No loss—no exposure to grit and dirt



Your Oiler then carries the Filler Tank around with him. It weighs only 34 lbs. when full, and the compressor hangs on the side of the tank. To replenish compressor, a plug in its handle is removed, the open handle of the compressor is slipped over spout of loader, and a turn of crank-handle fills compressor. Again the lubricant "doesn't see daylight"

Each grease cup or oil hole is replaced with a high pressure fitting. The compressor injects the lubricant under pressure



From a safe position 15 inches or more away from a bearing, oiler forces a measured amount of lubricant into bearing at any pressure required up to 5,000 lbs. per square inch. And he does it by simply thrusting the compressor forward. He uses only one hand. The lubricant enters the bearing in the same fresh, clean condition as when it left refinery.

THE BASSICK MFG. CO., DIVISION OF STEWART-WARNER
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High Pressure

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Gentlemen:
Please send me, without obligation on my part—
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Long life is probably the most outstanding characteristic of the Packard car. It is a quality which new owners mention very frequently as the reason for their choice.

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For the enduring excellence of Packard transportation is the foundation of Packard's greatly broadened market. Thousands buy these fine cars with the calculated intention of keeping them at least five years—and with the knowledge that on such a basis Packard ownership costs no more per year than they have paid for half price cars of far less comfort and distinction.

Packard makes it easy and desirable for its owners to keep their cars. No radical design changes intrigue them annually. And Packard beauty, of line, finish and upholstery, endures as surely as the sturdy precision of its famous chassis.

Ask The Man Who Owns One

PACKARD

(Continued from Page 66)

and compulsory state pensions. Europe is poor and much must be done for the workers. Naturally, the state is the agency. This country is far richer and industry is the all-powerful agency. So there is a feeling here that the state should not step in until industry has wholly failed to handle its own problems.

Even in Europe the contributory principle is fast gaining ground, several state pension systems having recently been modified to make them the joint product of state, employer and employe. I think it is generally agreed that in this country pension systems should be built around the principle of individual thrift and responsibility as far as possible, but with more organization and assistance than in the past. Industry—or perhaps it is society—owes it to the individual to devise more machinery for this purpose than we have yet had.

Such a plan of old-age annuities as just outlined does not produce the full benefits intended until it has been in operation for many years. Adequate pensions, fairly proportionate to the standards of living of the individual, can readily be provided by contributions at some fixed low percentage of wages if each employe will start at an early age and continue regularly.

The difficulty is that whenever and wherever a plan of contributions is started, many of the individuals will be beyond the earlier ages and therefore seriously in arrears.

The reader may be asking by now what has all this to do with pensioning himself. Nearly a whole article has been devoted to pension plans in which corporations, colleges, churches and the state play a part. But precisely the same principle applies to those who can or must look out for themselves. Devoid of technical or scientific verbiage, it is: Begin early to save small sums and keep it up. All the actuaries in the world, in solemn international conclave, cannot improve upon or alter that statement.

No life-insurance agent, no bond or stock salesman, no wizard of finance, can offer any other suggestions or information to the overwhelming majority of average men and women. Now and then exceptional profits are made by an individual in stock speculation, in a real-estate deal, or even in the ordinary run of business operation.

Your Second Income

This article is not written for such fortunate persons. These few people, if they are wise, will salt away large sums in living trusts, in single-premium paid-up life insurance, and in safe securities and realty. For the great mass of even well-paid and ordinarily prosperous persons, the attained income never greatly exceeds the attained style of living. The pension problem is always facing them.

Of late years the firms selling investment bonds have made a great point of telling us that two incomes are better than one.

We are urged not to depend on our earnings alone, but to build up a second income through investment in high-grade bonds.

This is all sound advice in its way, but the truism is a bit obvious. Naturally, two incomes are better than one, just as four is a larger sum than two. The trick, naturally, is to do it.

Almost any property convertible into cash is a second income as far as it goes—good stocks, mortgages, realty, building-and-loan shares, living trusts, and the cash value of a life-insurance policy—all these just as well as bonds. The real trick is to get it together, and in most cases, I am forced to repeat, that means persistence from early years and nothing else.

The inherent financial tragedy of life is that the young man is not interested in getting the second income together, while the middle-aged man, although intensely interested, cannot afford to do it in the sense that he hasn't the time left in which to do it.

If a man who enters the Methodist ministry at twenty-nine wants a decent pension when he is about sixty-five, all he has to pay into the fund is 2.5 per cent of his salary; but if he begins paying in at age forty, he must contribute 4.8 per cent of his salary to get the same pension. This is in addition to the contributions made by the church.

A low-grade stupid laborer for a great industrial establishment went in for all the exceedingly generous stock-purchase plans which this company was a pioneer in inaugurating. The laborer left all his dividends on deposit to accumulate. He still works in a humble capacity but has a fund in company stock of $80,000. He does not need that much money, and hardly knows what such a sum means; whereas many refined, sensitive people, who are greatly in need of a second income, cannot accumulate anything. The point is, however, that arithmetic is no respecter of persons.

Five Dollars Down, a Dollar a Week

The life-insurance and bond-selling agencies are absolutely right when they force us to read such a query—or is it an exclamation?—as, "Won't you give ten cents a day to a nice old man?" The average young man, when asked for whom he is working, replies that last year he was with the Brown Company, but his employer is now the Smith Company, without apparently realizing that his real employer is the nice old man he will become unless he dies prematurely.

Even when there is no joint contributory feature, no employer to help, we all know what the long and steady accumulation of small sums will accomplish. A young business woman of twenty-five or thirty, by paying ten or fifteen dollars a month to a life-insurance company on an income bond, will have a pension of fifty dollars a month from age fifty-five on, and, of course, more if she can work into the sixties.

One of the simplest of savings schemes to understand is that of the Massachusetts Savings Bank Life Insurance, a sort of co-operative banking arrangement with state assistance. A young man of twenty-five, by making an initial deposit of five dollars and one dollar a week until he is sixty-five, will then have a cash accumulation of $4,588.20, which, applied to the purchase of a life annuity, yields him $550 a year from then on.

Or by making the weekly deposits two dollars his annuity will be $1100. Moreover, if he dies before he reaches sixty-five, there is an insurance feature attached, the benefit gradually increasing from $1000, in the first illustration, during the first year to $5380 the fortieth year.

Yet it cannot be said there has been any wild rush on the part of young men between twenty-five and forty-five in Massachusetts to provide for themselves in this way. The average employe is more interested in the size of the present weekly pay envelope than in contributing to a remote benefit. Saving for old age is not a strong motive early in life, although saving for a rainy day or to raise the standard of living does make a real appeal.

If a school-teacher, upon entering the profession, will contribute 5 per cent of his or her salary to a fund to which the employer contributes an equal or a larger amount, an ample pension is easily assured. The director of a state old-age pension commission once undertook to speak on the subject of his work before a state normal school. He found it a difficult audience to interest for the simple reason that many of the seventeen and eighteen year old students did not expect to stay in teaching; they regarded it as a way station to something else.

That is the attitude of most young workers. They do not expect to stay in the same occupation or position. Old age is so far off as to be unthinkable. Present pleasures not only bulk much larger than future provision but naturally loom up more than to the man or woman of forty-five. Not to be able to have a new dress or go to a show or party at eighteen is a real cause of bitterness; it is not so at forty-eight, unless the person of that age has the mentality of eighteen.

So I repeat that here is the innate financial tragedy of life. It is usually too late to save after forty-eight, and very few are interested at twenty-eight, not to mention eighteen.

Yet a surprisingly large percentage of those normal-school girls will be teaching in the late forties; and, although they will then be entirely willing to go without a show or a dress so that they may be comfortable at sixty, they will find it is then rather late. They should have begun when they entered the profession. There is no way of beating the game.

One reason that employers and labor leaders are in duty bound to inculcate thrift in the younger workers is that, being older, they understand why saving must begin young. They can see the need for it.

It is true that saving seems utterly impossible to many a young couple. Little children and doctors' bills absorb everything. But I can only repeat that arithmetic takes no account of such human needs and conditions.

The principles are certainly simple enough. The self-employed worker, with no pension plan available, must set up a larger sinking fund. An oil company official may receive only $8000 a year salary, but is eligible to stock purchase and pension plans to which the company contributes. An independent oil operator, no more important or able, may make $15,000 or $20,000 a year, but he is compelled to pension himself far more heavily.

For the Especially Provident

Not only must those with large incomes save more absolutely to be comfortable and happy in old age but it is necessary for them to save more relatively. There are few savings schemes which cannot be accelerated in respect to benefits by means of greater contributions than the specified requirements.

I have said that it is impossible to save after forty, or forty-five or forty-eight, a sum sufficient to pension oneself. This is not true, however, if a man's income increases substantially in middle life and he saves more of it relatively as well as absolutely. Assuming that a younger man can pension himself by saving from 5 to 10 per cent of his income, depending upon whether there is a contribution from an outside source or not, the older man can reach the same goal by saving from 25 to, say, 40 per cent.

In any savings scheme there is always an opening for those who desire additional benefits by making greater sacrifices. It is a fundamental of practically all savings and insurance plans that extra payments will beneficially modify the existing contract. Such is the arithmetic of all these arrangements. It always works for the especially provident.

A man may provide ample insurance for his family and still withdraw the cash dividends that accompany the premiums. But if he wants to build an estate for himself, for his own old age, he will do well to leave these so-called dividends with the company on deposit to accumulate at compound interest.

There is often dispute as to which form of life insurance provides most fully for old age. Long-term endowments, sometimes called endowment at sixty-five, if taken out early in life, certainly do the trick. The family has protection during the productive years of a man's life, and if he lives into the sixties he can cash in the policy at its full face value, reinvesting the proceeds with advantage in a life annuity.

An effective plan for those who can afford it is the retirement series. This simply means that a young man in his thirties

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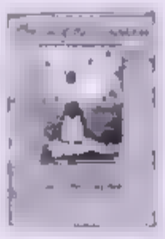

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takes out, say, a $5000 thirty-year endowment policy every few years. The result, of course, is an ample supply of funds in the sixties.

The writer feels that long-term endowments have not been pushed nearly enough. But the whole emphasis has been upon protecting the widow and orphan rather than providing for a surviving couple or the old man himself, although his chance of becoming old is a little better than five out of ten.

Ordinary life insurance has enjoyed its fabulous popularity because it provides more widow-and-orphan protection for the same cost than endowment insurance, together with some investment feature which term insurance, the cheapest method of all, does not contain in any degree.

An ordinary life policy itself, taken at forty or under, will at sixty-five have a cash value of about half its face value. As this is by all odds the most widely used form of saving and financial provision, and as many men have really substantial amounts of ordinary insurance in force, it would seem as if the cashing of such policies in the sixties, or their conversion at that time into annuities, is really the most convenient, certain and available method of self-pensioning. This is especially true if dividends are left on deposit.

Unfortunately the man in his sixties hesitates to sacrifice half the face value of a policy, knowing, as he does, that if he dies in a few years, which he is likely to do, his heirs will get the full face value. The endowment policy obviates any such Spartan choice.

Fortunately, when old age is reached, financial needs are considerably less than in middle life. Usually parents have done their full duty by children by the time the former are sixty-five. The great financial burden of supporting and educating the oncoming generation is commonly over with.

The Law of Diminishing Outgo

Then, too, older people as a rule have fewer and simpler wants. With women clothing is then a much smaller item. For that matter, it is well recognized that expenditures for clothing in the population as a whole decrease quite rapidly after the age of twenty-five—that is, after marriage.

An entirely obvious fact, but one often overlooked, curiously enough, is that after sixty-five, there is usually no need of any expenditure for savings, life insurance and business expansion, most people having sold out their businesses by that time. This means that elderly people can get along on much smaller incomes than those who are younger.

If a person has accumulated any amount of property at all by the time sixty-five is reached, the financial problem then becomes exceedingly simple; it is not to build up a second income any longer, but rather to use up the property itself in the most economical method. In other words, the annuity principle, strictly speaking, becomes applicable in old age.

I do not mean that annuities should never be bought by any but old people. The so-called income bond, or retirement annuity, technically known as a deferred annuity, is frequently a useful means of saving for business women without dependents. Even in the case of middle-aged married men with dependents, this particular form of saving, with its total lack of risk, should sometimes be added to other forms. A refund feature may be attached, thus providing for the contingency of early death, although naturally, when this is done, the other benefits are less.

Growing Old Peacefully

But an annuity purchased from a life-insurance company or other strong financial institution has a peculiar fitness in old age. If the individual attempts to divide up his principal himself and live on it, there is danger of outliving the installments. The feature of a regular annuity, however, is that the insurance company or other institution granting it guarantees to pay the fixed and predetermined installments for life.

No guaranty or contract is safer than this, and the resulting security makes for peace of mind. This complete elimination of financial worry adds to longevity in many instances. Annuitants have a great way of living well into the eighties.

In practice, annuities are not employed nearly so much as one would theoretically suppose. The reason is perfectly clear. Elderly people commonly wish to leave their property to children or relatives. In the case of insane, crippled and other hopelessly handicapped children, old people are no doubt justified in sacrificing their own comfort to leave intact such property as they may possess.

In many an elderly life an annuity feature means the difference between comfort and discomfort. There is no other known method of providing so much in return for so little in case a person lives to advanced years. No young man in drawing up his financial program should omit at least a partial annuity element. That is, he should nearly always count on converting part of his life insurance or other property into an annuity when he reaches the late fifties or sixties.

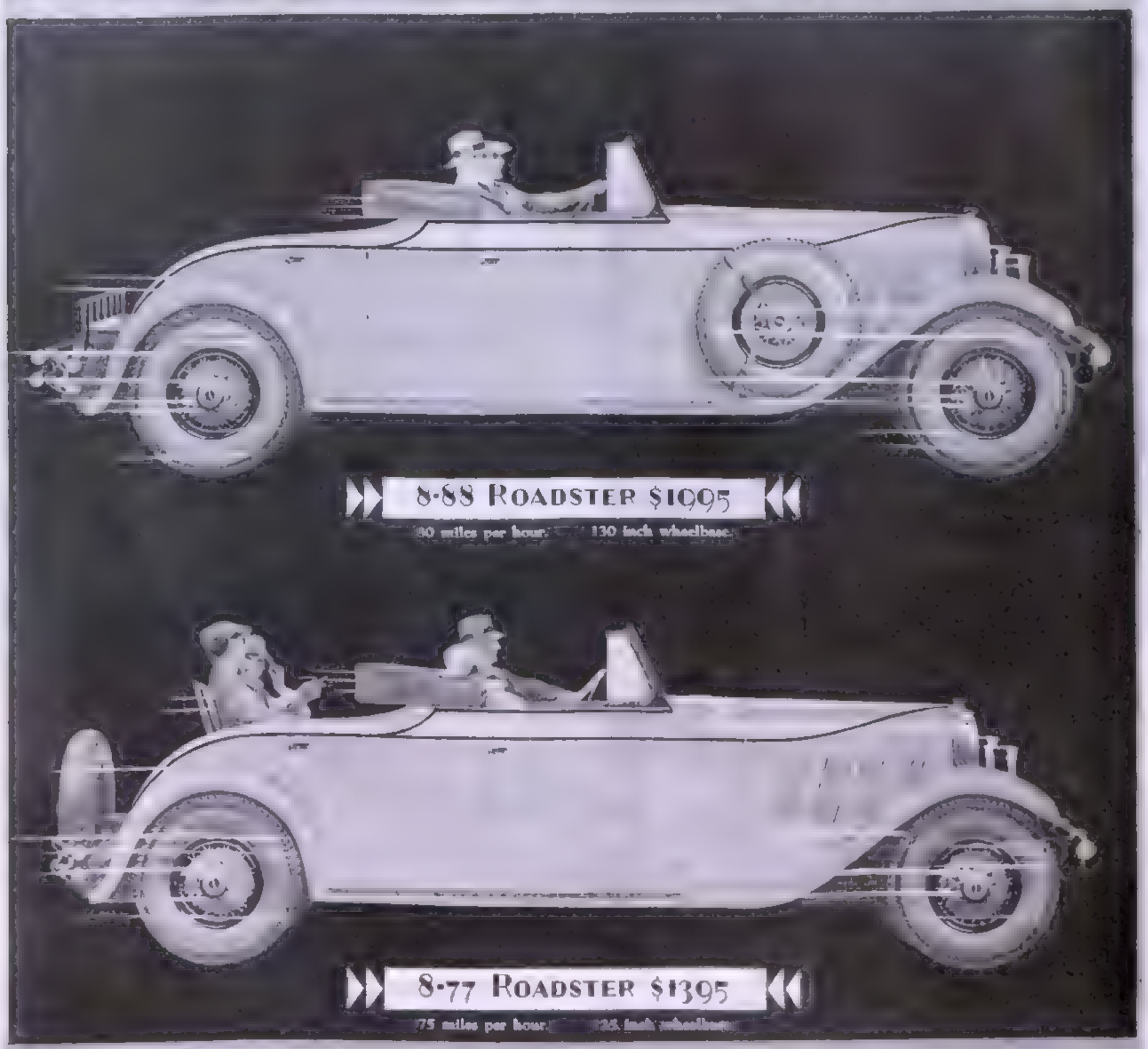
To omit such a feature merely that healthy and normal young people may inherit a few thousand dollars more is a weak and misdirected form of unselfishness on the part of the older generation. Young mothers sacrifice themselves physically and young fathers economically to their children. Middle-aged parents also sacrifice themselves economically to their children. That is enough. Further sacrifice by old people merely means more spinelessness in the next generation.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Atwood.

"James, What is That Building We're Passing?"
"That's the Art Museum That You Gave the $3,000,000 to, Sir."

YOUR NEXT CAR

AUBURN



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INDUSTRY, AGRICULTURE & CO.

(Continued from Page 7)

the agricultural output cannot be controlled, whereas industry can and does control its output. The industrial producer may determine what his output shall be next week, next month—next year, perhaps; yet all the time he is governed by a remorseless law that he did not invent and cannot alter. It is the law of mass production that the cost of a thing is lastly determined by the quantity produced. To reduce the cost, you increase the quantity. As you increase the quantity the price tends to fall and your margin of profit to shrink; but you have only to increase the quantity again and the gross profit is even greater.

The profit is in the volume. It goes handsomely for a while. Presently you begin to touch the levels of saturation. The demand does not increase fast enough. To increase the demand you cut the price. Then to cut your costs you must enormously increase your output. This brings you again to the saturate levels.

Where it will lead to, the industrial producer does not know. He is only beginning to wonder. But meanwhile you can understand why he is anxious to see the buying power of agriculture rise. That would give him a greater outlet for his potential surplus.

On the other hand, while of course you cannot say one year against another what the wheat crop will be from a given number of acres, weather and pest affecting the yield, still there is a five-year average—or if that is not base enough, then a ten-year average—that will not greatly vary. The amount of wheat required for domestic use may be statistically determined. That varies only to increase with the growth of population. Therefore if the case were that the American farmer, owing to his high costs, was unable any longer to grow wheat for the world market in competition with Canadian, Australian and South American growers, it would be theoretically simple to allot an acreage to wheat sufficient to meet domestic requirements under a five or a ten year expectation of yield, saying: "As a matter of national policy we shall grow our own wheat. Therefore we give the wheat grower a tariff to protect him from outside competition in order that he may produce it at a profit, and there shall be no surplus for export." Only, of course, practically you cannot allot wheat acreage. The Government would have to police 60,000,000 acres of wheatland, besides which, the farmer would not submit to be so interfered with.

The Problem of Surplus

Now you have it—that the farmer on one hand will produce a surplus, and that industry on the other hand must, under the law that governs mass production. Therefore agriculture and industry have the same fundamental problem—the problem of surplus. Look in any direction and you will see it—either the surplus or the capacity to produce it. It may be wheat, cotton, motor cars, shoes, engines or textiles. And the only right thing to do about it is in both cases the same. That is, to reduce the cost of production so that the miracle of plenty shall become cheaper and cheaper and human wants may be increasingly satisfied. When it is no longer possible to reduce costs, then we are at the end of the road we are going. Wealth thereafter will multiply at a slower rate.

Again, although industry has benefited enormously by the tariff in all respects, as the farmer says, still that is not the secret of its profit. There are notable cases of great industrial formations that prosper without benefit of tariff and of others that fail notwithstanding the tariff that protects them. Then there are industries which, although they have tariff protection in theory, cannot use it in fact, which is precisely what the wheat farmer complains of in his own case.

In this light, take the motor industry There is a tariff on motor cars. It is like the tariff on wheat—that is to say, largely ineffective for the reason that we do not import motor cars. We export them. We produce an exportable surplus and we sell this surplus abroad, as the wheat grower sells wheat, against the competitive products of all the low-wage labor in the world. The difference is that while paying the highest wages in the world and the highest prices for the materials that go into the structure of a motor car, industry by method has so reduced the manufacturing cost that it can sell motors anywhere in the world -at a profit! Foreign makers, paying low wages and using low-priced materials, cannot compete in the United States with the American product.

This is not because they have to pay a duty to come in. They could not compete if they came in duty free, except with a small number of de luxe cars for the very rich. The American motor-car maker undersells them in their own markets. They put tariff walls against him to keep him out: these he gets over and continues to sell the American product made with high wages and dear materials against the European car on its own ground.

The Product of Method

It is method that does this. If it cannot be done with wheat and cotton and other basic agricultural commodities of which we produce an exportable surplus, then we are at the end of our ingenuity there, and that is one kind of problem. If it can be done, then the problem is one of method, presenting only technical difficulties. Which it is becomes a question of fact. In one case we might as well make up our minds to leave the export trade to the low-wage agricultural labor of the outer world. In the other case we need only to apply to agriculture the principles of method that have enabled industry to get low costs from dear labor.

In the motor-car industry the American wage theory is perfectly illustrated. Labor there is not organized, yet wages are high. When the motor-car industry raises wages, does it pass them on to the consumer? Everybody knows what happens. High wages are absorbed by method—that is to say, by increasing the worker's output. The cost curve falls as the wage curve rises. And if this be not true of industry in the horizontal, the assertion is nevertheless valid that if industry in general had simply added to the price of its goods the rise that has occurred in wages since, say, 1914, instead of absorbing them by method, there would be much less wealth of all kinds to quarrel about and the state of agriculture would be far worse than it is.

Not only is it difficult for the farmer to understand industry. There is a second complication. He does not understand agriculture either. This as a general fact may be laid to the increasing complexity of the whole economic affair. To see it comprehensively it is necessary to employ the eye of statistics, and this new instrument of vision is still very imperfect.

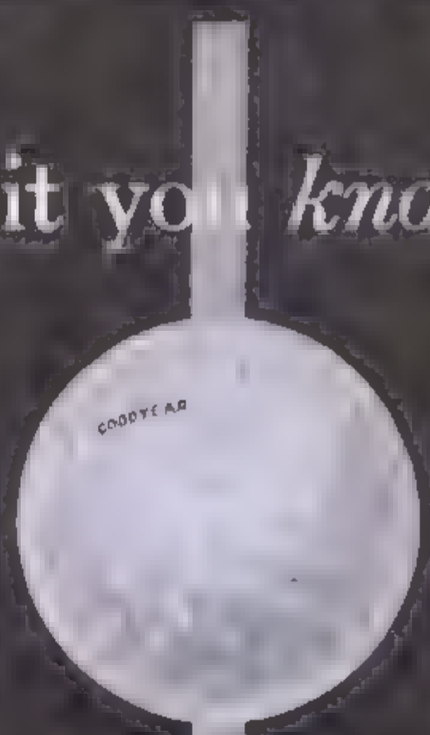
Once there was such a thing as agriculture as a whole. Its interests were all alike and simple. That is no more the case. Obviously, in a world that becomes suddenly two-thirds industrial and one-third agricultural, the character of agriculture will change. It will become diversified, specialized, to some extent itself industrialized, and its interests never again will be all alike and simple.

Agriculture has changed almost beyond recognition. Roughly, one-third of the population now engaged directly in farming is able to produce not only all the food but a great surplus of both food and raw materials, such as cotton, whereas by the methods of agriculture practiced in the days of the great-grandfather it would have

(Continued on Page 74)

It Sounds Good! It Is Good!!

CLICK! When you hear it you *know* this is a good ball, a long ball, a true ball. It flies swiftly, it stays up well. And when you come up to it you find it bright, white and sound because it has a *cover* that seems iron-proof and able to take any kind of walloping. This is the new Goodyear Ball. *Seventy-five cents.*



Some say the *cover* is the most important thing about a golf ball.

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So, for this new Goodyear Ball—and it's *new* all the way through—Goodyear has a cover that's certainly tough!

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If you're won to a dimple marking you can get it in this fine new ball.

But—try the All-Weather Mesh shown above. The professionals tell us this distinctive marking has something to do with the beautiful rifled drives they get with the new Goodyear Ball.

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Your doctor will tell you that Welch's gives you all the healthful qualities you look for in the fresh fruit.

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The Willard	*Washington*
Lincoln Hotel	*Indianapolis*
The Clifton	*Niagara Falls*
Vista del Arroyo	*Pasadena*
The Roosevelt	*New Orleans*

(Continued from Page 72

required the labor of 150,000,000 people to produce last year's wheat crop alone—just the breadstuff.

If industry should vanish like a dream, and with it all the tools with which it has provided agriculture, so that we were obliged again to seek our food in the ancient way, we could find it, perhaps, but we should have no time for anything else. Where once an acre of wheat required sixty hours of man labor, it requires now on the average about ten; there is the practical possibility of reducing it to three or less.

This enormous increase in the productive power of agricultural labor from the use of time-saving tools and the application of scientific knowledge to soil and seed is what released two-thirds of the people from agriculture and made their labor available for industry.

And how involved the agricultural pattern comes to be! The old and the new are in conflict still. A man with a mule and a one-bottom plow cotton patching in Alabama; another producing cotton by the tractor method on a low-cost basis in Texas—the same staple for the same market. Which do you think will survive? A man getting rich in Missouri from an apple operation on thousands of acres; another only a few miles away unable to sell his apples, though as apples they are just as fine, because he has a little old orchard of ten acres, and the picking organization cannot afford to move itself over to his place for that handful. Which of these will survive? Our grandfathers could not have imagined farmers buying back their wheat from the chain store in the form of wrapped loaves, nor the highest-priced agricultural labor in the world producing rice in California to sell in China and Japan, nor truck gardening on irrigated desert land in Arizona for the tables of New York.

The interests of agriculture now become regional and occupational, and it is by region and occupation that farmers divide on almost every question. They so divided on the McNary-Haugen idea. Those of the East were against it, those of the South were in doubt, those of the Northwest were for it, being in wheat; the corn farmers were for it, agricultural opinion on the Pacific Coast was hostile. In much the same way they would divide on a question of tariff reduction.

Hard Wheat and Soft Wheat

There are Eastern farm journals and Western farm journals, and their voices are not alike. Curious motives develop. A member of Congress whose people are dairy farmers and therefore not directly interested in the McNary-Haugen idea, nevertheless was for it on the ground that if it worked as the wheat farmers expected, it might put North Dakota back into wheat and stop her going into the dairy business, which, since it had become profitable, was in danger of being overwhelmed.

Dogged wheat growing had almost ruined North Dakota; the advocates of diversified farming were going up and down the state telling the farmers their aim should be to make North Dakota the Denmark of America. Wisconsin and Michigan had preëmpted that goal and did not welcome the competition of North Dakota.

Wheat growers among themselves have a conflict of interest. Those in the North who grow what is called premium wheat have already the benefit of tariff protection, because of that kind of wheat there is often not enough for American use, and some is imported, which makes the tariff effective. South of them are the soft-wheat growers, who produce the bulk of the exportable surplus. Clearly the imaginary benefits of the McNary-Haugen idea would be unfairly divided between them.

You must begin to see why the farmers have been unable to find a solution for the agricultural problem. In the first place, they have never been able to define it in the round for the reason that agriculture as a whole, having common interests, is a statistical abstraction. Practically it does not exist. In the second place, they have been seeking a bottled specific—something somehow to make agriculture more profitable in the whole.

Before they had fixed upon the thought that it was power of organization that made industry profitable, they thought the magic secret was credit. They wanted credit—more and more credit. They got it, and it devoured more farmers than it saved. In six years through the Federal Land Banks, the Joint Stock Land Banks, the Intermediate Credit System, the Agricultural Credit Corporation, the Stockgrowers' Finance Corporation and the War Finance Corporation, an amount of credit lying between $3,000,000,000 and $5,000,000,000, all specially designed for agriculture, was placed at the disposal of farmers. They have learned a great deal about credit. It was not the secret. Now they say they want no more credit. What they want is a profit in order to pay back what they have borrowed. Where they said the agricultural problem was a credit problem, they say now it is a price problem. Give them a profitable price for what they produce and they will be all right—as if there existed both the obligation and the power to make plowing and planting profitable regardless of such factors as quantity, demand and cost of production.

The Master-Farmer Cult

It is idle to debate whether or not there exists that obligation. There is no such power. It cannot be done.

Nor is there any bottled specific. There is no such thing for industry either. Industry is not horizontally profitable. The difference is only that instances of successful method are more frequent in industry than in agriculture. The corresponding instances are by no means infrequent in agriculture. They need only to be multiplied so that they will be the dominant, as they are with industry. This, as everyone knows, is quite possible.

There now exists in ten states a kind of master-farmer cult. Annually the instances of notable success are cited to appear at a banquet. They are decorated, held out as examples, and asked to tell their neighbors how they did it. There is never any gilded secret; only skill of husbandry, common sense, a little wisdom and patient industry—and a good wife.

What these master farmers say about farming both as a means of livelihood and a way of life would make very strange reading in the Congressional Record. What they say about farm relief is little or nothing. They do not clamor for it; neither do they reject it. Their attitude is that if the Government can be persuaded to make them a present, they will not object. A member of the Kansas Agricultural College faculty, on being asked why there was so little McNary-Haugenism in that state, said: "We haven't been selling the idea here; that's why. We don't believe in it. But we could sell it. Anybody could sell it In two weeks we could raise the farmers of Kansas behind it by talking to them."

The master farmer is not agriculture. Neither is the ineffectual farmer whose habit in any calling would be failure. Agriculture is 6,500,000 farmers, in every degree of fitness and unfitness; and as to a very large number, the truth is hard.

At the end of the regional agricultural conference held last year at Salt Lake City one man stood forth and said, "There is only one solution for the farmer today Seventeen per cent must be ruined and driven off the land."

These words produced a deep psychic scandal. What a monstrous suggestion! Yet everyone knew the truth. The truth is that one-fifth of the people now engaged in agriculture are economically unnecessary. They are wasting their labor and capital; they are a liability to the four-fifths who, with a very slight improvement of method, or with only the incentive of a little more

(Continued on Page 77)

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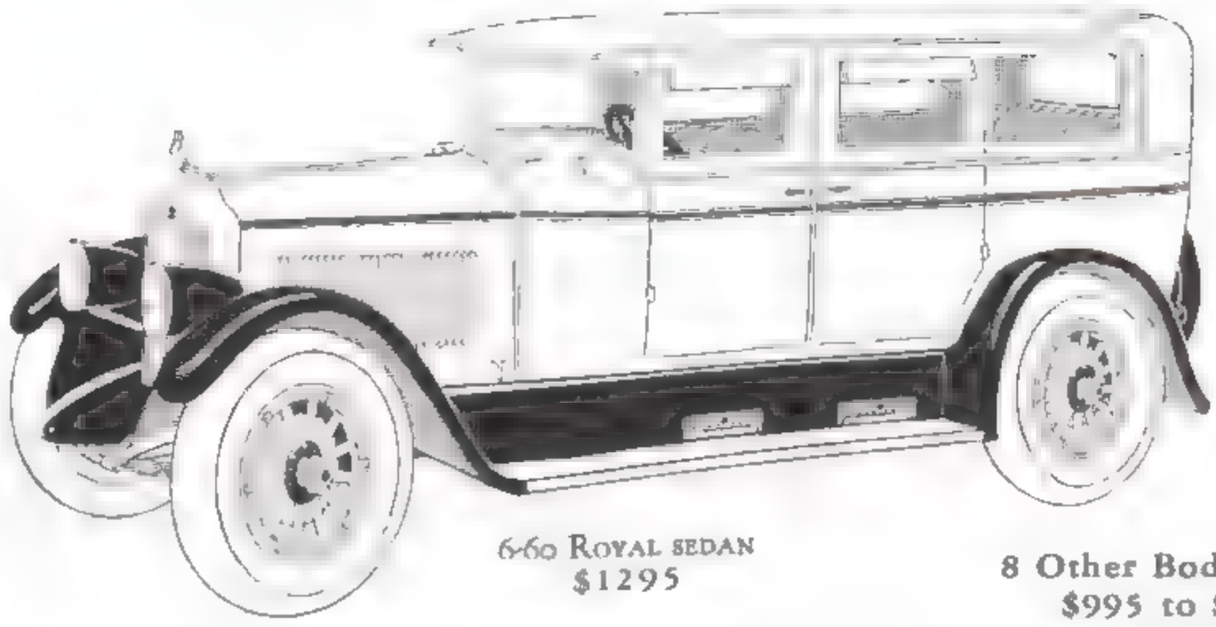

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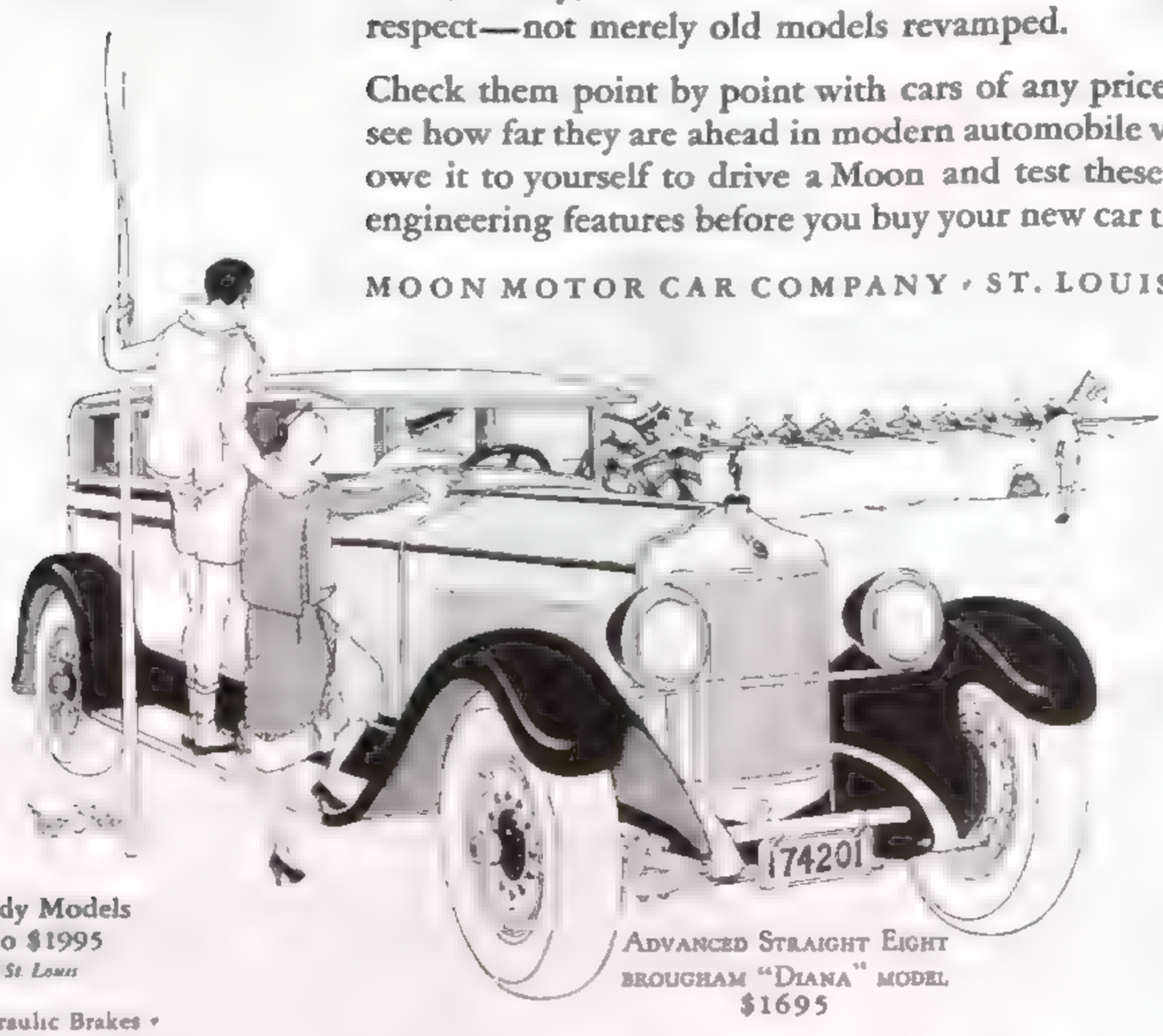

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MOON

Continued from Page 74

profit, could easily produce the crops at a much lower average cost. The marginal fifth of the farm population is the body of distress. It adds to the surplus the breaking weight when the price is high and clamors for relief when the price is low. The one-mule cotton patcher in Alabama is the weevil in the fortune of the man producing cotton at a low cost by high-power methods in Texas.

Somehow we have got ourselves impressed with the emotional idea that a man leaving his farm is an omen of national tragedy. The drift to the city! Merely the phrase is full of dread. Something must be done to check the decline of agriculture.

This is pure feeling, important as such, since it rises from a common memory of agriculture as the nearest and finest way with life; rationally, it is absurd.

The drift to the city began in Adam's family; and as for the decline of agriculture, it is a myth. What are the advocates of farm relief talking about? The surplus—how to dispose of the surplus. But if you say, let the excess farm population, the marginal fifth, seek its livelihood elsewhere, you are devoid of feeling.

What? Would you have the landscape covered with abandoned farms?

Really what is the difference between an abandoned farm and an abandoned factory? What is the merit of keeping land in cultivation though it does not pay? What if the land had been exploited beyond economic needs, as it has been, so that a great many farms exist that ought not to have been opened at all? Shall the people upon them be subsidized to stay? If it is a way of life they want, whether it pays or not, that is another matter. The land is there. Nothing can happen to those who seek agriculture as a way of self-contained, idyllic existence and not as a way of competitive profit. And if it is a question of what will become of those who, for economic reasons, should abandon farming as an unprofitable pursuit, the answer is that that will happen to them which has happened to the millions who have done likewise before them. Industry will absorb them.

It does not happen all at once. There is continually a very large movement of population in both directions. In the year 1925 the number of people leaving the farm was 2,035,000; the number moving from cities and towns to the farm was 1,135,000. There apparently is a net loss to agriculture of 900,000. In the same year, however, the excess of births over deaths on the farm was 422,000, so that the net decrease of farm population after all was only 478,000. And this number was absorbed unawares into nonagricultural life.

The Voice of Envy

This is a natural movement. It has been going on for three generations, since the beginning of modern industry. Two factors determine it: First, the fact that knowledge and tool power steadily increase the productivity per man in agriculture, so that fewer and fewer are needed to produce the crops. Second, the fact that the farm population multiplies faster than there is need for it.

Industry does not tend to reduce agriculture to a state of peasantry; on the contrary, it saves it from that fate. For look! Suppose there was no industry to absorb the excess of births over deaths on the soil. What would happen? The soil would have to be divided and redivided until at last each family would have only the small parcel that was necessary barely to sustain its life. There is peasantry, as in China. Industry is the alternative.

In our own Colonial time a farm unit of only 40 acres required the constant labor of a family of eight. Now 160 acres is not a large farm; it requires so much less labor per acre, and that labor is so much better rewarded, that the children go off to the state college. One may take the agricultural course and return to farming; the others are caught in the drift. Yet the product of agriculture goes on increasing. There is still a surplus.

Agriculture has not transformed itself. Industry has done that. But for industry, the buying power of agriculture would probably be what it was 100 years ago.

The other side of it is that industry provides contrast, from contrast comes envy, and envy lies at the core of much agricultural discontent. A peasantry with nothing better to imagine might after all be quite happy. It has been so.

At the end of an otherwise sane discussion of the subject matter with a certain type of farmer mind, you will be startled to hear the conclusion: "Well, anyhow, the sooner we see bread lines in Cleveland, the better."

"Why?" you ask.

"Why, because then our fellows from up here getting ten dollars a day to watch hot metal run into a hole will come back to the farm where they belong and go to work at thirty a month."

"But, man, if you have bread lines in Cleveland, what will happen to your Eastern market for butter fat?"

"All right about the butter fat," he says. "What right have they got to be getting ten dollars for eight hours' work down there in Cleveland? We want them back here."

The voice of envy. Stupid, do you say? Well, perhaps not so stupid as you think. It compares not unfavorably with the voice of a United States senator moving a bill to redistribute the national income in favor of agriculture on the argument, among others, that farmers are condemned to use flivvers.

Seeing the City

Only thirty years ago, if you had said to the farmer a time would come when he could exchange the product of ten acres of corn for a self-propelling vehicle that would carry the family 300 miles in a day on inflated rubber tires, he would have said you were crazy. That has happened. And now it is set up as one of his grievances that he is forced to use the least expensive of such vehicles, which in fact is not so. There are farm communities where the proportion of more expensive cars is higher than in a city.

All such rhetorical absurdities are nevertheless significant. They reveal a state of mind that is easily confused with a state of agriculture. The distant farmer is obsessed with a fantasy about industrial life—that it is all scaled to ten dollars a day, full of luxury and ease; from this fantasy proceeds first a habit of false comparison and then the conclusion that the farmer for his labor is entitled to everything equal.

If the reality of industrial life and the reality of agricultural life could meet face to face, both would be illuminated in understanding.

Wise in a science he probably knows not the name of, is the tall Scandinavian of Minnesota who, when he takes the prize winners of his boys' and girls' clubs to Chicago—that being the prize—leads them at last to the stockyards and then to a factory where boys and girls of this other world sit in long rows tending machines, and which are the automatons is not at first glance clear. People ask him why he does this. He says, "I want them to see the city." Most of them are terrified and return to their homes with a kind of sadness in their eyes.

The doctrine that farmers, by reason of farming, are entitled to certain things—to a standard of living as high as the standard is in cities, and to better motor cars—is in itself a dangerous doctrine. If it can be invoked for them when the advantage is from them, so it can be invoked against them when the advantage is with them. Suppose they were established by law on a plane of equal buying power; then suppose the case to change, as well it might when presently the population overtakes the native food supply, and the farmers found themselves then in possession of the basic monopoly, with a buying power superior to that of the

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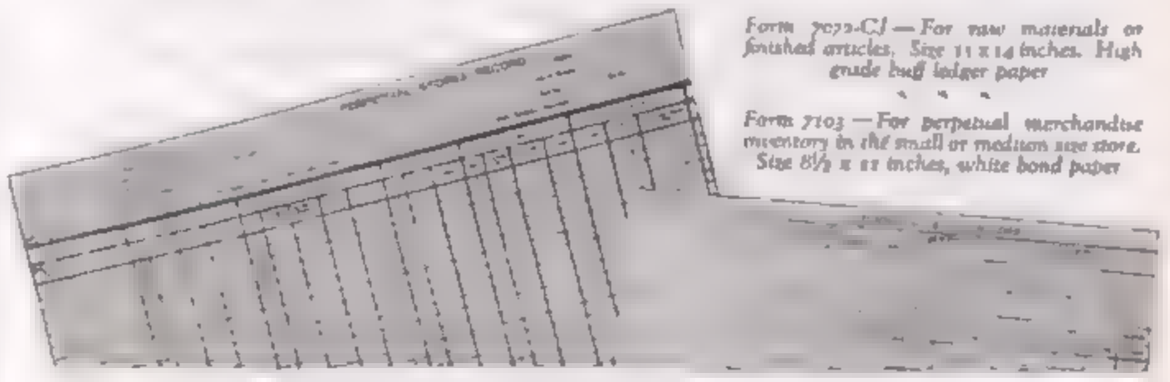

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It is natural that a newcomer in the field should build better than those who went before; he is spurred on by competition, and he is able to profit by the mistakes and shortcomings of others. The Remington Arms Company would never have gone into the cash register business unless they could make better registers.

Merchants were quick to understand this. In their eagerness for new methods that would help them make more money they turned to Remington Cash Registers. They found really modern machines with improvements that they had always wanted, but never could get before. They found registers with new and exclusive features that enable them to handle store transactions with greater ease, speed, and accuracy, and which give them greater control over their business.

Remingtons are made in many styles to suit many kinds of stores; but on every Remington there are valuable improvements that are found on no other machine.

Ask for a demonstration and learn how a modern Remington Cash Register will increase your profits. Sales and Service Offices are in all the principal cities of the United States and in Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver, Canada.

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industrial population. Would they not be required by law to surrender that advantage?

Moreover, the doctrine implies that the farmer is a wage earner. We say of wage earners that they are entitled to a living wage, or to a saving wage, or what not, but that is because they are wage earners. Agriculture, with all its disadvantages, is a field where the reward for individual enterprise is full proprietorship. Even now, almost anywhere, one who knows the craft, or is willing intelligently to learn it, may begin without capital and end with a farm of his own.

Big industry less and less offers the hope of such reward. Its units are too vast. And little industry is strewn with little wrecks comparable to those in agriculture. A journeyman plumber comes into a small sum of money and goes out on his own as a contractor. He may be a good plumber; but unless he knows how to cost his work, how to bid on a job, how to manage his time and materials, he will lose his capital and fail. While losing his capital he will be a liability to other small contractors in his neighborhood. This is continually happening among hundreds of thousands of small contractors and shopkeepers.

Not long ago in one place the job printing trade became so demoralized that a group of strong printers in self-defense sent experts among their little competitors to teach them what their costs were. They were doing work at a loss, thereby losing their capital; they had a perfect right to do that, only in doing it they were bringing the whole trade to ruin.

The farmer who does not know his costs and goes on producing at a loss is wasting his labor and capital in the same way and with a similar effect upon his neighbors. The need for costing experts to go among farmers may be imagined from the figures reported in the Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture on the cost per bushel of producing wheat. In one year the range of cost was from 65 cents to $4.44 a bushel.

There is always the difference that the failures in agriculture are dramatized, whereas those corresponding in business are not.

The Senate Committee on Agriculture, favorably reporting the McNary-Haugen Bill, said: "The rate of farm failures from 1910 to 1924 shows an increase of 1000 per cent, in contrast to that of commercial failures, which has remained practically the same per year during the same period."

Subtle Statistics

This is an instance of how the statistical eye may both deceive and be deceived. According to the Abstract of the United States Census, the number of commercial failures in 1922 was more than two and a half times greater than in 1919; the aggregate of liabilities was $67,000,000 in 1919 and $413,000,000 in 1922, an increase of more than 500 per cent. Then if you look at the table of farm failures in the Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture, against the figures of the Attorney-General's office, you will see that in 1924—which was the worst year for letting go—the number of farm bankruptcies for the whole country was less than one-fifth of the total number of bankruptcies of all kinds. Which is a fairly different picture.

Statistics nowadays are uttered with the pretense of Delphic authority. People are using them who have newly discovered their application and know nothing about their subtleties. During the debate on the McNary-Haugen Bill the walls of the Senate Chamber were hung with statistical charts; speakers kept referring to the curve of this and the curve of that who had but recently learned the elementary meaning of that statistical symbol and had no idea how a curve may come to be.

Most of these charts had been prepared by the Department of Agriculture; and the Department of Agriculture, being on the farmer's side, naturally tends to prefer as between two figures the one that will best represent the farmer's case. For example, there was a curve to show the decline in the relative purchasing power of the farmer's product. Now when you undertake to show that a thing has declined you must select a statistical point of departure. Decline from what? Decline since when? You must have a base, and the selection of a base is in the first instance arbitrary.

With the relative buying power of the farmer's product you might start from a base twenty years ago and get one kind of curve, or from a base ten years ago and get another kind of curve. The Department of Agriculture takes for its base the five years immediately preceding the war—1909–1914—and plots from there a curve that proves a decline of about 20 per cent in the farmer's relative buying power from what it was before the war. What is never mentioned is the fact that in those five prewar years his buying power was higher than it had been before in two generations, probably higher than was ever the case before. It had been rising for twenty years. Therefore the base to begin with was high; and the decline was from a peak.

Reckoning From the Peak

In the same way land values. There has been a terrific deflation of farm-land values. The census figures show that the average value of farm land per acre fell somewhat more than 23 per cent from 1920 to 1925. The Department of Agriculture prepares figures of its own to show that the decline has been 30 per cent. Its figures may be better than those of the census. Either way it seems appalling. In five years the farm land of the country loses a quarter or more of its value! Do you want to know anything more about the state of agriculture? Well, a little more will give you at least a sense of perspective.

The fact is that in 1920 the value of farm land was enormously inflated. This does not appear in the charts on the walls of the Senate Chamber. Back of that curve, prior to its point of beginning, land values had been rising rapidly for twenty years. Between 1900 and 1910 they had doubled. Between 1910 and 1920 they had doubled again. But it is only the fall from the peak of 1920 that is illustrated for purposes of political discourse on the subject of farm relief.

So there you have it again. Statistics, true in themselves, may yet distort the picture.

By any way you come to it, provided only it is not with a conclusion beforehand, the greatest difficulty of all is to determine what the condition of agriculture is. The Department of Agriculture, taking the relative purchasing power of farm products in the five prewar years as 100, shows that it was 107 in 1918, that it was 105 in 1919, that it fell headlong from there to 69 in 1921, recovered to 89 in 1925 and fell again last year to 80. This figure represents the average value of what the farmer has to sell in terms of the things he has to buy. Only, there again, in working up a list of the things he buys it is necessary to make selections. These are more or less arbitrary. The list, in fact, does not include motor cars, tractors, harvester combines and radios, as to all of which his buying power has risen—which is to say, a quantity of wheat or corn will exchange for more of these things than ever before.

On page 56 of his annual report for 1926, the Secretary of Agriculture says the number of rural radio sets in the country has reached nearly 1,000,000. The Yearbook for 1925 had said: "A survey made by county agents in 1923 indicated there were about 145,000 radio sets on farms throughout the country. In 1924 the estimated number had jumped to 365,000 and in 1925 to 553,000." And it added: "Farmers generally have bought very good radio sets. A questionnaire answered by 2500 farmers in 1923 indicated the average price of the manufactured sets was $175. That sum will buy a better set today than it would two years ago. Yet farmers are not on that

(Continued on Page 80)

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Never-Burn introduces a new principle in cooking that permits efficient, economical heat without wasting fuel. That's why food won't burn nor pots scorch. This magic disc fits any stove and heats in two minutes—faster than a double boiler. Nothing to attach or get out of order. Your pan rests on Never-Burn's raised ridges. It saves fuel and also keeps food warm after cooking.

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You can now see Never-Burn Hot Plates at most good hardware, house furnishing and leading department stores. If your dealer does not happen to have it, order direct. Simply pin a dollar bill to coupon below ($1.25 west of Denver). If not thoroughly delighted with its convenience and economy, your money will be refunded in full without question. See your dealer today or mail coupon

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Name
Address
City State
Dealer's Name

(Continued from Page 78)

account reducing their investment in radio. Dealers in several parts of the country say that radio sets worth from $125 to $400 sell much more readily to farmers than those costing under $100." That is the Yearbook speaking. The Department of Agriculture is enthusiastic about the radio. An investment in radio rising to nearly $250,000,000 in five or six years of falling buying power is a curious fact for what it is worth.

Iowa is the country's agricultural masterpiece. All it has it got from the soil. It is the father and mother of McNary-Haugenism on the ground that the farmer's share in the national income is unfair, that his relative buying power is falling. Notwithstanding the decline in the buying power of Iowa farmers, the state boasts that it is 100 per cent motorized. There is a motor on every farm. The number of passenger automobiles in Iowa has increased since 1920 from 407,578 to 650,684, or 60 per cent. Each year the number has increased, and now the annual expenditure for gas, oil and repairs, excluding the purchase price, is roughly equal to the value of the corn crop at 50 cents a bushel.

In Montana you may find more than 1,000,000 acres of land under foreclosure for nonpayment of interest and taxes. Yet last year the wheat farmers of Montana ordered more tractors and harvester combines than the manufacturers could supply.

Compulsory Prosperity

Four years ago the Northwest, which means Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and Montana, was in desperate trouble and calling for the financial ambulance. The Government sent the War Finance Corporation to the scene; it opened first-aid offices on the ground. Chicago and Wall Street banks sent emergency funds. Well, with what sequel? Notwithstanding the failure of 1100 banks and the loss or suspense of $300,000,000 in deposits, notwithstanding last year an unparalleled failure of both corn and wheat in South Dakota and Southern North Dakota, where such a thing had never happened before, notwithstanding the statistical decline of agriculture—the Northwest has paid off the Federal Reserve Bank, the War Finance Corporation, the Chicago and Wall Street banks, the whole of its sickness debt; it has at the same time made an enormous investment in dairy farming to change the type of agriculture in North Dakota, and behold! all the land development and settlement associations are in funds again. They don't know themselves how they did it. The reserve power of people for coming back is the X quantity. Always it is underestimated. They work a little harder, think more and vote less, and pull themselves through.

In every part of agriculture you will find success and failure side by side. There is no census of success as such; failure leaves a record.

But what are we proving? If we had all the specific facts, and could so manage and weigh them as to be able to say the condition of agriculture is good or bad, that would mean only good or bad in relation to something else. A thing is not good or bad in relation to itself alone. So you come back to the relative position of agriculture. There at once you begin to generalize from statistics.

Question: Is its position better or worse in relation to industry? Answer: It is better than it was in 1900 and worse than it was in 1919. Question: But which of these relations was the normal one? And so you go on.

Take it more simply. Begin with the fact that the command of the industrial population over goods—that is to say, its buying power—has recently increased faster than that of the agricultural population. This is not disputed as a fact. There is really no point in disputing about it. If it were not so, the agricultural population would still wish to increase its buying power; if it were not so, industry, for the reasons already given, would still wish the buying power of agriculture to increase, just as it wishes the buying power of the industrial population to increase. It needs wider and wider markets for manufactured goods.

So here is perfect agreement. Agriculture and industry both are anxious that the buying power of agriculture shall be raised. How can it be raised?

There disagreement begins. It is the farmer's opinion that if his prices are raised by artificial means, as by a McNary-Haugen law, his buying power necessarily will rise. It is the opinion of industry that merely to increase agricultural prices will not in the outcome increase the farmer's buying power; it will produce only turmoil and inflation. It is the opinion of industry that in demanding a law to raise agricultural prices the farmer is doing what organized labor at first and for so long mistakenly did. That was to demand more money for its time, regardless of its productivity as labor.

Here rises the distinction between money wages and real wages. If throughout the whole of industry money wages were suddenly doubled, with no increase in the product of divisible wealth per man, the buying power of the industrial population would not have been increased at all, except perhaps for a few days. Clearly prices would rise to absorb the increase in the volume of money to be spent for the same quantity of actual things as before, and so real wages, meaning the wage earner's command over things, would be again as it was.

There was a right way to raise wages—real wages. That way was to increase the productivity of the wage earner. The wage earner could not do this for himself. Industry could do it for him. At first it had to do it in spite of him, for he did not understand the principle. He was thinking politics. What industry did was to impose upon the man a better method, put in his hand a quicker tool, then set him in a chain of activity where he was obliged to produce more or lose his step. Thus was established in industry what may be called a régime of compulsory prosperity. Labor saw it presently It has formally declared its understanding of the principle that only by increasing the product of divisible wealth per man can real wages be increased at all.

The buying power of the agricultural part of the population has not fallen The buying power of the industrial part of the population has risen. That is what has happened. And the reason why the buying power of the industrial population has risen faster than that of the agricultural population is this—that of the things to be exchanged for the farmer's product the industrial worker produces more per man per hour than ever before.

Only in that way can the buying power of agriculture be permanently increased.

What industry could do for the wage earner, in spite of him at first, it cannot do for the farmer. It can provide him with quicker tools, and stands ready to do so. It has invented and perfected them. It cannot make the farmer use them. It can only make it possible for him to buy them, which it does by offering him such terms of credit as will enable him to make them pay for themselves. It cannot impose scientific method upon the farmer. It cannot set him in a chain of activity where to keep step he will be obliged to produce more per man per hour per acre. The farmer is not a wage earner. He makes his own step. If he will quicken it to the pace of industry, his costs will fall, his hours of labor will shorten and his profits will rise.

Economic Idiocy

Nothing new needs to be discovered or learned. For a hundred years—with fluctuations, of course—the farmer's curve of cost has been falling and the curve of his profit has been rising. But in industry, especially in the past ten years, the product of divisible wealth per man has increased much faster than in agriculture. The economic inequality so bitterly complained of as a matter demanding political redress arises so largely from this one fact that all other causes are relatively unimportant.

Fortunately, as it happens, the great staple crops that get agriculture into trouble, such as cotton, wheat and corn, of which we produce an exportable surplus, are the crops that lend themselves to methods of intensity and power. The problem is not the price; it is how to reduce the cost of production to a point at which we can afford to sell the surplus at the world price, whatever that is. If we cannot do this, then we should be wiser to send the land back to forest, limit production to our own needs, straightforwardly subsidize it as a matter of national policy, and give up the export trade. No device for raising the home price to offset the loss of exporting the surplus will abolish the fact that to sell away your surplus for less than the cost of producing it is a kind of economic idiocy.

The greatest disservice of all to the farmer is to misrepresent to him the facts of his own case; the second greatest is to persuade him that facts can be abolished by legislation.

Taking wheat for the illustration, suppose we did subsidize the growing of it for domestic needs only. We should have also to limit the quantity. Then what of the disemployed excess of farm population? There you come out at the same place as before, with only the difference of having turned a natural economic difficulty into an artificial political problem.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

eat very many, after the first ones, but it's such a joy to see them grow, and they do look so decorative—right behind your ear! . . . There, you got it—no, it's on your forehead! I can't imagine where it came from. . . .

I've ordered a lot of those cute little tomato plants, and I'm going to put about two dozen there, on your wrist! No, don't slap, just put your finger tip down gently, and you can always hit them. . . . I'm sowing cucumbers back there, so they can run on the chicken wire, for I think the leaves look perfectly poisonous? Really? It must be because you scratch them; they don't swell if you let them alone and don't keep thinking about them. . . . I shan't try onions again, for they won't thrive in this sand, and they're not worth your lovely new stockings! I'm so sorry, but you ought to have switched them off with your handkerchief, instead of slapping. . . .

Over here I've put string beans, for they'll grow in an exposed place like the back of your neck! Hold still no, it's gone! Shake your skirt, dear; I've read somewhere that navy blue attracts them, and I guess it's true. Imagine their getting up under your sleeve—isn't that too funny! The land breeze must have brought a few. . . . Now, shall we go and sow some nasturtiums in the front border, or would it be more fun just to rake the yard and trim the shrubbery? . . . What? Go in the house? Why certainly, Margaret, if you wish to do so, this lovely day. . . . Yes, the witch hazel is in the bathroom, and the baking soda is in the kitchen. . . . Why, of course, my dear, I want you to do just as you like, but I thought we were going to have such a lovely afternoon in the garden!

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

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SIMMONS TRADE MARK CHAINS

The Simmons Seal is a Simmons Chain

SKYSCRAPERS

(Continued from Page 23)

His interest strayed from the obvious gaudiness, the tricked-up splendor of the spectacle, once he had gathered in with his comprehensive glance the monotony of nakedness, the blast of color and tune. A few handsome legs and not bad knee action. But he'd seen just as good if not better on Broadway. Besides, he didn't understand the French jokes. They were the kind you sniggered at, and he preferred a good hearty laugh.

The Patterson girl was a beauty. She sat in her box with a royal aloofness, her expression misted over as if her thoughts were far away. Her father sat behind her, a short bald little man of choleric complexion and a bulge to his shirt front. He kept fidgeting and moving in his seat. Nerves. His gaze never left the prancing knees, the waving plumes of the ladies on the stage. J. P. knew a thing or two about Patterson's life since his wife died. Hard on the girl.

"She won't look at me," said the young man at last in a dismal voice. "We only scrapped this afternoon, you know."

"Don't you worry. She'll come round. They always do." J. P.'s tone was kindly.

"I'm not so sure. She's obstinate, Sally is."

In silence they saw the act through. Mr. Gray sighed as the curtain fell. "Think I ought to go and speak to her? I certainly need a drink."

"When I was your age if I wanted to talk to a girl I went and did it," said J. P. "And if she gave me the cold shoulder I found another girl." There was a time, though, he remembered, when he had been almost as miserable as the discouraged young man by his side. A pert pretty thing the girl had been who led him on and turned him down. J. P.'s fancy wandered back to a moonlit night on a porch. Katydids, and frogs thrumming in the pond, and the smell of flowers. He remembered how he had risen from the steps of the porch and strolled to the gate, never looking back.

"Come on; I guess we both need a drink." He was stiff from sitting in a cramped position.

"I won't go near her," the young man loudly declared, rising to offer the Patterson party a clear view of his elegant person. The girl did not turn her head.

In the lobby café they found a small table from where they could watch the drift of groups. An orchestra burst into noise that went with the crude lights and surrounding movement. J. P. took it all in, sipping his whisky and soda. His fleshy, highly colored face in repose was mild, benevolent, the white mass of his hair added distinction. He liked to look at the people, to wonder where they came from, what their business was. It came over him now, as sometimes it did, how hard he had worked, how grimly he had forged ahead, starting as the apprentice of a carpenter in a little Connecticut town. Nothing soft about his life. Why, when he was this boy's age, he was traveling through the West selling scissors, dreaming and planning ahead to the day when he'd be his own master. He'd never had any advantages except those he obtained for himself. Books, pictures, music—things he hadn't time for. And here was this boy ——

"What was the row between you and your girl?" he asked abruptly.

The young man became animated. "Nothing at all, really. We were practically engaged until this afternoon, when I took Sally to see my last picture. It's being exhibited, you know, in a gallery on the Rue des Saints-Pères. They put it in the window too. I thought Sally would be pleased. But you never can tell what a girl's going to think," he went on discontentedly. "She gave one look at it, and then she told me all the things she said she'd always meant to tell me. She hasn't an idea about art. I wouldn't stand for it, of course. And so—well, I kind of lost my temper. And she got in a taxi and drove off leaving me standing there. I tell you, I was sore."

Over his glass, J. P. gave his gifted friend a sardonic glance. "I'm beginning to admire that girl."

Mr. Gray smiled wryly. "I expect it was too modern for her—the way I treated it, I mean. It was a picture of a man and woman sitting at a café. She said they looked as if they'd escaped from the morgue. She said it was the most ghastly thing she'd ever seen, and that any man who tried to earn his living doing such things ought to be chloroformed."

"She was damn right" was J. P.'s reply.

"Funny thing about art," sighed the young man, not in the least offended. "It makes you feel like a god or a worm. Usually I'm not sure which I am. I don't mind confessing though," he leaned back in his chair and lit his fourth cigarette, "when Sally finished with me I was the worm. Let's have another drink. We've just time. I think I'm going to get tight tonight."

He waited, moodily eying the passing women, until the waiter had placed a second round of whisky and soda before them. "An artist," he said, lifting his glass, "ought to give up everything for his work. Sacrifice everyone, you know. The creative thing ought to be greater than any human element. Of course you can be married and all that. But you ought to feel free to leave if your work's suffering because you're getting too domestic or something. I'd hate," he said more slowly, "to hurt Sally if I married her."

"Stuff and nonsense," J. P. rapped out. "You can't tell me a man can't paint a picture without neglecting his wife."

"I agree with you," the young man said earnestly. "But there are times when any woman gets on a man's nerves. He has to be alone to think things out. I don't suppose it's only artists ——"

"You bet it isn't." Absent-mindedly J. P. took out his file and began on his nails. Times enough when he had come home tired and cross and wanted to be let alone. Couldn't get rid of Fanny. Had to dine with her, sit with her in the parlor after dinner, sleep beside her. Fanny waiting for him when she heard his key in the lock of the front door. Trotting after him when he went up to wash his hands. Trotting downstairs after him. Following him into the dining room, into the parlor, into the bedroom. Suppose he didn't have Fanny! When you got old and were alone and no one cared what happened—then what?

A bell was ringing. People were flocking back to their seats.

"Shall we go?" the boy asked, gloomily finishing his drink. "I suppose you think I'm a total loss?"

J. P. sat on for a moment watching faces pass. Faces lifted and lit by the hour. Faces of women that seemed to flow into each other, white and pink and smiling. He rose with a sudden briskness. "You're not a total anything. That's the trouble with you."

"Thank you, sir." The young man stood, courteously allowing J. P. to precede him.

Not once during the act did he look toward the Patterson box. J. P. saw the girl turn her small head with its boyish cut of light wavy hair. Her poise seemed less assured. Once she gave a little half smile, half bow in their direction. Before the act was over she leaned back to whisper to her father. He nodded, and with a final hard stare at a boudoir setting and a troop of girls costumed as powder puffs, got up to help his guest, the fat lady, into her cloak.

This time there was no mistake. Miss Patterson stood, her white wrap loosely about her, looking over the heads of strangers toward the young man.

J. P. touched his arm. "Say, your girl's going"

"Let her," muttered Mr. Gray. His indifference lasted only a moment, but when he did glance up it was too late. The Pattersons had gone.

III

J. P. HAD been to Montmartre before. He had been there sedately with his wife. He had been there with business acquaintances who, after a few bottles of wine, grew sly and playful, winking and nodding at girls, lowering their voices to tell little stories. He'd gone there, because after dinner and a theater it seemed the obvious thing for a man of affairs to do in Paris. But he had never had such a good time as he proceeded to have now, guided and companioned by the young man whose sentimental mood had given way to an infectious gayety.

There wasn't, J. P. reflected with growing admiration, a single head waiter, waiter, *sommelier*, or member of the jazz orchestras who didn't appear to be as a brother to his light-hearted young friend. And talk about dancing! Why, you couldn't beat the boy!

At Florida he danced the tango with a sinuous young woman who invited herself to share their Lanson, 1911. At the Abbaye he fox-trotted with a plump blonde while J. P., entering into a spirit of carnival, hurled handfuls of small white cotton balls at his surrounding flushed compatriots. He liked it there and would have stayed on, but the boy dragged him off to Palerme, where he picked up an American girl for the Charleston.

J. P. watched him benevolently. Smart youngster. Pity he didn't amount to more. Take a boy like that and give him a chance; put him back in his proper environment back home. Wasting his time on all that art stuff. The Patterson girl was right. His eyes grew thoughtful as he watched the young man's dexterous movements on the crowded floor.

He was beginning to feel a little lonely, a little old, a little left out of it. Watch the smiles running around all red and curly, the hundred-franc notes blowing onto plates, blowing off into the *caissière's* drawer. Watch the feet twisting in, twisting out, toe-and-heel jigging, pawing, scraping. Loose shoulders, loose bodies moving in the very center of sound, as if the small sweet melodies, fattened on thick notes, tricked up in the grotesque finery of variations, caparisoned like clowns, went bounding, whirling, clashing brass around the crowded room. Having a gay old time? Oh, well, not really—not so much. Pretending to, because if you stay out all night and spend a lot of money you have to get something out of it, don't you? He'd dance, too, if he knew those steps. Learn 'em. What's the use? Too old.

"Now we're going to the Grand Ecart." The boy was back again at the table, a bit mauve under the eyes and moist of forehead. "You're not fed up, sir?"

"I guess not." J. P. lumbered to his feet, trudged out onto the street, where in a tangle of taxis and lights shady beggars sidled and husky doormen presided over an exchange of coin. The night of stars was moving toward dawn in the cool remote hush of sky. Paris hummed and whispered.

"Let's walk." The young man looked rather white and weary in the glare of night lights. "I'm having a knock-out time—aren't you?" But his gayety seemed a trifle forced.

J. P. took off his black felt hat. His white hair gleamed, his face was darkly red. He walked with the light sure steps of a powerful man. At a street corner he stopped. "I've had enough."

The young man paused beside him. "We can't go home yet," he coaxed. "Listen, I know what we'll do. You let me ——" He signaled a taxi, shoved J. P. into it, spoke rapidly to the chauffeur.

They drew in breaths of the sweet cool air as they sped along down the hill of

(Continued on Page 84)

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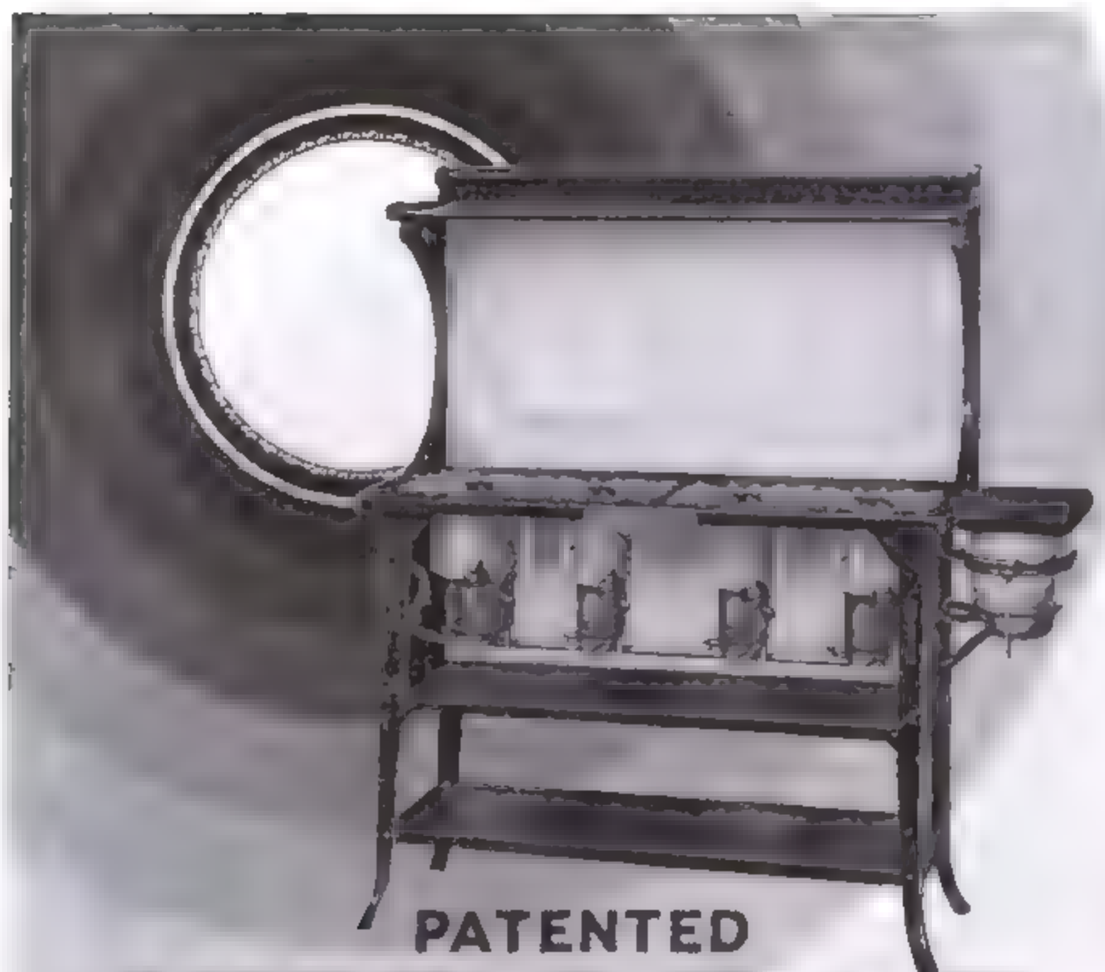

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Kerogas Burners mean time and labor saved; they offer the clean, hot flame of a gas range combined with the economy of 400 parts air to one part kerosene.

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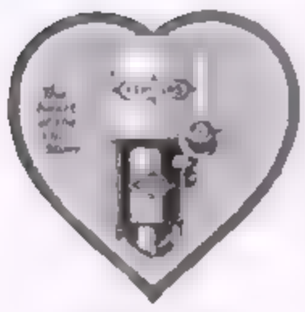

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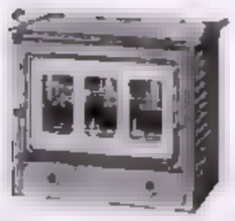

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(Continued from Page 82)

Montmartre, past the Opéra, past the great enchanted palace of the Louvre. Under the deepening sky the pale line of the Champs-Élysées swept up to the phantom Arch penciled against the horizon. Presently the taxi swung to the left along the banks of the Seine and came to a stop beside the Pont des Arts. Across the way the dome of the Institut brooded.

In silence they got out. The taxi throbbed off into the stillness. For a while J. P. stood leaning his elbows on the parapet of the bridge staring down at the slow thick river.

"I sort of feel you haven't worked things out quite straight," he said at last.

The boy didn't answer at once. He, too, was staring down at the river. "How do you mean—not straight?" It was almost a reluctant question when it came.

J. P. wasn't sure that he wanted to go on. He wanted to think first before he did any talking at this hour. The restless stirring of his own unspent wistfulness blended in with the fool kid by his side. He was conscious of the softness of his mood. Everything around him was soft, magical in the dawn.

He wondered a little sadly if he were missing anything; if the message of this foreign city were passing him by. Suppose he did give up his business to come over here. Could he ever be satisfied?

Small bright pictures of his pleasant house flashed before him: Of broad porches and homely windows looking out on well-kept lawns. He heard again the homely sounds of lawn mowers and the familiar chug and hum of his neighbors' cars coming and going at familiar hours. He thought of his keen hard days and the leisurely evening stroll in his garden among the flowers he loved. Instinctively he reached in his pocket for his last remaining cigar. The scrape of a match in that still air somehow reasserted his identity.

The young man seemed to have forgotten his question. "You can't beat it. Look at those colors." He spoke in a low, rapturous voice. His gesture framed a picture already painted—Henry IV gallantly riding on the Pont-Neuf, the little garden jutting out below, the long lines of the Louvre on the left, all delicately etched against a sky of apricot and green. "Is there anything like it anywhere?"

J. P. wheeled around, huge and heavy in the hushed light. "Ever seen a skyscraper at dawn?" he asked abruptly.

The young man shook his head.

"Why, you haven't seen anything then," J. P. said dreamily. "Why, just looking up at 'em, they make you feel what we're all after, what we're all working for. You feel like climbing and grabbing the sun right off from their shoulders. They're giants writing on the sky. And let me tell you, young fellow, the man who can't read what they write don't amount to much. Not that I'm running down this"—he waved toward the old stone Quais, the Louvre. "It's beautiful. The world's the better for it. But it's happened already. Get me? It's what's going to happen that we're interested in, because it's part of our business. And our business isn't only making money. It's seeing farther ahead and higher up than the other fellow, and then telling him to come on. Skyscrapers, now, at dawn. They teach you something you don't know. They help ——"

"But you're talking like a poet!" the young man cried.

"Poet—rot!" But he was rather pleased at being called a poet. It wasn't as if he didn't appreciate this dawn on the Pont des Arts. It was an experience he wouldn't have missed, a picture he would retain. He'd like to do something for the boy who had so spontaneously contributed toward the picture.

Hold your horses, J. P. Not too fast. He thought for a moment, his thick eyebrows drawn together, his gray eyes harder and brighter as they rested on the mobile face of his companion, who was once more rapt in contemplation of the view.

"You think you're a hell of an artist, don't you?" He spoke with intentional harshness. "Honestly now, what d'you think you're worth? I'll take your word for it. Would you call yourself a genius?"

The young man looked up, startled. "Good Lord, no." Under the probing gaze of those gray eyes his head drooped. He beat a nervous tattoo on the pavement with his Malacca stick. "We can't all be geniuses," he said defiantly. "There are lots of ——"

"Too many of 'em," J. P. cut in. There was a bench near by. He marched over to it and sat down, fastening his coat, for the morning air was cool. Mentally, he projected himself behind his large solid desk in his private office at home. Mentally, he leaned his elbows on that impressive piece of mahogany; massively crouched over it, his keen, measuring eyes never leaving the youthful figure that stood now erectly in front of him. In that silence he could almost hear the busy clicking of typewriters, the whir of bells, the distant rustle and drone of affairs pursuing their routine.

His cigar had gone out. The young man made a gesture as if to offer him the lighter, but he waved it away. "If I'd had a boy like you," he said slowly, "I tell you what I would have said to him: 'Do anything, be anything you damn please, son, but be it and do it well. If you want to be a fiddler, go ahead—only see that you work and get to the top of your profession. Same thing if you want to be a painter, or if you want to make a lot of dew-dabs to stick around people's homes. You've got to be even bigger as an artist, son'—I'd say to him—'you've got to be bigger as an artist than as a business man, because it takes real guts to be the kind of artist you'd have to be to justify yourself to me. It takes more, believe me, than just loafing around and thinking fancy thoughts. It takes what it takes to get anywhere in this world: Good hard work and plenty of it—and something more—something born in you. See? And if you can't do it, if art means to you just an excuse for second-rate sloppy rubbish and idleness, then I tell you ——.'"

He rose from the bench, jabbing a forefinger at the boy. "Well, I'd say: 'Go out and build chicken coops, and build 'em better than anyone else. And keep on building 'em until you're the champion chicken cooper of the world.' Now you're a stranger to me"—he went on—"it's none of my business what you do. But—well, you've been mighty kind showing me around town tonight and I've certainly appreciated it. And I'd like to do what I can. Understand?"

"It's you who've been decent, sir," the young man interrupted. "I can't begin to tell you ——"

"That's all right. I don't often get a chance to talk to young fellows," J. P. continued in his deliberate manner. "I'm too busy back home, and they're too busy—those who amount to anything. I'm guessing you're not so different from our boys as you'd like to think you are. That's why I'm going to say to you, supposing—mind you, I'm only supposing ——" His hand fell in a kind, firm grip on the boy's shoulder. "Supposing you were to pack up and just hop on a boat next week and come home. Wait a moment—wait a moment now"—for the young man's instinctive movement was unmistakable.

J. P.'s expression grew stern. His hold tightened on the boy's shoulder. "Supposing you were to walk into my office—let's see—it's the sixteenth today—well, some day around the end of the month, I might—mind you, I might, for the sake of a certain young lady you know—offer you a job. Oh, nothing to get excited about. Say forty dollars a week to begin with. You'd start at the bottom, you understand? I don't play any favorites in my factories."

"You mean really go back for good? Give up Paris? Give up art?" The young man's voice trembled. He turned his head to look at the Quais shining in the early light.

(Continued on Page 87)

They have learned the way to keep *the radiant* MOUTH of YOUTH

THE dazzling whiteness of your teeth, the healthy hardness of your gums are lovely charms of youth.

You can have them always if you keep your mouth glands active. For these are the real guardians of the whole mouth. They should be supplying day and night the fluids which neutralize acids and prevent decay.

But these important mouth glands slow up.

Modern diet, with its soft, easily swallowed foods, restricts the natural fluids which the mouth glands should produce. Without hard chewing to exercise them, your mouth glands falter. Even in childhood, discoloration and decay begin, gums start to soften.

To correct this, Pebeco was especially perfected. Its principal ingredient renews the normal action of the mouth glands, keeps them vigorous day and night. You can taste the important substance in Pebeco that does this. As you brush your teeth, you get its sharp keen tang, its slightly salty taste, gloriously clean!

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Where the mouth glands begin to slow up even in childhood . . .

Often before we reach our teens, soft foods have caused the mouth glands to produce less and less of their natural fluids. Gradually they cease to wash away food deposits, to counteract day and night acids forming in the mouth.

Pebeco contains the special ingredient that restores the normal youthful vigor of the mouth glands, renewing each day the smiling, healthy Mouth of Youth. The numbers show where the mouth glands are, three on each side.

How brilliant, how enchanting you seem to others now!

Your gleaming smiles, your joyous laughter, win the admiration of all who know you. You know you are more charming when you have used Pebeco.

"Pebeco is more than a tooth paste," so many users say. "It is necessary to perfect and complete care of the whole mouth. Its very taste is assurance of its help and protection."

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Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
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PEBECO *keeps the Mouth Glands Young*

"and . . . I promise to keep that schoolgirl complexion"

Thousands are doing it through this simple rule in natural skin care, followed in this way:

WHEN tempted to "try" an unproved soap, remember before Palmolive came, women were told, "use no soap on your faces." Soaps then were judged too harsh.

Blended of rare cosmetic oils, and made solely for *one* purpose, to safeguard your complexion, Palmolive has largely changed the beauty methods of the world.

Use it according to the rule printed in the text at the right. Note the difference that comes.

Retail Price 10c

J441

WOMEN used to lose the priceless charm of youth, then struggle everlastingly to regain it. *Today, by following natural and proved ways in skin care, they keep it.*

Start by avoiding the use of unproved ways on your skin. A good complexion is too priceless for experiment. You can retain natural charm and freshness through the years simply by taking ordinary precautions with your skin.

Foremost skin specialists of the world recommend soap and water cleansing as the first rule in skin care. Leading beauty experts employ it. Results are proved on every side. Try it—it will do much for you.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

(Continued from Page 84)

J. P. nodded, slowly releasing his grip. "That's exactly what I mean. Oh, I guess you could paint a picture for the parlor now and then after work hours if you weren't too doggone tired, or if your wife didn't want you to take her out somewhere."

"You think Sally ——" The young man broke off abruptly, went over to the railing of the bridge and stood there looking and looking toward the statue of Henry IV on the Pont Neuf

J. P. took out his watch, snapped it open, snapped it shut. Three hours before the boat train left. He sat down again on the bench, carefully took out his little red-leather notebook, turned to the twenty-fifth of the month, and wrote in his small neat script: "Donald Gray." Then he reached for his nail file. Give the boy ten minutes. Perhaps he was an old meddling fool. Hoped the boy had it in him. Hoped so. Nice girl. She'd stick, by George, if she took him on. Nothing to this art stuff. Never get anywhere. Didn't you? What about those starved moments when he himself had craved some beauty within, not knowing how to get at it, how to materialize and use it? What about these past months when he had felt the years slipping under and away from him; when that restlessness had come upon him, those strange urgent dreams of which sometimes he was ashamed? Who could tell where the nice balance of life lay, how much you could spend in achievement without losing sight of the fair fragile things of the spirit? Skyscrapers at dawn. J. P. closed his eyes. When he opened them the boy was coming toward him very slowly.

J. P. got up from the bench. "Well?" He sounded hard and brisk. A busy man. No time to stand here fooling. Got to pack. Got to pay hotel bills.

"I can't do it. I can't give up everything I believe in." The young man's blue eyes were a little wild. He flung out his arm as if appealing to the old buildings, to the old river flowing under the bridges. "It's this—it's got me. I'm a fool all right. Don't I know it? Don't I just?" His voice rose. "And don't you think I'm not realizing what a chance you're offering me. It's darn decent of you. It's ——"

"Suit yourself," J. P. snapped at him. Color flamed high in his face. His eyes were fiercely gray. "I'll say good-by." Without offering his hand, he stalked off, humping his big shoulders under his coat. Young whippersnapper. Not worth another thought. Served him right for staying up all night, drinking a lot more wine than was good for him, dawdling on this fool bridge when he ought to be back in his hotel. Not worth ——

Footsteps running after him. "You're not going like this, sir."

He whirled around. "There's nothing more to say, is there? You know what's best for you. But are you sure"—his hand shot out, his forefinger pointing—"sure you're not staying on just to have an easy time of it? Getting mushy in the name of art. Losing your girl because you haven't the nerve to keep her, Art!" He glowered at the young man, his large head thrust forward.

"I'm not sure of anything," the boy faltered. He stood a moment, his hand over his eyes. Then suddenly he burst out, "You've seen through me! That's what you've done! You're right. I'll never be a great artist. I'm just so soaked through with it all over here, that I haven't the strength to get away. I've seen it happen to lots of other fellows. We come over here to study, and it's all so different—so kind of easy if we want to take it that way. We think we're the grand little artists, while we're just going to pot. We do an awful lot of talking. I've talked my head off tonight. But when you come right down to it, one in a hundred gets away with it. And that's the one who goes home before it's too late. Don't you think I know it?" he cried bitterly. "I never wanted to face it before. I'm comfortable here ——"

"Yeah, you look it," drawled J. P. But there was a less wintry light in his gray eyes. After all, the kid was stuffed with fancy notions. Not entirely his fault. "Say, do you care for that girl?"

"Sally? Why, I just adore her. Why, I'd ——"

"Well, what would you?" J. P. threw back at him. Ignoring the youth's helpless gesture, he waved him into silence, while with the precision of long training, neatly, swiftly, he considered the matter. "Look here," he said. "Why not put it up to her? Girls have a way of knowing what's good for a fellow. I remember a time when I had an important business decision to make. I was engaged to Mrs. Peter at the time. I asked her advice." His smile illuminated his large florid face. "I wouldn't be where I am today if I hadn't taken it. Now I'd like to hear your girl's opinion." He drew out his watch once more. "Come on. Let's ask her."

"But you're sailing. And we can't—it's too early ——" The young man looked dazed as if someone had him by the elbow and were pushing him along faster than he could go.

"It's never too early," J. P. briskly retorted. "Sometimes it's too late. Now I'm willing to give you another hour of my time." There was a warning note of impatience in his voice. "Where does she live?"

"The Plaza-Athénée," the boy stammered. "But she won't receive us at this ——"

"If she doesn't, that's your answer." J. P. took the unwilling young man by the arm and propelled him along to the steps of the bridge. Darn the young fool, he should have his chance in spite of himself. "Here—you!"—he signaled to a taxi.

"Well, of course, I ——" The boy's voice sank to a murmur as he followed J. P. into the taxi. Suddenly he turned around in his seat and gripped J. P.'s hand. "Say, it's fine of you, Mr. Peter. I'll be grateful to you all my life, no matter what I —— Why, my own father wouldn't have done this. Why, I can't ever ——"

"Nothing to thank me for yet," grunted J. P. But he liked the way the boy said that. His own father wouldn't have done as much, eh? Well, now, if he and Fanny had had a boy ——

They drove on in silence.

IV

"THEY'LL never let us through," the boy said nervously.

"I'd like to see them stop me." J. P. strode past the drowsy man at the desk. "What floor?"

"They've a suite on the third." Young Gray hugged his Malacca stick, swaggering into the lift behind J. P.'s imposing figure.

"Third. And make it snappy." J. P. fingered a five-franc note. The boy made it snappy.

"There—the first door to the left," the young man whispered. "We're in luck. Here's Mary—Sally's maid, you know. Good morning, Mary." He attempted heartiness. Mary stared at the two men.

J. P. drew out his wallet, from which, musingly, he extracted a fifty-franc note. "Now, Mary," he said, "we're going into the parlor and you're going to call your mistress. Tell her it's important. Tell her she's got to see us. Understand?"

Mary eyed the fifty francs. "Miss Sally got back very late, sir. I don't think ——"

J. P.'s hand flicked out to meet Mary's. "This the parlor?" He brushed by her, opening the door, and for so heavy a man, walked noiselessly and lightly across the threshold. "Hurry up now." He sounded a note of authority. Mary hurried.

The young man fretted about the large pleasant room. A clock struck six thin strokes. J. P. took up a fat volume of memoirs from the center table and fingered the pages. He was beginning to feel a little anxious himself. They certainly had their nerve coming here. Suppose the girl ——

The door on the right opened and she appeared. She wore some kind of soft white thing trimmed with swan's-down, and you would never have thought she hadn't had all her beauty sleep and a lot more besides. She looked very young and startled as she paused in the doorway, staring from one man to another.

"Why, Donald! What on earth ——" And then taking in their evening array, a little crumpled in the morning light, her eyes narrowed, her lips drew together.

J. P. bowed courteously, his large black hat in his hand—a massive arresting figure whose hair gleamed whiter in the light from the window.

The boy rushed across the room. "I know it's too awful, Sally, to get you out of bed and everything at this hour. But my friend—this is Mr. John Peter—is leaving Paris this morning and he ——"

The girl ignored the introduction. She held her small head very high and there was the lash of scorn in her low voice. "You must be drunk to do such a thing, Donald."

"No." J. P. moved quietly forward, his gray eyes steadily fixed on the girl's blue ones that widened and grew less scornful as she met his look. "I kind of hope you'll forgive us, Miss Sally, when you hear the circumstances."

"I don't quite see how they can concern me." The girl's tone was clear and hard.

"I understood ——" J. P. began.

"Oh, please, Sally, please!" the young man begged. "Listen just a moment. We've been up all night, and ——"

"You look it." The blue eyes were livelier, and the faint foreshadowing of a smile altered the curve of her full red lips.

"Well, now, it's this way," J. P. suddenly took command. His manner was fatherly, genial, but there was a crispness about him, too, which the girl seemed to realize and recognize, for she turned to him gravely.

"I've spent a pleasant evening with our young friend here," J. P. addressed her directly. "Round about dawn, though, we got into a little argument, and we'd like you to settle it for us. I'd like to ask you"—his look grew keener, more penetrating—"what d'you think of this young fellow's prospects as an artist?"

This time Sally smiled—a roguish, charming smile. "I'd hate to tell you."

J. P. stroked his chin, glancing at the young man. "What would you say then if there was a real job waiting for him back home—in a tool factory?"

"I'd say," was the girl's prompt reply, "that it was the best thing that could ever happen to him." Her expression had grown serious again. She turned her clear intent gaze from J. P. to the boy. "Is there, Donald?"

"Yes, Sally, if I want it. But do I?" He flung out his hands as if entreating her to tell him that he didn't. "Think what it means. Breaking faith with myself. Admitting I'm beaten."

She thought this over before slowly answering, "On the contrary, it's refusing to be beaten. It's harder for you to go than to stay, isn't it? Then, don't you see, you're stronger if you go."

"You don't believe in me!" the young man cried bitterly. "After all our talks and everything. I thought you cared more for my ambitions. I thought you wanted me to be an artist, and ——"

"I did when I thought you —— Oh, dear, it's hard to be frank." She turned again to J. P., who nodded his understanding. "You see"—she paused, a troubled little frown drawing her brows together—"it's just because his standards are so high. I hate to think he can be satisfied with—oh, dear—with what he is. Don't look at me that way, Donald. You know as well as I do that you're drifting. Why, you've changed in the last few months. You talk the greatest lot of drivel. You hang around those cafés in Montparnasse drinking beer all night and talking and talking. You go to these modern exhibitions and pretend you understand, when you don't. You get mad at me when I tell you the truth. You can't even paint a convincing cow. You can't

(Continued on Page 89)

Some day you will try Dixon's "Ti-con-der-oga". As soon as you have written one word you will say—"That is the pencil for me!"

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Buy a package of Post Toasties at the grocer's or send for a free test package. Shower some of the crisp, brown flakes into a bowl, then add milk or cream. See how the flavor and the crispness last to the final flake in the bottom of the bowl.

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(Continued from Page 87)

decorate a convincing kitchen, and, anyway, a kitchen doesn't want to be decorated. You're all muddled with these ideas. You're not convinced yourself, that's why. I can't help it; I've got to tell you what I think." She stood very straight and tall in the soft white gown, her thin little nostrils quivering, her mouth firmer in curve.

"You don't know what you're talking about!" the young man hotly retorted. "I thought you had more intelligence. I thought ——"

"Here—slow down." J. P. stepped forward. "You asked for it, didn't you? I guess you've forgotten a few of the things you said to me yourself on that bridge."

Mr. Gray, with a despondent gesture, turned his back and strode over to the window. The girl hesitated, then followed him.

J. P. chuckled and slyly consulted his watch. Not wrong in his estimate of that girl. She was a winner, by George. He strolled over to the table, picked up the volume of memoirs. Give 'em time to fight it out.

Whispers; voices raised. "But you said ——"

"I know I did. But if you'll only ——"

"Donald, listen, I do understand. But I do think ——"

J. P. glanced at them over his book. The girl's bright wavy hair was very close to the boy's sleek blond head. They had forgotten him, he thought a little ruefully. No reason why they shouldn't stand there arguing all day. No reason why he shouldn't tiptoe out and leave them. If the boy turned up in a few weeks, all right. Bet you he would. Bet you. Bet ——

"You're just scared and lazy," the girl's clear voice rang out.

And then the door opposite was flung open, and Patterson, short, bald and choleric, in a majestic blue-brocade dressing gown, stalked in.

"What's all this?" he snapped. "What are you doing here, Gray? And who, sir, are you?" His small eyes glowered at J. P.

J. P. returned the mean look, but mildly. "We're calling on your daughter, Mr. Patterson."

"Then kindly consider your call at an end, sir."

The young man hurried forward eagerly, apologetically. "I'm sorry if we've disturbed you, Mr. Patterson. My friend, Mr. ——"

"Now, dad, please, Donald and I ——"

"The damndest piece of insolence I ever heard of," Mr. Patterson blustered, advancing into the room.

"I sympathize with your sentiments, sir." J. P.'s eyes twinkled. "But I'm leaving Paris in two hours. If you'll allow me ——" He drew out his wallet, hunting for a card.

"Your plans don't interest me," snarled the stout little man. "My daughter doesn't receive calls at this hour in the morning. Neither do I. Good day."

"It is a pleasant day." J. P. didn't take out his card. "Shall we sit down and talk things over?"

"There's nothing to talk over." Mr. Patterson threw off his daughter's restraining hand. "Only savages would presume to thrust themselves where they're not wanted. I'm astonished at you, Gray. Sally, go to your room."

"I won't. You're being just as rude as you can be." The girl faced her father, flashing and rebellious.

The young man went over to stand by J. P. "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't bring you here to be insulted."

"Insulted!" gasped Patterson. "Why, you impudent young ——"

"I said insulted," firmly repeated Mr. Gray. "You can try to kick me out if you want to, but I'll be hanged if I'll have you treat this gentleman like a housebreaker. He's my friend ——"

"Go to it, my boy," J. P. applauded.

The boy paid no attention to him. "He's gone to considerable trouble to come here," he went on, fixing the irate Patterson with a cold, menacing look. "If I ever amount to anything, it will be largely thanks to this early morning call. You haven't given us a chance to explain ——"

J. P. smiled at the girl, whose answering smile was a pact of friendship. "Mr. Patterson," he said, "I've put my bets on these two young people. I was a lonely stranger in Paris last night. Mr. Gray was kind enough to offer to show me the city. I can tell you he knows his way about. Well, we got to talking, and he told me he cared for your daughter. I'm no philanthropist running around the world giving Mark the Match Boy a chance. But I sort of got interested, and I ——"

"And what has that got to do with us?" Patterson rudely demanded. "I've no doubt Gray knows his Paris. That's hardly an inducement for me to welcome him into my family. I'm not interested in your interest in him. So if you'll kindly remove him and yourself from my salon I'll be greatly obliged."

"Dad, I won't have you act this way," the girl broke in. There was in her manner a suggestion of the hardness, the obstinacy of her father. "This is my business. The gentleman has offered Donald a job, and they came here to ask me if he should accept it. You always objected to Donald because he was an artist." Impetuously she turned to the young man. "And I tell you again, Donald, you'll have to decide this for yourself. But I think you're a washout as an artist. And I'd like to be shown what you can do with real work. If you have the courage to go home, I don't care what dad says, I'll believe in you and stand by you. So there."

"Sally, I forbid you ——" Mr. Patterson's feverish color was dying down, but his voice held anger and command. He draped his dressing gown more closely around him, fretting with the silken cord.

The young man crossed over and took both of Sally's hands.

"You're right, dear. I'm going back. And I ll do the best I can, I promise you. I don't know that I'm worth very much anyway," he said a little sadly. "I'll never be sure, you see, whether I could have won through or not ——"

"I'm sure," the girl told him.

"It was coming here and seeing you that made me feel that. I'd rather marry you, Sally, than ——"

"This is too much!" Patterson burst forth. "I'll not stand it! You won't marry my daughter. And you, sir"—he marched up to J. P. and wagged his finger at him—"you'll kindly understand that I won't tolerate this invasion any longer."

"Come, Mr. Peter, let's go. Sally, I'll telephone you later in the morning." The young man hooked his arm around J. P.'s. There was a new quality of dignity in his bearing.

"Wait a moment, son." J. P. was fumbling in his wallet. "I should have introduced myself before," he drawled, and thrust his card under Patterson's nose, who involuntarily glanced at it.

His expression underwent a comical change.

"John Peter! Great heavens, sir, why didn't you say so before!"

The boy dropped J. P.'s arm. "But I thought you knew ——"

"Know? How could I know?" fussed Patterson. "Well, well, Mr. John Peter, this is a pleasure, I'm sure! Well, well, to think of it."

"We've often been on the point of meeting." J. P.'s eyes twinkled.

"Sit down, sir—sit down! Sally, ring for some coffee."

"I'm afraid I haven't time. My bags aren't packed. I've got to shave and dress. My train ——"

"Dear Mr. Peter, please stay." The girl was beside him, beguiling, coaxing.

"Stay—of course he'll stay." Patterson bustled about the room. "So you've offered Donald a job, have you? His father will be delighted. . . . Ring that bell, Sally. . . . My bath is at your service, Mr. Peter. My valet can shave you, and then he can run over to your hotel and pack your valise. Plenty of time. There are one or two little things I'd like to talk over with you. Matter of fact, Smalley—you know Albert Smalley—was going to look you up one of these days. He's got a proposition he thinks might interest you. . . . This way—you'll find everything you need."

J. P. stood heavily in the middle of the room, holding on to his black felt hat. "Well, I ought to ——"

He wanted to stay. It was very bright and cheerful there, and the young people looked so very happy, and it might not be such a bad idea to have a little chat with old Patterson. Young Gray was smiling at him—nice boy.

"Well, I guess I will," said J. P.

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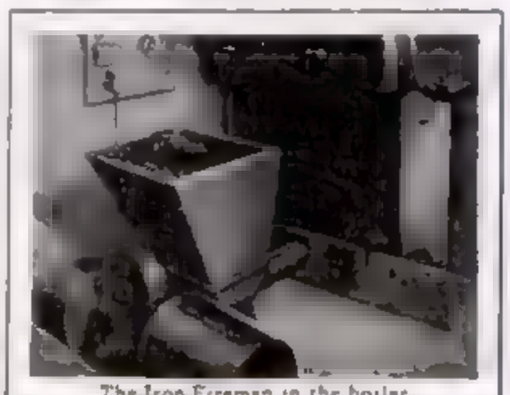
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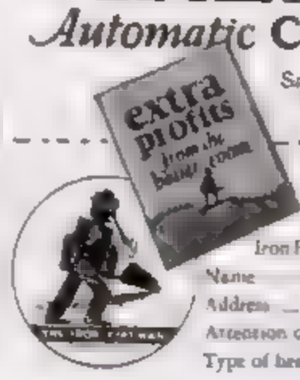

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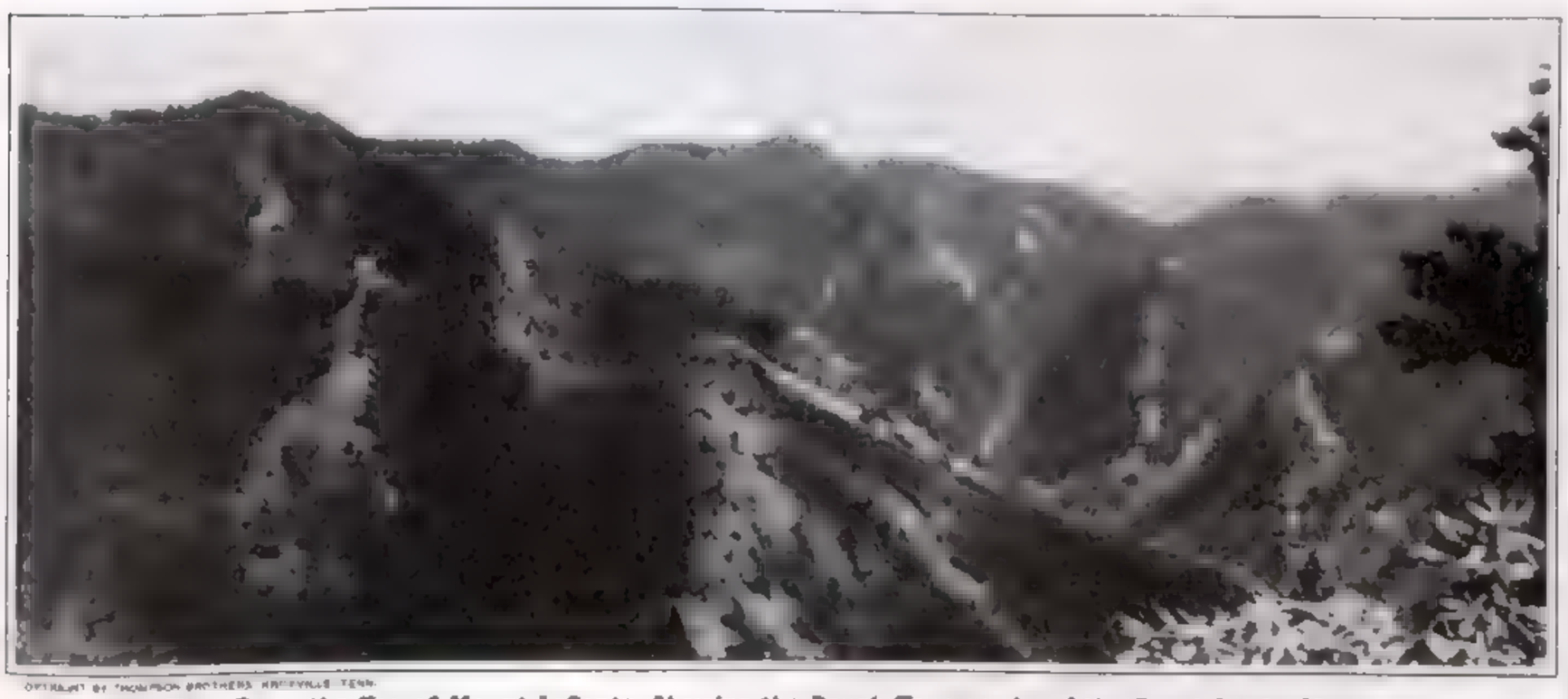

A View From the Top of Mount LeConte, Showing the Rough Topography of the Great Smoky Mountains

LOST ECSTASY

Continued from Page 5

when the train stopped to let the Eastern express pass like an explosion, she could hear the preparations for breakfast going on, the cook rattling pans in his cubicle and old William, who had been on the car since her grandfather's time, laying the table.

Once she even heard the shower bath going, and knew that either her father or Herbert was preparing for the day, taking advantage of the stop to do so. It was not easy to bathe on the train. There was a story that once old Lucius himself had been hurled *in puris naturalibus* out of the shower and into the corridor, and was only saved by his bulk from going through a window.

The water ran for a long time. That would be Herbert. He was frightfully neat and clean, was Herbert. In the new detachment that had been hers since she wakened, she considered Herbert, so tidy in mind and body, so well-mannered. Neat-mannered, she said to herself, and smiled over it. And, of course, that was something to be said for a young man who brushed his teeth every night before he went to bed.

Suppose she married him. After all, she would have to marry someone. She had played around long enough. She was twenty-three. "Mrs. Forrest—Mrs. Herbert Forrest," she said to herself, and did not dislike the sound of it.

Herbert was in love with her. She had known it for a long time, and Herbert knew she knew it. Even her father and mother knew it. She could almost have repeated their conversations about it.

"After all," her father would say, "the boy has character, and money isn't essential."

"But she could have done so much better if she only would."

"What do you mean—better? He comes of a respectable family; he's got no bad habits, and he's a worker. I can't stand those five-o'clock-tea johnnies who hang around her. Lot of idle young degenerates!"

It was only her Aunt Bessie who had objected to Herbert, and that with her usual frankness. "Personally I think he's a stuffed shirt," she said vulgarly. "If I had my life to live over again ——"

"Which you haven't!" said Henry.

"—— I would pick a man and not a rubber stamp," persisted Aunt Bessie, valiantly mixing her metaphors and ignoring the interruption. "Of course, if Kay cares for him, that's different. Do you?"

"I don't know," said Kay. "He's rather sweet, in a way."

"Oh, good heavens! So's a stick of candy!" had been Bessie's retort to that, and she had stuck a cigarette in a long jeweled holder and lighted it, and then wandered disdainfully out of the room.

For some time the train had been climbing through a dreary, desolate region. It was bleak, dry, incredibly broken and eroded. Save for the prairie dogs by the track, sitting up and yapping at the train, their small tails jerking as they squeaked, there was no life whatever—except once when she saw a dog. It ran a short distance, looking back over its shoulder, and then sat down on a hilltop and watched the passing monster. She did not know that it was a coyote. But it did begin to dawn on her that this was the eighty miles of bad land before one got to the river, and she became conscious of a certain excitement. One need not see the railroad and the water tanks; one could look beyond and watch that years-ago drama; and as if to complete her picture, she caught a glimpse of a lone horseman loping over the sagebrush. It was ugly, but it was beautiful too. It was strange and wonderful.

When Nora came in to help her dress she asked her if she liked it. "Like it?" said Nora. "It's the worst I've ever seen, Miss Kay. Not a tree! Nothing!"

She wandered out to breakfast. Her mother was already there, and Herbert, and old William had already pulled out her chair. William, who had been with her grandfather since the Mariposa had come, shiny and new, out of the railroad shops, and who had served the great men of his time when they had accompanied old Lucius to the West for bear and deer hunting in the daytime and poker games at night.

"'Morning, everybody," said Kay. "Well, William, we're almost there."

"Yes, miss," said William, grinning. "I shorely am glad to get back. . . . Grapefruit or melon, miss?"

"Grapefruit, please. Have you looked outside, you two? It's rather wonderful."

"It looks frightfully dusty," said her mother. "I've told Nora to pin some more sheets over your clothes, Kay."

"Don't you see anything but dust, Herbert?"

Herbert saw that something more was expected of him. Personally he regarded it as the land that God forgot, but now he stared out of a window. "I suppose," he said vaguely, "that if one cared for that sort of thing ——"

She ate her grapefruit rather sulkily. How odd they were! Her mother must know that old story; but there she sat, delicately sipping her coffee and attempting to read the headlines of a paper from the Junction as it lay by her father's plate. No one ever opened the paper until her father had read it. When her father came in she made, however, one more attempt: "Father?"

"Yes"—absently.

"Isn't this the desert they had to cross with the cattle before they got to"—she hesitated; it seemed sacrilege to offer them the valley—"to the end of the trip?"

"What cattle?"

"Grandfather's."

He glanced out as if for the first time perceiving that there was something outside. "Maybe. You have to remember that I wasn't present. . . . Better sell that C. & L., Herbert. I see they've passed their dividend again."

"All right, sir. I can wire if you like."

No answer being forthcoming, Herbert decided to wire and went on with his breakfast. Now and then he raised his head and glanced at Kay, but she was looking past him, out of the window.

"Marmalade?"

"No, thanks."

He was slightly worried. He had annoyed Kay, he knew, but he could not think how. Surely what he had said about this hideous country could not matter. He had brushed himself carefully that morning, but already there was a gray film of dust on his shoulders. Alkali, probably, and his hands felt dry and rough. He dipped them in his finger bowl.

"Anything this morning, sir?"

"Nothing but what I've told you."

Herbert was Mr. Dowling's secretary. He was really much more than that, but that was his official position. He drew a nice salary and saved a part of it, and had just taken on life insurance. He had very firm ideas about life insurance, even if a man's wife would come into money and never need it. One owed it to oneself to leave an estate.

But to be fair to him, he was not considering Kay for her money. He had as firm ideas about marriage as about life insurance, and he had analyzed Kay carefully before he fell in love with her. After that, first methodically and then as nearly recklessly as he ever did anything, he found himself very much in love indeed. So much so that to his annoyance he found it interfering with his tidy daily routine, which had been, until this happened, as follows:

7:30. Rise, bathe and shave.
8:00 Breakfast.
8:30. Leave for office.
9:00. Arrive office.

And in the afternoons:

4:30. Leave office.
5:00 to 6:00. Exercise, Y. M. C. A. Except Saturday afternoon. Golf or squash, depending on the season.
6:00. Home to dress.
8:00. Dine—generally out.
11:00. Bed and sleep.

Kay had managed to shoot this schedule to pieces. Not that she had tried to; "rather sweet" was the nearest she came to loving him. But it is one thing to put down eleven o'clock as the hour for sleep and another to achieve it, and Herbert was already behind his schedule considerably. He had dejected moments, when he wondered if he would ever catch up.

So he followed Kay out onto the platform that morning, and resigned himself to dust, cinders and a wind which made his eyes water. He even, after a time, stated that he believed that if water were put on the ground it would grow things. And Kay relaxed and even laughed.

"You are really a nice person, Herbert," she said.

He flushed. "Do you think that, Kay," he asked, "or are you just saying it to please me?"

"I mean it."

He turned and looked at her. "And that's all you do mean," he said, with unexpected shrewdness. "I see. Well ——"

He did not finish. Mr. Dowling came out on the platform.

Kay was quite sure she recognized the river when they came to it, but it disappointed her. It flowed sluggishly between deep eroded banks, a narrow yellow stream in the center of a dried bed. There was nothing to tell her of what a river it was in the spring when the snow on the distant mountains began to melt; how it spread incredibly and carried away bridges and what not, and how unwary cattle and even people sank then in its quicksands and died.

"Imagine drinking that!" said Herbert as they rattled across the bridge.

"But suppose you had been eighty miles without water."

"Eighty! Why eighty?"

But she did not answer. She had somehow expected that when one crossed the river one was at once in a green valley filled with peace and rest, but there was no appreciable difference. It was only later in the afternoon that a change became apparent, that the country ceased to be broken and began to roll and far-away mountains loomed blue against the sky.

The train was climbing slowly up the great plateau. Now and then it stopped, and milk cans, trunks and crates of chickens were put on and off. The sun was blazing. Here and there Kay, on the rear platform, began to see small cultivated spots—alfalfa, grain already turning yellow. She vaguely resented them; they were trying to civilize the valley. She saw no pathos then in the shipping pens and the small red grain elevators side by side. She was conscious, however, of a rising exultation, a peculiar tingling of the blood, a sense of lightness and anticipation—even of home-coming. And then the train swung out from between two tall buttes and she saw the lights of Ursula.

Always afterward she was to remember Ursula at twilight, its streets and windows lighted, an impassive Indian with braids standing under a station lamp, the cool evening air blowing down from the mountains, and behind the town the purple back drop of the mountains, with one peak higher than the others, covered with snow and crowned with glory. And mixed with that was to be her first sight of Tom McNair.

They stood on the car platform; Nora counted the bags, her mother drew her wrap around her, her father looked about. "Nobody here!" he said.

Then the station agent came along and peered up at them through his glasses. "Mr. Dowling?"

"That's right."

"No hurry, Mr. Dowling. Take your time. The car's to be taken off here, I understand."

"Yes. Who's here to get us—Mallory?"

"It's McNair, I think. At least I saw him —— That you, Tom?"

A tall figure moved forward, touched its Stetson, stood immobile. It was an easy casual gesture, even faintly an insolent one. It was as though he said, "I'm McNair, and who the devil are you?"

That was Kay's first sight of Tom McNair. He stepped out of the shadow into the light of a lamp-post and into her life with equal nonchalance. At the moment—and, indeed, for some time—she scarcely existed at all to him.

"What's the girl like?" they asked him that night at the bunk house.

"Like any other girl," he told them, and yawned. "She's a Dowling. That's enough."

Which it was, Henry Dowling being about as popular at that time with the outfit as a rattlesnake in a round-up bed.

But from the time she first saw him Kay was intensely conscious of Tom McNair. Perhaps it was because he typified the valley to her and her dreams about it. Certainly he was the first embodiment of its romance that she had found. She could hardly have seen, there in the dusk, his darkly handsome face, the broad shoulders and slim waist of which he was so proud. And if, like most cowboys, his soft drawl betrayed his Southern origin, he might have had bronchitis for all the use he made of it.

"I'm McNair," he said briefly. "How many are you?"

"Five," said Herbert, who did not care for his manner. "How many do we look like?"

"Plenty—for one car." He glanced at Kay, clutching her jewel case and still staring at him. "You with the party? Better give me that bag."

"It's nothing," said Kay. "I'll carry it."

Perhaps he misunderstood the tightness in her voice, the queer constraint, for he turned on his heel and plunged into the darkness, leaving them to follow as best they could.

"Stiff!" he reflected. "She's Miss Dowling, and I'm to remember it. To hell with her!"

But he was grinning to himself as he tied the luggage with ropes to the sides of the car and gave orders for the trunks to be sent out the next day. To himself and at himself, for he had meant to be late for the train; had even, in pursuit of that amiable intention, stopped the car outside of town and had rolled and smoked three cigarettes. And the train had been late, too, after all!

When at last he got into the driving seat he found the girl beside him. He was not even faintly interested. He had had his own plans for that evening—plans which had involved a girl also. He had packed salt that day up into the mountains for the cattle there, and he had been in the saddle since five that morning. He had a night off coming to him. It was in infuriated silence that he had received his orders to meet the party, and in silence, rather less infuriated, that he drove it out to the L. D.

Only once did Kay speak during that long entranced ride: "Do you live at the ranch?"

"Well, I kinda hit it and bounce off," he told her.

"And do you work with the cattle?"

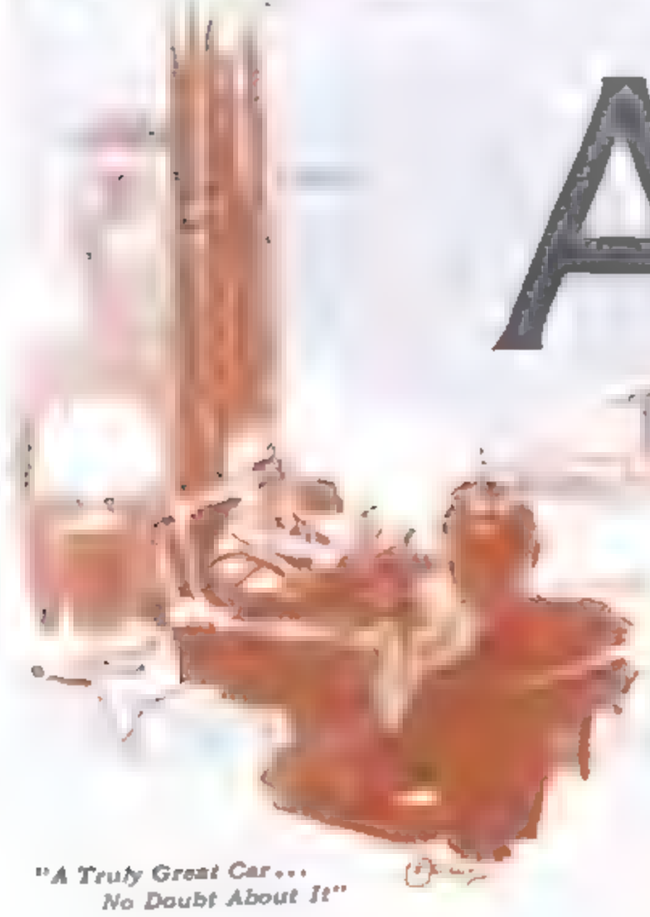
"I play around with them some. Tame 'em, you know. They're easier to handle when they're tame."

"Really!" she said, and then caught a glimpse of his face and knew he was laughing at her.

But the enchantment continued, although she made no further effort to talk. There was a faint spicy odor in the air that she thought might be the sage, and a young moon hung in a cleft in the mountains.

(Continued on Page 95)

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT



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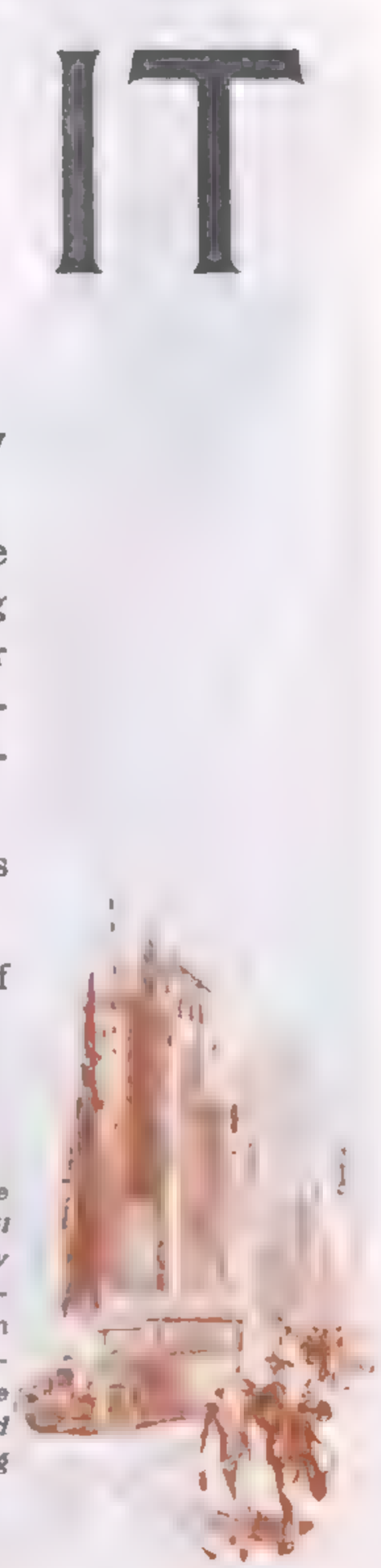

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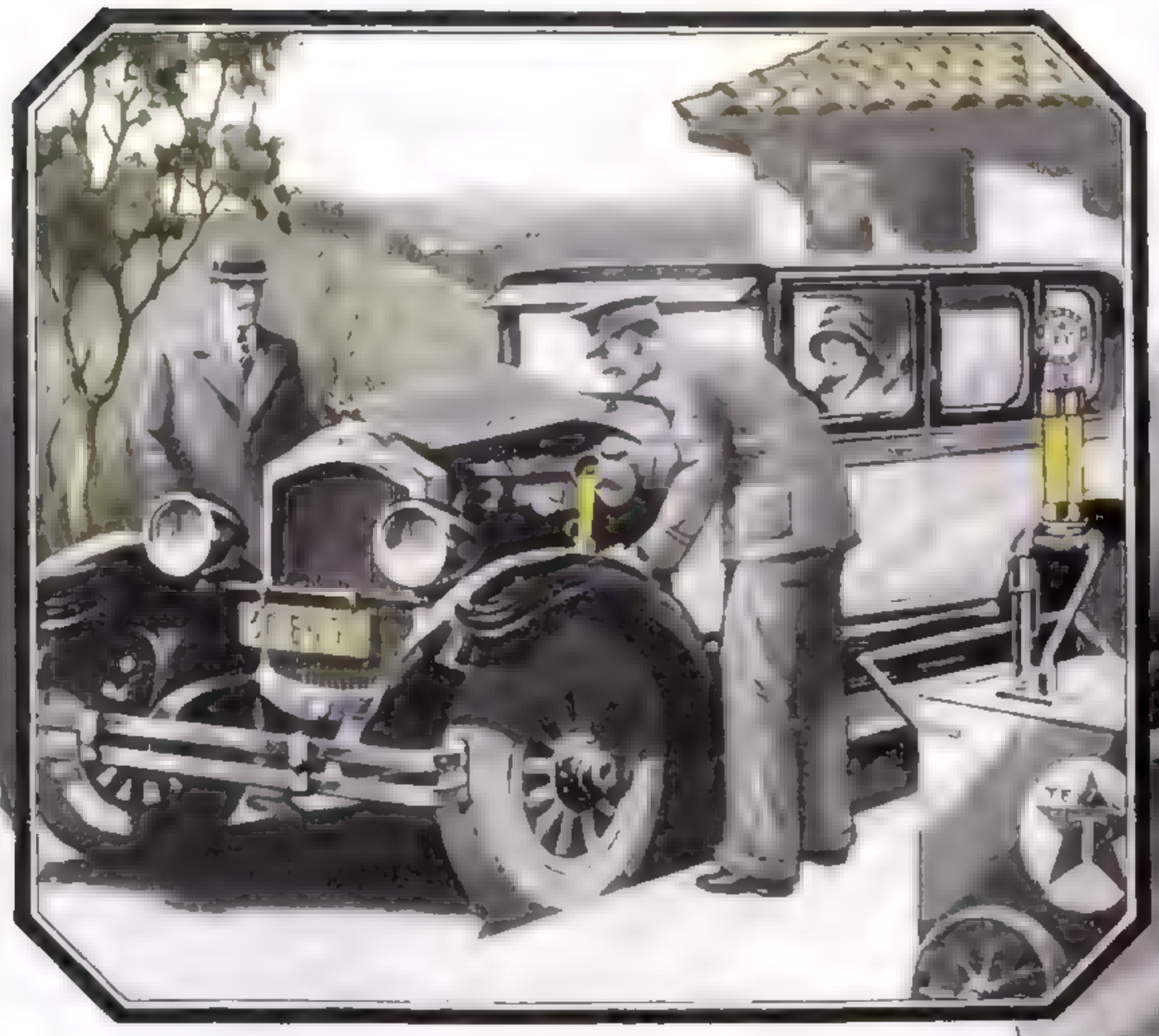

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(Continued from Page 90)

Above the purring of the engine an owl was calling, and a jack rabbit ran for some time ahead of the car, long ears erect. He went incredibly fast, but the car kept up with him, and after a while her father spoke irritably from the back seat.

"What's the hurry?" he demanded. "We've been four days getting here; I don't want my neck broken now."

She thought, without looking, that McNair smiled again.

Then, after twenty-odd miles, she saw lights again and knew they had reached the ranch. Just so must her grandfather have come back year after year, after he had gone East. First on horseback, then by coach and later on by car, he had turned the bend in the road and seen these lights and knew he was at home again. Very much the same, too, must have been the bustle of arrival—Mallory, the foreman, shaking hands, his wife in the background, men coming and going within the range of the car lamps, voices, greetings, light streaming from the ranch-house door. She felt strangely excited and emotional.

"We kept some supper hot, just in case you ——"

"We've had dinner, thank you."

"Then if you'll just step in —— I don't know where you'd like to put the other lady."

"My maid? I'll look around and see."

There was a narrow porch hung with creepers. The others went in slowly, as people do into strange houses. They passed Kay without seeing her, and she let them go by. Then, still breathless and constrained, she went to the steps again, where Tom in the car was leaning back and rolling a cigarette.

"Thanks very much," she said.

"What for?" he inquired, genuinely surprised.

"For bringing us out."

"And not breaking your neck, eh?" But he smiled at her, and the smile warmed and even thrilled her.

"Good night, Mr. McNair."

"Good night."

As she turned to go into the house she heard his voice raised outside in the darkness: "Hey! Some of you roughnecks come and get this baggage. I've been going since five this morning."

III

WHEN old Lucius built his ranch house of field stone at the foot of the mountains, and furnished it according to the best taste of his time, there had been some who called it Dowling's Folly. He had been one of the first to put in steam heat, ordering his radiators from Chicago and hauling them from Ursula with vast expense and effort.

But when he had finished, the ranch became the show place of the county. He had a vast barn, a machine shop, a wagon shed, a salt house where the great cubes of salt were stored for distribution over his ranges. His calf yard was enormous, with its feeding tables and its hayracks. Outside of the barn were his breaking corrals and paddocks, and beyond these again were the feeding yards, one after another, with shelter sheds against the winter snows and a creek for water flowing through them all. Thousands of cattle could old Lucius winter on the home ranch, and these were only the weaklings of his herds. The others, the strong steers, the dry cows, wintered themselves on the range. He had his line camps there, of course, with two or three riders, a cook and a couple of hay shovelers; the line riders rode fence and worked the unthrifty cattle in for feeding, the cook cooked, the hay shovelers shoveled. In bad winters he took a loss, in mild winters he grew rich.

During his later years, after his other interests took him East, he had come only twice a year—in spring for the cow-and-calf round-up and in the early fall to ship. Then old Lucius was a happy man; he put on a pair of old Oregon breeches, he thrust his feet—beginning to be gouty—into ancient boots, stuck a battered Stetson on his head and rode out with his boys, as he called them, going like a king to survey his vast domain.

Sometimes he had not even been to bed, for he seldom came alone on these pilgrimages of his. He brought his cronies along, stuck them on horses, laughed at their groans and played poker with them at night by way of reward. Once or twice, too, there had been women in the party, quiet well-behaved women, but faintly dubious. Then Mrs. Mallory stayed away from the stone house and William came up from the car and took her place. When prohibition came in, old Lucius had a great steel safe built in the ranch office and camouflaged it with a bookcase on hinges, and he sent the Mariposa out on a special trip with rare old whiskies and some gin. He was wasting no space on wines.

It was rather characteristic of Henry that one of the first things he did after he arrived that night was to investigate the safe. "Better inventory that," he said to Herbert. And he took out one bottle and gave Herbert a mild—a very mild—whisky and soda. He took one, rather stronger, himself.

Mrs. Dowling and Nora had gone upstairs, but Kay remained below. She was still excited and flushed. She moved around, looked at this, touched that. There was a large square hall, furnished in heavy old-fashioned mahogany, and with a sagging leather couch near a wide stone fireplace. Opening off it were the office, where her father and Herbert were sipping their nightcaps, and a dining room in heavy dark oak. There was another door, closed, and she opened it. She knew at once that old Lucius had slept here, and she slipped in and closed the door.

The window was open, and through it she could hear the cottonwood trees rustling in the night breeze and the sound of swiftly running water. Some little distance off was a separate building, lighted; now and then a door opened and figures moved in and out. She waited by the window, hoping to catch a glimpse of McNair again, but she failed. All the while she knew she was being exceedingly silly. Almost every girl she knew who had been West had developed some romantic attachment for a cowboy, and had forgotten him the moment she went home. Perhaps it was the altitude; she had heard that altitude did queer things to people.

When she went out Herbert was in the hall. He stared at her with mild astonishment. "I thought you were safely tucked in bed."

"I've been looking around. It's lovely, isn't it?"

"If you say so, it is," said Herbert, slightly warmed by his nightcap. And as she turned on the stairs he was gazing up at her, looking rather less tidy and more human than she had ever seen him.

She had quite a good room. Nora had already unpacked her traveling case and placed its gold fittings on the bureau; her dressing gown and slippers were laid out, her thin nightgown folded on the bed. In the bathroom—there were bathrooms, of course; old Lucius was nothing if not thorough—her mother was bathing, and the delicate odor of violet bath salts had penetrated into the upper hall.

But Kay noted none of these things. She was ascertaining if her windows looked toward the bunk house—which they did.

If, lying sleepless in her bed that night, she fancied she had made any impression whatever on McNair, a glance into that untidy building would have undeceived her. Tom slept the sleep of those who have been up since dawn, and slept it to the accompaniment of the snores, groans and guttural mutterings of other tired men.

He had put the car away, taken a glance around barn and corrals and then stamped in glumly. His irritation had returned. In the dining room of the bunk house, which served as a sitting room between meals, he found three or four of the men playing blackjack. They looked up, but he said nothing, hung his hat on the nail over his chaps and roping gloves, and stamped across to the door into the long dormitory-like bedroom.

"Well?" somebody called.

"Well what?"

"Did you wrangle them?"

"I did, and if any lousy son of a gun wakes me at daylight tomorrow I'll ——"

"Wait a minute, Tom! What's the girl like?"

"Like any other girl. She's a Dowling. That's enough!"

He slammed the door behind him and they went back to their game. They were not hunting trouble—certainly not with Tom McNair. Not that they lacked courage; they lived their precarious lives cheerfully, broke bad horses, taking their occasional mischances with a grin, rode in contests and spent or gambled away the money they won, fought the winter storms and took the usual risks of life and limb of their profession. They had drifted in from the Powder River country or the Rosebud or Hailstone Basin, signed on and were thereafter L. D. men until chance sent them drifting on again.

"Ridin' the grub line, Joe?"

"Well, I'd take up squatter's rights on a job if it was offered."

But save for their occasional visits to town, they were dependent on one another for comradeship and amusement.

They preferred peace to conflict, and among the dozen of them who came and went there was an unwritten understanding that McNair was a fighting wildcat and was better let alone. They discussed him of course.

"Sure thinks he's God's gift to women."

"Maybe. But I'm here to say that boy can ride."

Perhaps that paints Tom McNair at that time as well as he can be painted. Later on life was to change him somewhat; but always he was stubborn, proud and sensitive. He was arrogant, too, of his good looks, of his ability to break horses, of his riding and roping, of the attraction he had for women.

"You keep away from my girl," Jake Mallory told him when Nellie was fourteen and began to hang around the corrals.

"You keep your girl away from me!" said Tom coolly, and Jake knew he was right.

Attractive to women he undoubtedly was, dark, strong-featured, clean-cut. Once—that was when Tom was newly come to the ranch—one of Lucius' quiet, well-behaved ladies had tried to paint him. Her drawing was very bad, and she had obviated the necessity of painting the horse, which was beyond her ability, by having it stand rear end toward her and Tom sit sideways in the saddle. She made a very good job of the creature's rump and tail, and she had somehow managed to give Tom himself a hawklike intensity that was rather like him. Indeed, she saw it herself, and she painted the words "The Hawk" underneath it and presented it to Lucius.

"Well!" said Lucius, and got out his glasses. "The Hawk, eh? And where is his prey, my dear?"

After which he sent Tom out on the reservation and took good care to leave him there until the lady had departed. He was not a man to leave anything to chance.

It is too much to say, of course, that Kay had made no impression on Tom McNair. She disturbed him not at all, but he certainly knew she was about; a slim boyish figure with a clipped head, clad in riding breeches and a soft shirt mostly, but in the evenings very feminine in her soft light frocks, with her arms bare and that string of pearls that Lucius had bought her grandmother before she died—too late, because they came when she had ceased to care to call attention to her neck.

She had a way of standing—Kay, that is—with her chin up and her hands thrust in her breeches pockets, and of being about when he was.

"Good morning, Mr. McNair."

"'Morning, Miss Dowling."

"It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

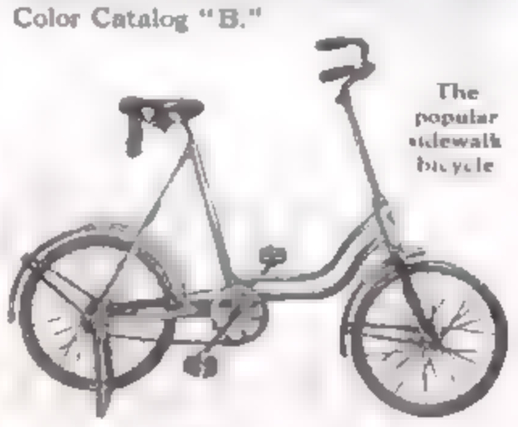
Here's a Velocipede

that's *not* headed for the junk-pile

A YEAR from now the velocipede you buy for your child today may be rolling merrily along the sidewalk, or rusting on the junk-heap. It all depends upon whether you buy a cheap, unknown make, or the standard quality Iver Johnson Velocipede.

No chance of vital parts breaking, with consequent injury to your child. All vital parts are drop forged.

Made in three sizes. Colors: Red or Blue with "Duco" white head. Full nickel fork, and full one inch non-skid cushion rubber tires. Send for Free Color Catalog "B."



The popular sidewalk bicycle

IVER JOHNSON JUNIORCYCLE

A sidewalk bicycle for the boy or girl who is too young for a bicycle, and too old for a velocipede. Safe to ride, because all vital parts are drop forged. Equipment includes New Departure Endee coaster brake, and full one inch non-skid cushion rubber tires. Colors: Red or Blue with "Duco" white head. Full nickel fork and steering column. Send for Free Color Catalog "B."

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Made in models and sizes to suit boys, girls and adults. Absolutely safe to ride because made of high-carbon seamless steel tubing and genuine forgings made in our own plant. Finished like a high-priced automobile. Best guaranteed equipment. Send for our Free Catalog "B."

Dealers: Everywhere the demand for Iver Johnson Juniorcycles and Velocipedes is increasing. Some new territories are still without adequate dealer representation. Write at once to Fitchburg for our profit-making proposition.

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THE "American" Pressed Steel Hand Truck is built, not as a by-product, but as an entirely new, scientifically designed article for added service to truck users. If the new truck were not a long step ahead, it would never have been made.

It is strong to stand punishment, because of the correct forming of the steel shapes to give the strength where needed. Does not shake loose. But it is as light as wood, size for size, and handles easily because of true, properly fitted wheels and fine balance.

Designed, made and guaranteed by the company which has made "American" Steel Belt Pulleys and "American" Steel Shaft Hangers, the leaders in power transmission. Identify the "American" truck by its red coat. Write to us for information.

The American Pulley Company

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AMERICAN PRESSED STEEL TRUCKS

PATENTS PENDING

"Pretty fair. Weather's what we ain't got nothing else but."

She would look after him as he passed on, leather chaps swishing, neckerchief blowing, flannel shirt stretched taut over his shoulders, his Stetson shading his handsome, arrogant face. She always felt very small and unimportant at those times; rather, as Bessie might have put it, like something the cat had brought in. And this was the more tragic because she began to realize that the ache of his appeal to her was like a physical pain. Once Herbert caught her looking after him and had a suspicion of the truth, but she was learning guile for the first time.

"He certainly looks the part, doesn't he?" she said.

"He does," said Herbert dryly. "But take all that junk off him, the spurs and the rest, and he might be a total loss. You can't tell."

She looked at Herbert. He was dressed in riding clothes, English boots and breeches; he looked very nice, and very much the gentleman, but perhaps not quite the man Tom was. It is significant that he was Tom to her already, in her thoughts.

"You will admit he can ride," she said coldly.

"That's his business. So can these other fellows. And it's about all they can do."

But after that Herbert was watchful. "Why," he demanded of Mallory, sitting pathetically in the ranch office a day or so later while Henry and Herbert went over the books—"why does the McNair fellow draw extra pay? He's down for sixty-five dollars a month."

"Well, it's like this," said Jake. "He's a top hand, for one thing, and good cow hands are scarce. Then it's not a bad thing for the ranch to have the best rider and roper in the state in the outfit. Old—your father"—he turned to Henry—"used to feel right proud when our boys carried off the money at the fair."

"What for?" said Henry, who was finding the hole even deeper than he expected. "It's my opinion we're carrying a lot of trimmings here that can be done away with. Just because this man can ride ——"

"He's a good cowman," Jake insisted obstinately. "Of course, Tom's got his faults, but ——"

"What sort of faults?"

"He hits it up a bit now and then," Jake explained apologetically—"about two or three times a year. Just goes to town and disappears like. But he comes back sick and sorry, and that's all there is to it."

Henry, who had his back to the wall safe, stiffened virtuously. "That's all, is it?"

"Well, he's likely to pick a fight if there's one handy, after he's had a drink or two. And he gambles, of course; but then where'll you find one of these fellows that won't? That's all they need money for; all the rest's found for them."

It was in Herbert's mind to pursue the subject, but Mr. Dowling turned back to the list in his hand.

"All right," he said, "McNair goes at sixty-five. Let's get on with this."

He was in a very bad humor, and not the less because he knew he was himself to blame. Some of the old cattlemen, seeing the homesteaders come in and cut up the grazing grounds with their wire, had reluctantly faced the new conditions, had turned their bottom lands into fields and themselves into farmers. They were raising wheat, sugar beets, even experimenting with flax. But these were the men who had arable land. The others, men whose wealth still lay only in their herds, were in bad condition. Their credit was exhausted. The banks were refusing to lend money on their cattle, and along with the slump which had paralyzed business the country over came the failure of the beef market. A couple of years before, the winter had been long and severe and the spring late and muddy. Even when they could buy hay and oil cake, they could not get the feed to the cattle.

Mallory, foreseeing the situation, had begged Henry by mail and wire to sell when he could, or to ship south for feeding. But Henry was stubborn. Shipping cost money, and he had put enough in the hole as it was. And still later on Jake had had the pleasure of knowing he had been right, and the agony of seeing his herds freezing and starving to death through a terrible winter. He bought hay and oil cake, and was close to having to pay for it himself! And when he had paid his prohibitive prices at the railroad, through a wet and muddy spring he labored to get the feed to them, only too often to be too late. The sticky gumbo caught his wagons and held them tight, his trucks went into ditches and stayed there. And in March and early April he had ridden out himself with his revolver and shot the ones that lay dying in the fields. The rest were sold for less than the cost of wintering them.

The ranch had never recovered, and now Henry was facing a calamitous loss. It would not wipe him out; unlike most of his neighbors, he had other interests. He was still a rich man. And, of course, half the loss was Bessie's. He preferred not to think about Bessie just then.

The morning went on. Herbert made his neat figures in columns and added them. Later on they would go into ledgers, and a good many would be in red ink. But he worked automatically, glancing out of the window as often as he dared. He never saw the great sweep of the valley, treeless save where some stream wound like a green snake from the mountains; or the rolling grassy hills, or the tawny buttes rising like vast prehistoric monsters of the plain; or beyond it the distant misty range which bounded it far away to the east. For Herbert that morning there were no mountains rising stark and sheer behind him, no circling golden eagles, no anything.

He was watching Kay perched like a little boy on top of a corral fence while Tom McNair broke a horse.

If he had only known it, he need not have worried—not yet anyhow. Tom was extremely busy, as a man who breaks a horse must be. So far he had spoken to her only once: "When I get on, you get off."

"What do you mean—get off?"

"Off—down," he said impatiently. "This pot-gutted bronc's as likely as not to try to butt through or try to climb over. Then where'd you be?"

"I can jump if he tries it."

He paid no more attention to her, got his saddle on, eased into it, and then taking his hat off, slapped the creature with it. It blew up immediately. Through the dust, Kay, white to the lips, could see a strange mixture of man and snorting, leaping, rearing horse.

"He'll kill you!" she yelled, and was astounded to have Tom glance up at her and grin broadly.

"Pretty good on his feet!" he called.

He showed his first disconcertion when, the horse having given up, weary, hard breathing and covered with foam, he dismounted and picked up from the ground a letter in a pink envelope which had fallen from his pocket. He stroked the creature's dripping neck without glancing at Kay.

"Sure tried to shake the daylights out of me, didn't you?" he said. "Well, we can't play any more today. I've got work to do."

He led the horse out, leaving Kay alone on top of the corral; and although she waited for some time, he did not come back.

It was this small drama that Herbert had watched, sitting unheroically in the ranch office and making his neat figures on a pad.

Whatever was to come, there is no question that it was Kay who made the first overtures. They were young, delicate in a way, tentative and half timid. Perhaps she was left too much to her own devices. Henry sat most of the day in the office, smoking to keep up his courage, and Herbert had to sit with him. Katherine rose late; she was already showing symptoms of the malady which was to attack her later on, but with that painful reticence of hers she said nothing about it. And in the afternoons there were callers. Mr. Tulloss,

(Continued on Page 99

Lead me to P. A. every time

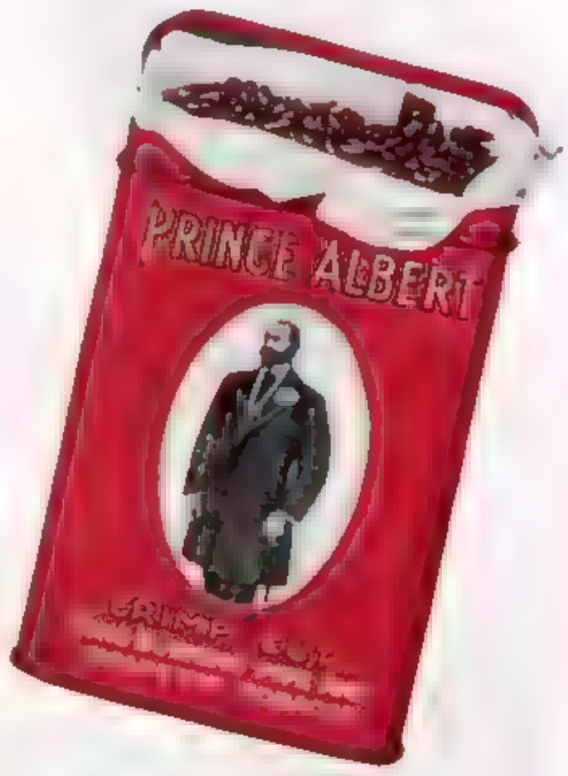
I KNOW what I like in a smoke, and what I like is Prince Albert! Why, the minute breakfast is over, I reach for my pipe and the well-known tidy red tin, and we're off . . . off on one of the grandest smoke-joy-rides a man ever took. It's like that all day long.

You understand my enthusiasm the instant you open a tin of Prince Albert and drink-in that wonderful P. A. aroma. You're reminded of a trek through the woods, when the dew is on the leaves and the sun is on the up. Fragrant promise of a glorious taste to come.

Then you load up and light up. You notice that the smoke is equally fragrant. . . . fragrant and refreshing. It pours over your tongue in a cooling torrent that knows no bite or sting. Mild, too, with a mildness that says: "Come and get it." I'm talking about P. A.!

I have tried to give you a snapshot of the joys that await you in a pipe packed with Prince Albert. If the picture isn't clear, blame *me*. The complete story is in the tidy red tin at the nearest tobacco-shop. The only way you'll really know P. A. is to *smoke* it.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half pound tin humidors, and pound crystal glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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In Amsterdam

By Eugene Field

SEYNHEER Hans Van Der Bloom has got
A majazin in Kalverstraat,
Where one may buy for sordid gold
Wares quaint and curious, new and old.
Here are antiquities galore—
The jewels which Dutch monarchs wore,
Swords, teacups, helmets, platters, clocks,
Bright Dresden jars, dull Holland crocks,
And all those joys I might rehearse
That please the eye, but wreck the purse.

I most admired an ancient bed,
With ornate carvings at its head—
A massive frame of dingy oak,
Whose curious size and mould bespoke
Prodigious age. "How much?" I cried.
"Ein tousand gildens," Hans replied;
And then the honest Dutchman said
A king once owned that glorious bed—
King Fritz der Foorst, of blessed fame,
Had owned and slept within the same!

Then long I stood and mutely gazed,
By reminiscent splendors dazed,
And I had bought it right away,
Had I the wherewithal to pay.
But, lacking of the needed pelf,
I thus discoursed within myself:
"O happy Holland! Where's the bliss
That can approximate to this
Possession of the rare antique
Which maniacs hanker for and seek?
My native land is full of stuff
That's good, but is not old enough.
Alas! it has no oaken beds
Wherein have slumbered royal heads,
No relic on whose face we see
The proof of grand antiquity."

Thus reasoned I a goodly spell
Until, perchance, my vision fell
Upon a trade-mark at the head
Of Fritz der Foorst's old oaken bed—
A rampant wolverine, and round
This strange device these words I found:
"Patent Antique. Berkey & Gay,
Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A."

At present I'm not saying much
About the simple, guileless Dutch;
And as it were a loathsome spot
I keep away from Kalverstraat,
Determined when I want a bed
In which hath slept a royal head
I'll patronize no middleman,
But deal direct with Michigan.

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PROUDEST COAT-OF-ARMS

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(Continued from Page 96)

the elderly banker from Ursula, who had helped old Lucius in that long drive from the border; and Jennie, his wife, who was supposed to have had money; the kindly rector of the Episcopal church; Senator Kirkenbride, still a cattleman, and out from Washington to look after his fences, political and otherwise; even old Doctor Dunham, crabbed, skillful and eying Katherine with a shrewd professional glance.

"Feeling pretty well, are you?"

"The altitude always bothers me a little. That's one reason we have not been out more. . . . Cream or lemon, doctor?"

"I never spoil the appetite the good God gives me with that sort of pap. Hasn't Henry still got some of that liquor old Lucius left?"

The ranchers came, of course. They brought their wives, left them on the veranda and wandered, with or without Henry, about the place. Some of them wore breeches rather better cut than Herbert's, and English boots also. They lived like the gentlemen they were, on vast estates which no longer paid them to hold. Some of them were still solvent; but Tulloss, meeting them there, would shake his great gray head and wonder how long they would last. They were breeding and training polo ponies; some of them, like the Potters, were experimenting with sheep. They had all the cowman's dislike of sheep, and it went against the grain, but what else could they do? It required anything from twenty-five to fifty acres of land to graze a cow, and in the end they might have to give her away.

But the point is that their coming left Kay free to do what she liked. She would make her dutiful bows, shake hands and wander off; she tried, to do her justice, to make friends with Nellie Mallory, who was sixteen then, but Nellie was aloof and more than a little jealous. She would sit on the porch of the foreman's house and watch Kay interminably, but when Kay sauntered over to speak to her she had little to say.

"I never get tired of looking at the mountains."

"You would if you hadn't anything else."

"Don't you ride?"

"Not if I can help it. Give me an auto any time."

Nellie always said "auto." She considered it more elegant than car.

And Kay, rather daunted, would wander off, to watch horses being shod or vaccinated, to look at the calves, to see farm wagons being repaired. The men, apparently absorbed in their work, greeted her civilly and went on with their business; but it was quickly obvious to them where her interest lay. If they smiled among themselves it was when Tom was far enough away for safety. Not one of them saw any element of possible tragedy. Here was another girl who had fallen for Tom, and that was all there was to it.

The end of the first week, however, saw a change in the relationship between Kay and McNair. So far Kay had ridden mainly in the evenings with Herbert, and Herbert was no horseman.

"I don't want a trick horse," he had announced with great firmness when they were selecting one for him. "I want to enjoy the scenery. How about that bay?"

"He'll show you more scenery than you ever knew there was," said Bill, the corral boss, who was doing the selecting, not too graciously.

But by the beginning of the second week Kay had got herself in hand once more, was determined to fight her infatuation. For an entire day she stayed around the ranch house, listening to the conversations on the veranda—New York, San Francisco, Chicago. The wealthier ranchers, it appeared, had been in the habit of going east or west to escape the bitter winters, and that night she made her own effort to escape.

"Why don't we go on to Santa Barbara, mother?"

"I thought you loved it here," said Katherine, astonished.

"So I do, but—I don't think it's very good for you."

"I can't leave your father."

And as if he had missed her the day before, the next morning Tom came to the house and asked her to ride with him. "I've got to go up the North Fork to look for some horses, and I thought maybe you'd like to come along."

She almost paled with excitement. "If I won't be in the way."

He looked at her with his attractive smile. "You're going to work," he told her. "You can ride, which is more than your little friend Percy can do." He glanced toward the office window. "I'm taking out an assistant wrangler—and you're it."

She ran into the house, caught up her hat and gloves and flew out again. She never heard Jake's voice from the office: "I figure if we would put that lower fifteen hundred into wheat ——" The golden haze over the valley was star dust, and Tom McNair, waiting at the steps, was a young god, condescending to her.

"We're going into the mountains, aren't we?"

"Unless the North Fork's moved down."

It was only later that she realized how sure of her he had been. The chestnut gelding she had been riding was already saddled beside his in the barn. He had even provided a luncheon for two, rolled in a slicker and tied to his cantle. She was too breathless, too tremulous, to notice it then.

It was a day to dream of. Tom was on his best behavior, soft-voiced, solicitous, Southern. "Comfortable?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Stirrups all right?"

"Perfectly."

"Then let's go."

Just what impulse had actuated him that morning it is hard to say. Perhaps he had genuinely missed her the day before. Perhaps it was only a matter of pride. Bill, reading a mail-order catalogue the night before, had raised his head when Tom came in, said "Haven't seen your lady friend around today. Not sick, is she?" and promptly dodged under the table.

"Not as sick as you'll look if you'll come out of there," said Tom dangerously.

Perhaps it was, like so much that he did, a gesture of pure bravado. But whatever was the reason, having made his point, he was chivalrous, kindly, even tender.

"Want to kinda watch your step here. Trail's bad"; or, after they had climbed to the high upland meadows and his big gray, the Miller, broke into a lope—"Going too fast for you?"

"I like it."

"There's no hurry. We've got all day."

She hugged that thought to her as they cantered along. All day. All day. All day.

Although the plains had already dried under the August sun, the upland meadows were still lush with grass. They passed salt licks, huge brown trampled nests in which the square white salt cakes lay like eggs, and around which the cattle stood or lay, eying them indifferently as they moved by. There were still larkspur and lupine, and here and there the paintbrush. Magpies darted back and forth, small tawny marmots watched them from the rocks, and Kay's heart kept pace with the beat of the horses' hoofs. All day. All day. All day.

Tom, too, was happy—for him. As she knew him better she was to learn that he had a black streak in him, a bitter and morose side, but that day he was lighthearted and cheerful. A good horse under him, a pretty girl beside him, and all about that back country he inarticulately loved—what more could a man want? And after while he threw back his head and began to sing softly:

"I'm a poor lonesome cowboy.
I'm a poor lonesome cowboy.
I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
And a long ways from home."

He had a fair barytone voice, and when he had finished he glanced at Kay. He was astounded to see tears in her eyes.

"I never did think I could sing," he said whimsically, "but I didn't think I was as bad as all that."

She was furious at herself, and yet she was helpless. How could she tell him that it was not his absurd song that had made her cry; that he had the strange power to stir in her emotions so profound that they shook her?

"It's the wind in my eyes," she told him. And maybe he believed her, but he sang no more that day.

They found the horses, scattered over a valley, and lunched before they wrangled them; and, curiously enough, the one disharmony of the day came then. After the meal she lighted a cigarette and he reached calmly over and took it away from her.

"Don't be absurd," she said. "Everybody smokes nowadays."

"Not ladies. You leave that for the other sort."

"But nice women—ladies—do smoke nowadays, Tom."

"Not out here," he said firmly.

She thought a moment, put her case away. After all, why spoil the perfect day? And she had called him by his first name. Had he noticed it? Did he mind? Apparently not.

They had lunched by the creek, and now he rolled himself a cigarette and surveyed the panorama of mountain and valley before them. "Pretty nice here," he said. "I stop sometimes and kinda enjoy it. I bet you haven't anything better in the East."

"Nothing so good," she said, looking at him. "Nothing so—wonderful."

"That's the way. You come out here and stay, and maybe the old L. D. will weather the storm. How about it?"

She colored; her absurd heart fluttered. But he did not see it. He was lying down, his head on his elbow, staring at the creek.

"Ought to be fish there," he reflected. "I'll bring a rod up some day and try it out. Like to fish?"

"I never have."

"You're a funny girl." He glanced at her lazily. "What do you do anyhow?"

"Dance—play around—fill in time."

"That's a life for you! You've got too much money."

"I haven't any money. Of course father ——"

"Well, you'll marry money, I suppose. That's the game, isn't it?"

"Not necessarily. I might marry for love."

She said it painfully but bravely, not looking at him, tearing up little handfuls of grass.

"Love?" He rolled over on his elbow and stared at her. "What do you know about love? And he laughed delightedly when she made no reply. "That's like a girl!" he said. "Talking about something you don't know anything about! I'll bet you've never been in love."

"But—suppose I have?"

"Who with?" he demanded. "Some movie actor? Or maybe ——" He sat up and inspected her. "Maybe it's this secretary feller—Percy. How about it?"

"Certainly not."

For some reason, connected with vanity rather than sentiment, he seemed relieved at that. "That's right," he said. "Take a man while you're about it." He got up. "We'd better be moving," he told her. "We've got a right smart job of work to do."

He resaddled the horses, tightening her cinch carefully, and they commenced the wrangling. It was hard, exciting labor. The horses were wild after months of freedom. They ran up the mountainsides, with Tom like an avenging fury racing above to haze them down and Kay trying to hold them as they came. In the end, after the manner of their kind, they accepted their fate, stood huddled together; and when the time came to start down, took the trail in single file and thudded along as though no other thought had ever entered their wise heads.

Even at that, now and then one of them would leave the trail and endeavor by

Continued on Page 101

What a sock!

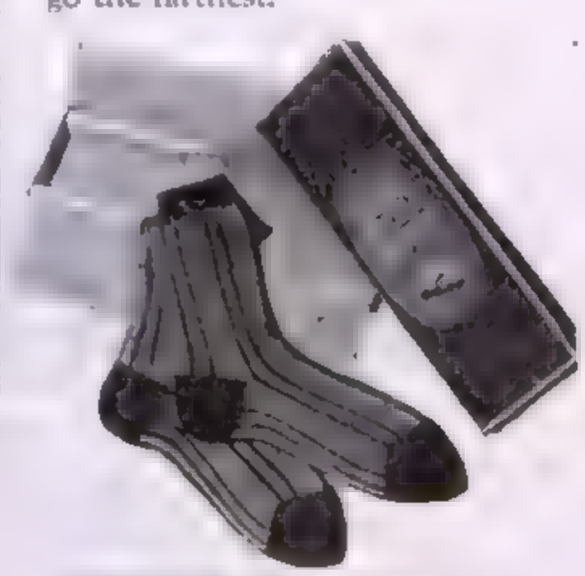
ZOWIE!

how they travel

There are very definite reasons for the extra wear that you will get out of Ipswich Socks. The yarns are one reason: the best that can be bought, selected by experts for wearing quality as well as appearance.

The Ipswich method of special reinforcement at the heel and toe is another Ipswich feature. You may say that they all claim special reinforcement, but the extra Ipswich "know how" has come from a century of experience in hosiery making.

This unusual Ipswich wearability can be had in plain or fancy socks, in socks of pure silk, silk and rayon, light and medium wool mixtures, and fine mercerized cotton. You will find them at the better stores everywhere; the stores that make a policy of offering you that extra quality that makes your money go the farthest.



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Protect your entire heating system against such an invasion with Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel.

It has become the standard heating pipe covering because of its high efficiency and low cost. It will pay for itself in a very short time, in fuel saved.

The time for you to insulate is when you shut down your furnace. Next winter you will reap the benefits in comfort and economy.

Do it now. Phone your steamfitter or plumber. Forget it afterwards.

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See your steamfitter or plumber

Have him inspect your heating system, now, with a view to applying Improved Asbestocel and giving you a warmer home—with less fuel

It is marked with a red band at each end so you can easily identify it.

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Improved Asbestocel *pipe covering*

THE PIPE COVERING WITH THE RED BAND

(Continued from Page 99)

circling around to get back again, but no such tactics answered with Tom. Spurs to his horse, he would be off up the steep hillside or breaking through the brush to head off the truant, and Kay would watch with a sort of agony of apprehension. But back he would come, cool and nonchalant, rolling a cigarette perhaps, and with the recalcitrant trotting meekly ahead of him.

It was at the bottom of the trail that he did a queer thing. The ranch buildings were in sight; the horses were moving on, subdued and resigned, when he stopped his horse, took off his hat and held out his hand.

"Good-by, Kay."

So he had heard her!

"You're not going away, are you?" she asked in a small voice.

"As far as the bunk house. That's about a thousand miles from where you belong."

A moment later he was on the tails of the loose horses, whistling and calling, driving them at full gallop and leaving her to follow, alone. And that night in the bunk house he was in high spirits. Somewhere he had located a pair of old Lucius' broad-beamed riding breeches, and he appeared with them pinned around him, his hair gummed down with soap and a silver dollar stuck in his eye for a monocle.

"What I want in a horse," he said, in a fair imitation of Herbert's voice, "is scenery. The more scenery and the less horse the bettah."

The bunk house roared and rocked with laughter.

IV

AFTER that, among the men, it became a settled thing that when Kay rode during the day Tom McNair was to be her escort. It was tacit, but now and then some reckless spirit put it into words: "If she's playin' with Tom she'd better look out."

And once even Jake came out with a statement which may or may not have been meant for Tom's ears. "There's nothin' goin' to happen to that girl on this ranch," he said. "If Tom's a damned fool and don't know the way these Eastern girls play around, then he'd better find out quick. She doesn't mean a thing by it."

But no one had the courage to repeat that to Tom.

He himself was in a curious state of mind. He was no fool, and he knew better far than Kay herself the gulf between them. At first it is possible that his vanity was pleased, his chivalry aroused, but later on there is no doubt that she began to make a much more definite appeal.

"What about this fellow you're in love with?" he demanded once. He did not say "feller" any more. "What's he like?"

"I didn't say I was in love at all."

"Are you engaged to him?"

"No."

"Then there is somebody! I hope he gets lumps in his gizzard and chokes to death!"

It was then when she looked at him quickly and then glanced away that he had his first inkling of the truth. It confounded him. He brooded over it, tried to laugh it off to himself, but a thousand and one little things began to bear it out. There was a button off his old leather coat one day, and she coaxed it from him and sewed it on. It was the first button she had ever sewed on in all her life, but he did not know that.

To do him justice, while the idea appealed to his vanity, even inflamed him, it gave him no particular pleasure. For the first time in his reckless life he gave serious thought to his relationship with a girl and decided to let her alone. One morning she went to the barn, to find the chestnut gelding ready and Bill saddling his own top horse. She looked around, but Tom was not in sight.

"Isn't Mr. McNair coming?"

"Well, no," said Bill. "Tom's gone up to the reservation for a few days as a rep. Saunders has started to round up."

She said nothing, rode dutifully with Bill, dutifully admired a small herd of yearlings, might have been sitting at home for all she saw, and came back with a headache which she blamed on the blazing August sun. It lasted for four days, that headache, which was the exact period of Tom's absence. And it deceived her father and her mother, but it never fooled Herbert.

"Care to ride with me tonight, Kay?"

"I think not, if you don't mind. I don't feel very well."

Or perhaps she would weary of excuses and go with him, only to be very quiet and silent, and not really brighten until they neared the ranch again.

It was a bad time for Herbert, that four days. The books were in fair order by that time, even if the results were worse than Henry Dowling had anticipated. Herbert had more time to himself, and found to his dismay that time was all he did have: that Kay had slipped away into some world of dreams and enchantment where he could not follow her. He would, if he could, have snatched her away from it, have ordered the Mariposa, sitting in the broiling heat on its sidetrack at Ursula, onto the road again. Or have sent McNair away, to drift South or to hell itself, so far as Herbert was concerned. But as the days went on, and Tom came back, and still no mention of departure was made, he began to despair.

The truth is that Henry Dowling was enjoying himself after his own heavy fashion. He had swallowed his loss, and the resulting mental dyspepsia was not so bad as he had expected; and after all, he need not keep the ranch. He could sell it. The Potters had even made him a proposition. His mind, freed of the ranch books, had uncoiled like a spring. He slept late, ate hugely, even began to ride a little. There was not a saddle on the ranch big enough for him, so he sent to town for one, picked out a big quiet mare that could carry him, and with Herbert along to open gates and close them again, would amble about the fields so that he could again sleep late and eat hugely.

It was harvest time. The second crop of alfalfa was in blossom and thick with purple blooms, and when the wind struck the rye it bent before it like waves of a yellow surf. Already the oats and wheat were dead ripe and golden in the sun. Jake watched these experiments of his with anxious eyes. Thank God, it was not a grasshopper year; but there was still hail to be feared for the standing crops, and rain after they were cut. Sometimes he even rode the mower himself, driving four horses abreast, and stopping now and then by the wagon for a drink of tepid water from the jug there.

He knew that Henry Dowling had no faith in his farming plans, and that he was thinking of selling, but he never told his wife. If the Potters bought he would have to go. Sitting there on the old reaper, his thin, hard-bitten body lurching over the rough ground, he mutely prayed—for a good crop, for a decent cattle market, for no hail or rain; and cursed the horses out of pure habit as he did so.

When the old separator had lurched and jolted into the wheat fields he watched the stream of grain as if it had been gold, and when one day Henry drew up by it and watched it, he was almost pitiable in his excitement.

"Thirty-five bushels to the acre, if there's one!" he said.

Henry, however, was watching the men feeding the machine. It looked like good exercise; it ought to give a man an appetite. He slid down off his horse and picked up a fork.

"Think I'll do my daily dozen," he said, almost gayly.

It was hard work, much harder than he had expected; but after that, every day he came down to the fields and got in the way, and listened, because he had to, to Jake's hopes and boastings.

"Now look at that wheat," Jake would say. "If that doesn't grade A1, I don't know what will."

Henry would labor on, not paying any particular attention, pouring sweat and breathing in great gasps, and finally he

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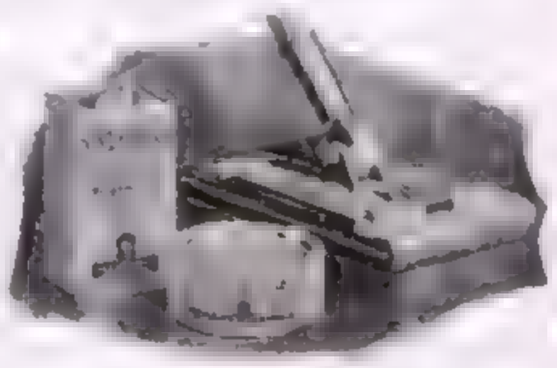

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would throw down the fork and join Herbert, who did not want an appetite—or anything else very much those days—in the shade behind the straw stack.

"Do you good, young man, to use your muscles."

"I get all I need on a horse," Herbert would say, and resume his endless questioning of a sky that offered him a sunstroke but no answer.

Then Henry would light a cigar and perhaps drop asleep. Once or twice he almost fired the straw stack.

Yes, Henry was certainly enjoying himself. He could put a hand inside the waistband of his trousers, a thing he had not done for fifteen years; and if anyone had told him that these were indeed his golden days, never to be repeated, he would have laughed at them. He had even ceased to dress for dinner, a rite which he had always maintained was a matter of self-respect, although Bessie had always said that what he meant was respect for his dinner. In the late afternoons, slightly sunburned and more than a little stiff, he would mix a moderate highball for Herbert and a stronger one for himself, and listen for the dinner gong. And at 9:30 he would put down his book or the Ursula paper and rise, yawning.

"Good night, Katherine."

"Good night, Henry. Don't forget to open your window."

They had not shared the same room for years.

Herbert did not dare to pierce the wall of solid contentment with which Henry had surrounded himself. Nor was Katherine more accessible. She went through her days, neat, subservient, reserved; made her shy calls, gathered a few flowers for her tea table, entertained her visitors, and looked rather yearningly, when she was alone, at the mountains. Old Dunham had advised her not to ride.

She never tired of the mountains, where little narrow trails wound up and over into the sunset, and sometimes she thought of old Lucius, who had ridden this country so long ago and now was only an unspeakable thing under the ugly shaft. She found a couplet in a book one evening, faintly marked in pencil, and as the book was poetry and was wedged between a treatise on anthrax and a report on pedigreed Hereford cattle, she rather suspected a feminine hand in it. The couplet was:

The wide seas and the mountains called to him,
And gray dawn saw his camp fires in the rain.

On an impulse she went outside to show it to Henry, but he was asleep in his chair with his mouth open.

Herbert was quietly but politely desperate. He could not go to either of them and blurt out what he knew. "Kay is crazy about this ranch hand, McNair. For God's sake, let's get the car and get away from here!" He had to get up politely when Katherine came into the room, and see that Henry had a sufficient supply of cigars, and send telegrams and write well-worded letters: "Yours very truly, Henry Dowling. Per H. F."

Henry could go to sleep, having dutifully opened his window, but Herbert only went to bed. And in the early mornings he would rouse from a tormented sleep to hear Kay on her way to the corral or the barn, even to get up in his silk pajamas, monogrammed just under the pocket—branded, Tom said once, seeing them on the wash line—and from his window watch her quick, nervous, determined movements, the bright flash of her neckerchief, the half-defiant upturn of her head. Then he would groan and go back to his bed, to lie there sleepless until the rising bell forced him to meet another day.

And so things were in the early days of September. Already some of the cattle were moving down from their summer pastures in the mountains. By twos, by eights, by twenties, they worked down the cattle trails. The green pastures up above had dried up in the summer heat, the coyote pups were growing large and hungry for young beef, and so they were coming home. Along with the threshing came the preparations for the autumn round-up. The wagons were being overhauled, a young woman from Judson, a bare little town on the reservation, had come as cook at the bunk house, to replace Slim, who was to go with the outfit. And Henry began to talk of staying on for the shipping.

Then one day, and quite by accident, Herbert overheard something which cheered him considerably, which even gave him in a small way a weapon to his hand. Henry was asleep in the shade of the straw stack, and Herbert, who had tired of asking the sky questions and getting nothing but a sunburn in reply, had closed his eyes and was apparently so. Thus he caught a bit of conversation over the roar and rattle of the thresher:

"She's sure sore on him. I seen her in town Sunday."

"She oughta know Tom by this time."

"That's what I told her, but she seemed to feel right bad."

"How'd she hear it?"

"Nellie, I guess. That kid sure doesn't miss anything."

Herbert lay still, hat over his eyes, and pondered. So Tom had had a girl, a town girl, and even she knew about Kay. The whole gossiping town knew, probably—the county, the state. And Kay was going on in her headstrong way, not knowing or not caring, and her people were both blind and complacent. But what could he do? He had his own code, had Herbert, and this code would have permitted him to warn Henry had his own interest not been involved. But to run whining to her father that Kay was slipping away from him and into the hands of another man—never.

He looked at Henry, whose head was lolling against the straw stack. Under his unbuttoned waistcoat his figure suggested that he had swallowed one melon, whole, and between his parted lips Herbert could see gleaming a portion of the gold work which kept in place that piece of dental engineering which Henry called his bridge. It came to Herbert with sickening force that life did these things to men—his kind, anyhow. Youth and love slipped away, and after that food counted, and a soft bed and good cigars; but romance no longer lurked around the next corner, and perhaps after a time they did not care. He hoped so anyhow.

The point is, however, that he decided to say nothing, and probably would have kept to his decision had not one or two things occurred which rather forced his hand.

One was that Kay deliberately refused to ride with him that evening, and went out with Tom instead. And the other was that Herbert, when she came in later on with her cheeks flushed and her eyes like stars, felt impelled to take a long walk before bed and thus happened on something he was not meant to see.

Had he known it, it was not such a great matter that had sent Kay home in such excitement. Her relations with Tom were still largely impersonal on those rides of theirs. He still had himself well in hand. He would stop on top of a knoll and gaze at the mountains, outlined against the setting sun.

"You ever been across—to Europe, I mean?"

"Yes. . . . Why?"

"Well, I'll bet there's nothing prettier than that over there."

But there were times on those rides together when he seemed to forget her, to be absorbed in a Nature he worshiped inarticulately, or again to be concerned with that mysterious man life of his which he never shared with anyone. She was miserably jealous then. But again he talked of his people. His father had come up from the South during the gold rush into the Black Hills, but had found no gold, and the end of free land killed him finally.

"He'd always been used to moving," he said. "He was kind of restless, and finally there weren't any more places to go. The very sight of wire made him feel crowded. He always thought there would be a chance over the next hill, provided it lay west."

Kay nodded. She knew nothing about free land, or the sudden shutting off that took place at the beginning of the new century. But because it was Tom's father she felt vaguely sad.

"Why, say," he drawled on, "if he'd lived to have to take out a license to go hunting, he'd have had a fit. He'd shot his own meat for twenty years. He believed in free land and free silver—and he got six feet of one and none of the other."

Only once did he mention his mother. She gathered that, in his queer way, he was afraid of showing feeling. "She was sure a good woman," he told her. "She stuck by, when her folks back home were trying to rope her back every way they knew." He hesitated. "She got her comfort out of religion," he added.

"Don't you believe in God, Tom?"

"I'll believe in Santa Claus if you say so," he said, and smiled at her. But he added, seeing that she expected him to: "When I'm in a fix I do. Once or twice it's seemed like He was the only one who could get me out. And I'm still here."

He had enlarged on that, seeing that she had rather liked it; and even blinded as she was, she perceived that in the adventure he related it was he and not God who received the major portion of the credit.

But he did believe in God. He had admitted it. It somehow justified her own belief in him.

Only by the sheerest accident did she discover that he had gone to France during the war. He had volunteered—"for a change," he told her, and the exploit of which he was apparently most proud had been the stealing of a mule for some nefarious purpose of his own. But like his belief in a God who got one out of tight places, this, too, served to solidify the pedestal on which she was placing him. He had been a soldier.

"Did you get any fighting?"

"Fired a gun now and then."

She was not fooled.

Attracted he might be—was, indeed. She had burst on his drab life, the exotic product of a civilization he hardly knew. He was as curious about her as he was interested. But that even in a small degree he reciprocated the devouring infatuation she felt, she had no reason to believe.

And then, on the night in question, she began to wonder.

They had traveled along a narrow trail over the foothills, and at last they could see down in the valley the lights of Ursula. Tom gazed at them thoughtfully, then suddenly laughed. She glanced at him.

"I was thinking about the night you folks came here. I sure was sore."

"What about?"

"I'd had some plans of my own," he said, eying her.

"What were you going to do?"

"Oh, I don't know—play around some." And with a certain malice: "Maybe see a girl. You never can tell."

A burst of sudden and primitive jealousy sent the blood away from her face. Her lips stiffened.

"Was it a girl you were thinking of just now?"

"You'd like to know, wouldn't you?"

But she had herself in hand by that time. "Not necessarily. You have your own life to live, as—I have mine."

She was not prepared for his answer, however, or for the steady, direct gaze which accompanied it. "Yes," he said. "That's the hell of it."

He turned his horse abruptly and started back, and their talk thereafter was of unimportant matters. But she knew, and knew that he knew, that the relationship between them had definitely changed with that declaration of his. And later in the evening Herbert knew it, too, and took his walk so that he might be too tired to lie awake and think.

Kay had gone upstairs when he started, and Henry was about to follow her, yawning.

"Good night, Katherine."

"Good night, Henry. Be sure to raise your window."

Herbert picked up a cap and went out. Was that all it came to in the end? All this agony of spirit, and then perhaps—only perhaps—a brief interval of happiness, and after that nothing but habit and association? It could not be; it must not be. He straightened his young shoulders and started down the lane.

There was a full moon. When he reached the cottonwoods he turned around, and he was certain he saw Kay at her window. Over at the bunk house someone was indolently twanging a banjo, and in one of the cattle yards a cow was calling, a persistent melancholy sound. All at once he hated the place. He wanted the cheerful lights and sounds of the city, the roar of cars, the clanging of tram bells. He wanted his own comfortable apartment, and to dress and dine out, with Kay next to him and the orderly service of the meal going on:

"Champagne, or whisky and soda, sir?"

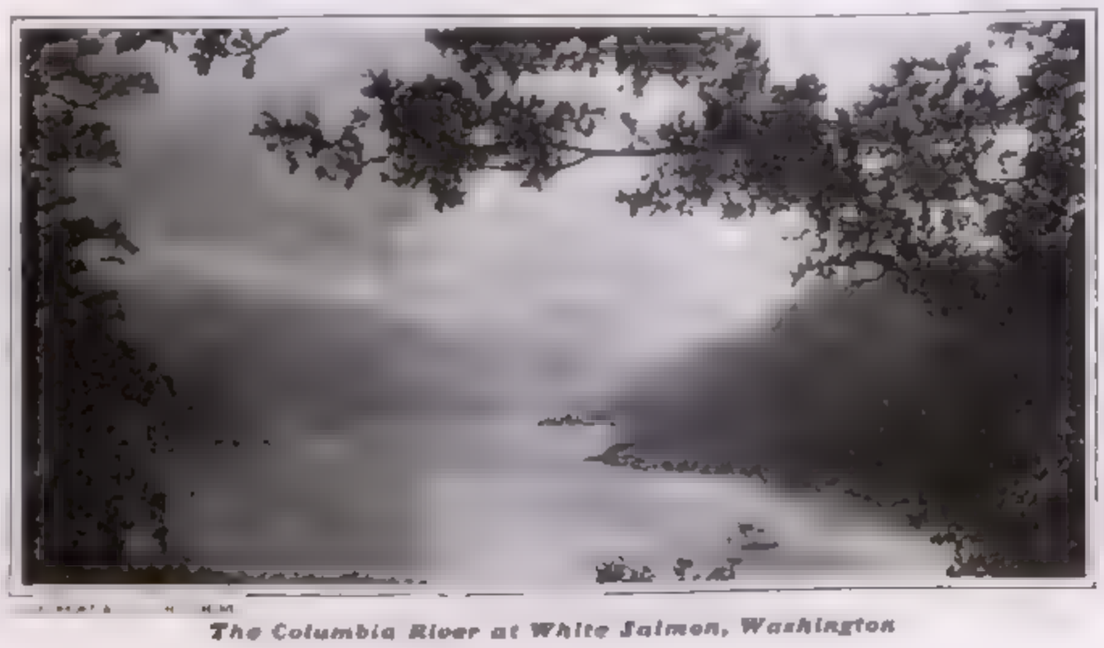
He went a long way that evening in the moonlight, clear across the alfalfa and the wheat stubble to the main road. A stray bull with a white face eyed him indifferently; a skunk watched him warily from the bank of a ditch; but he trudged on, busy with his thoughts.

Out on the road, he turned back toward the main gate, to be overtaken by a ramshackle car, driven by a girl—a rather pretty girl, he thought. She glanced at him and glanced away without interest, and at the main gate she turned in.

He forgot her at once, until some time later he came across the car parked out of sight of the ranch house, and saw the gleam of her white dress among the timber by the creek. She was not alone; a man was leaning negligently against a tree, apparently listening to her in silence.

Herbert could hear the shrill half-hysterical quality of her voice, saw the man light a match and probably a cigarette, and realized that some small emotional drama was taking place in the twilight. He went by hastily and without a second glance toward them, but he knew that the man was Tom McNair.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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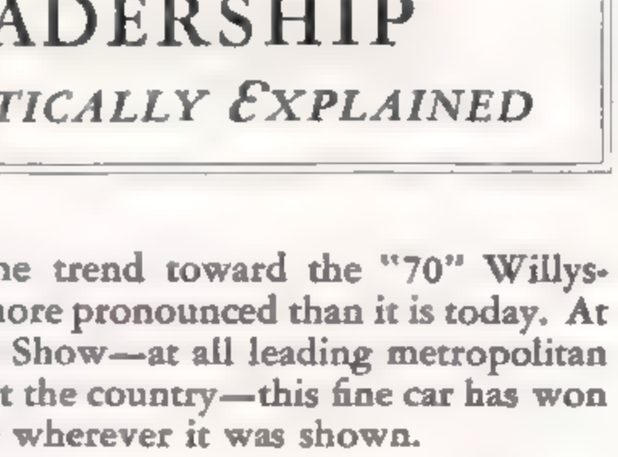

This graph shows the estimated comparative efficiency of sleeve-valve and poppet-valve motors based upon average performance of both types. Note gradual rise of sleeve-valve engine efficiency curve up to and beyond the 75,000 mile mark and gradual decline to zero point of average poppet-valve engine at corresponding mileage.

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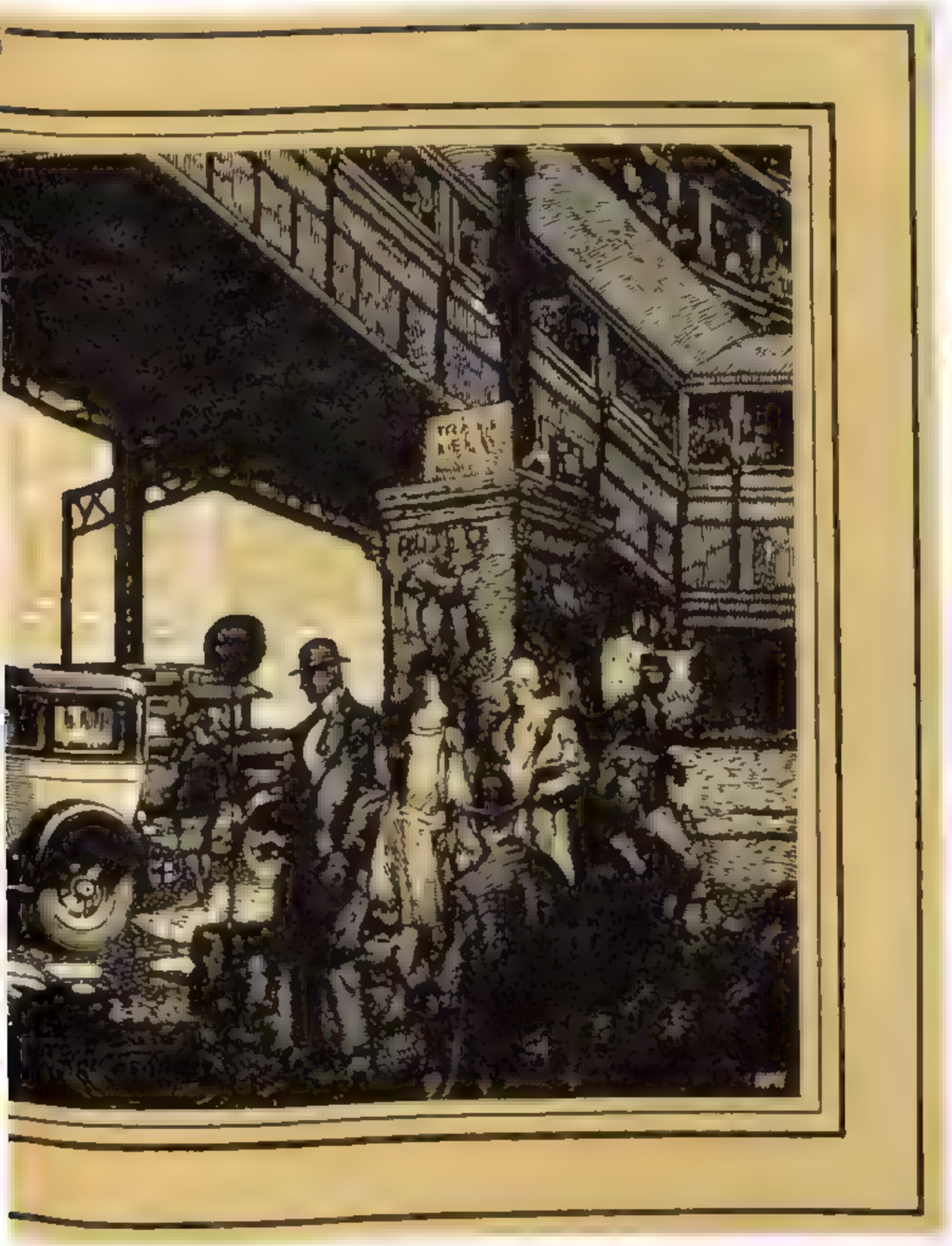

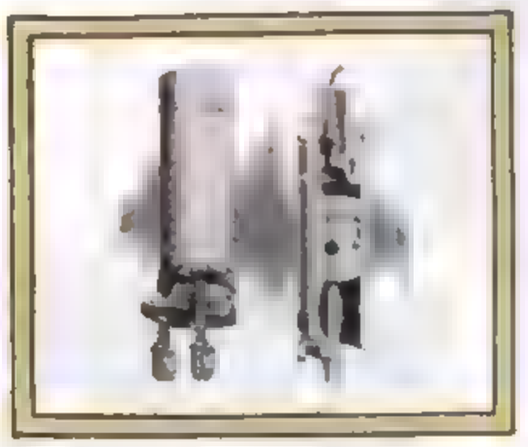

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No one ever knows exactly where Fire's next raid will be, nor how much his loot will be worth. Maybe he will get away with nothing more important than a waste-basket full of trash—and maybe he will take all of a living city.

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INSURE IN THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO. HARTFORD, CONN.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life

THE MAKING OF A MERCHANT

(Continued from Page 25)

streamer that a convenient wind blew straight out in a horizontal position so the name of the factory could be plainly read. I often think if some old-time merchant had kept all the advertising pictures he used to receive, they would make an interesting museum collection, to be shown along with the Rogers group, the old-fashioned hand-pump hose carts, the bicycles with the little wheel in front, and so on.

Thinking it all over, I would say an independent merchant has just as good a chance for success now as he did back in the 1890's. He has the added competition of the powerful chain stores and mail-order houses and house-to-house fellows, but on the other hand, competition is more clean cut and aboveboard. Moreover, the manufacturers help him sell his goods nowadays, which they never used to do. When all is said and done, success depends on finding out what the people want, and then selling it to them as economically as possible; and the little man can play that game as well as the big man. Which, I guess is another way of saying that success depends on the man himself. It has always been that way and always will be.

Everywhere in the country there was an expansion of business toward the end of the 1890's. Traveling men who called on me told of different stores in their territories that were increasing their stocks, enlarging their buildings and reaching out for more business. Part of this, I believe, was due to the World's Fair at Chicago that was attended by so many business men from all sections, and who visited at the same time the great Chicago stores of Marshall Field, Carson-Pirie's, and others, getting an idea of the possibilities of scientific retailing.

The Spanish-American War, too, gave a big impetus to business. People for the first time realized what a tremendous country the United States had become, and began to think in wider terms than they had ever done before.

Besides this, there was a certain stimulation in the thought of being of a generation that would actually see one century go out and another come in. All through the 90's you saw the expression *fin de siècle* attached to articles in store windows to prove that the articles were up to date. Along in 1899 window trimmers began to abandon *fin de siècle* for another expression—Twentieth Century. New establishments starting up called themselves Twentieth Century Shoe Stores, Twentieth Century Clothing Stores, Twentieth Century Lunch Parlors, and so on.

When the General Store Graduated

At this time, also, many old-time general-merchandise stores began to evolve into regular department stores. Lately, in my trips around the country I have asked numbers of department-store owners when they conceived the idea of departmentizing their establishments, and the majority have said it was about the beginning of the century or a little before, though few can put a finger on the precise date. In most cases, it appears, a man would hear how the big metropolitan stores were operating and would resolve he would follow their example in a small way.

He would begin to keep a separate set of books on some line of goods to see how it was paying, and finding it a good plan, he would do the same thing with other lines, until he came to have a regular department store almost without knowing it. Sometimes the change came about because there were two or more partners and one of them would be interested in some particular line and would want to push it. In order to justify himself to his associates, he would keep records on his favorite line to prove its profit-making possibilities, and from that it was natural to drift into the habit of keeping separate records of other lines of merchandise.

In my own case I know exactly when I changed from general-merchandise storekeeper into a department-store merchant, because, curiously, it happened as a result of a conversation about George Washington. The one hundredth anniversary of the first President's death occurred on the fourteenth of December, 1899, and the Sunday newspapers all carried long articles on the subject. The next morning I carried my deposit to the First National Bank as usual, and Mr. Willis was sitting in his private office at the back with one of the newspapers spread out on his desk. After the receiving teller had entered my deposit in my pass book I heard Mr. Willis call my name and I went back to see him.

Hit-or-Miss Methods

Like so many others, he was greatly stirred by the fact that in a few days the world would enter a new century; and the article about George Washington had set him to thinking of the astounding changes in our country the past hundred years had seen.

"Never in all history, Peter," he said solemnly, "has any race done so much in so short a time as the race to which you and I belong. There are people still living who might have seen General Washington; yet think what the United States was in his times, and what it is now! Big cities everywhere, and railroads, and telephones, and everybody living snug and safe where a hundred years ago there was nothing but wilderness. They say the United States will have more than 75,000,000 people by next year's census. A man can hardly believe it!"

It was not often Mr. Willis reverted to philosophy; he was first of all a practical business man, and what he said next bore on his favorite subject.

"I believe we are going to see just as big changes in the ways of doing business," he went on, "and the man who wants to succeed has got to keep up with the times. For one thing, business is going to be more scientific. I have been reading in this article about George Washington and how good a business man he was. The accurate way he kept track of all his affairs showed he was way ahead of his times. I don't know many merchants today who keep their books with as much attention to detail as he did."

I have an idea Mr. Willis intended all the time to bring his conversation around to a personal point of view, for directly he asked me a pointed question.

"Exactly how much do you know about your business, Peter?" he said.

"I guess I know as much as the average man," I answered proudly enough. "I know that I bought the James Stewart business on a shoestring a few years ago when it was doing less than $65,000 a year. If things keep up for the next two weeks as I think they will, on the first of January I can show where I have done a $200,000 business in 1899!"

"Yes, I know you've increased your trade a lot," he said shortly, "but that doesn't answer my question."

I thought he was quizzing me in advance regarding the loan I usually asked him for the first of every year, and I said, a little impatiently:

"If you mean you want a financial statement, I can give you that, too, in round figures. My stock invoices around $60,000 and I owe about $20,000 for merchandise. According to my arithmetic, that makes me worth about $40,000 over and above my debts."

"I'm not thinking about the present at all, Peter," Mr. Willis answered, "but about the future—about this twentieth century everyone is talking about. Business is going to get more scientific all the time, and in another twenty years these hit-or-miss methods that most merchants use in towns like Centreton will be as out of date as stagecoaches are now. When I asked you what you know about your business, I meant do you know it as the big department-store men in New York and Chicago know theirs? You know, by the invoice you take every year, that your store as a whole is making a profit. All right. But do you know, for instance, whether your shoes are a winning or a losing game? Or your men's clothing? Or your kitchen ware? Maybe some of those lines are actually losing money for you. If they are, you ought to know it. One of these days some hustling fellow might open up here in Centreton who will run his show on real twentieth-century lines, and if that does happen it's going to be hard on the hit-or-miss fraternity!"

"You can call it hit or miss if you want to," I retorted, "but as for myself, I aim to be a merchant, not a bookkeeper. If I was worth $1,000,000, maybe I could afford to run my business on system like those big-city merchant princes. As it is, I've got to run it for profits!"

"Perhaps so," Mr. Willis answered. "But did you ever stop to think, Peter, that those merchant princes, as you call them, may have become what they are because they did operate on a system? If I were you I'd think it over. It's getting close to the twentieth century, you know."

It was more than the actual expense of departmentizing my business that made me impatient with Mr. Willis' suggestion. Like most men who get into storekeeping, I am by temperament a salesman; and a person of that nature is always irked by the idea of bothering himself with figures and statistics. I was, besides, a little conceited over the progress I had made, and inclined to believe I was a merchant prince myself on a small scale; and this belief was stimulated as I got back to my store after the conversation with the banker.

Lots of Motion—Some Lost

In appearance the store had not changed much since the days of James Stewart, except that the shelves were more loaded with merchandise, there was a new row of tables down the center aisle, and the second floor was fitted up as a salesroom, instead of being used for storage, as formerly. For the rest, there was still the big iron stove, the little wooden-grilled office at the back, and the long counters with rows of round stools in front of them. But it was at the height of the Christmas buying season; besides my twenty-five regular employes, I had taken on a number of extra people, and all hands were busy with the crowds of holiday shoppers. One innovation I had made was the installation of a cash system that was worked by means of little baskets running on wires that led back to the cashier's desk in the office. The clerk who made a sale would reach up for a basket, pull it down, put the money and sales slip into it and then, with a pull of the rope, shoot the basket up toward the ceiling, from where it would slide downhill to the cashier. These baskets were running briskly back and forth, and would, I knew, carry close to $2000 back to the cash drawer on such a day of holiday shopping.

But in spite of all this activity there was considerable lost motion that I couldn't help noticing after my talk with Mr. Willis at the bank. Everyone was busy, but without much orderliness. It was still the fashion in all the Centreton stores that a clerk waited on a customer for every sort of goods, accompanying him to all parts of the store for whatever might be wanted, and then wrapping the bundles. As I came in I saw Herbert Troop, my head salesman, finish waiting on two ladies at the lace counter, and with an armful of packages, conduct them back to a table of five-cent Christmas cards, where I knew he might

(Continued on Page 109)

A Dog that Built a Big Business

THE love of a Southern sportsman for his dog gave life to a business that is now nationally successful.

"Sergeant," favorite hunting dog of the famous dog lover, Polk Miller, was subject to the usual canine ills. Fifty years ago knowledge of dog remedies was meagre Polk Miller studied the diseases of dogs to find effective remedies. His remarkable success attracted much attention among his numerous friends. He was besieged for advice and medicines.

From this nucleus grew the great organization that distributes "Sergeant's" Dog Medicines to all the world

At this time of year watch closely for signs of distemper described on page 21 of Polk Miller's Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Distemper Medicine

Famous Dog Book Is Free

Polk Miller's notes were compiled into a pamphlet and distributed to dog owners. Each year it has been edited and revised by our skilled veterinarians.

Now this enlarged up-to-date book is a guide for millions of dog owners. It tells of the symptoms and treatment of dog diseases. It explains proper methods of feeding and breeding. It is crowded from cover to cover with useful information This valuable book will be sent free to dog owners who write for it.

Your dog needs a tonic in the Spring. He should be guarded against sickness and worse if weakness at this time with Sergeant's Condition Pills. Page 20 in the Dog Book

Skilled Advice, Free

If your dog develops a condition not fully answered in Sergeant's Dog Book, we urge you to write our Free Advice Department under the direction of a famous veterinarian and dog specialist and his staff Personal attention to every inquiry State breed age and sex of your dog and all symptoms Complete instructions for care and treatment will be sent promptly without charge.

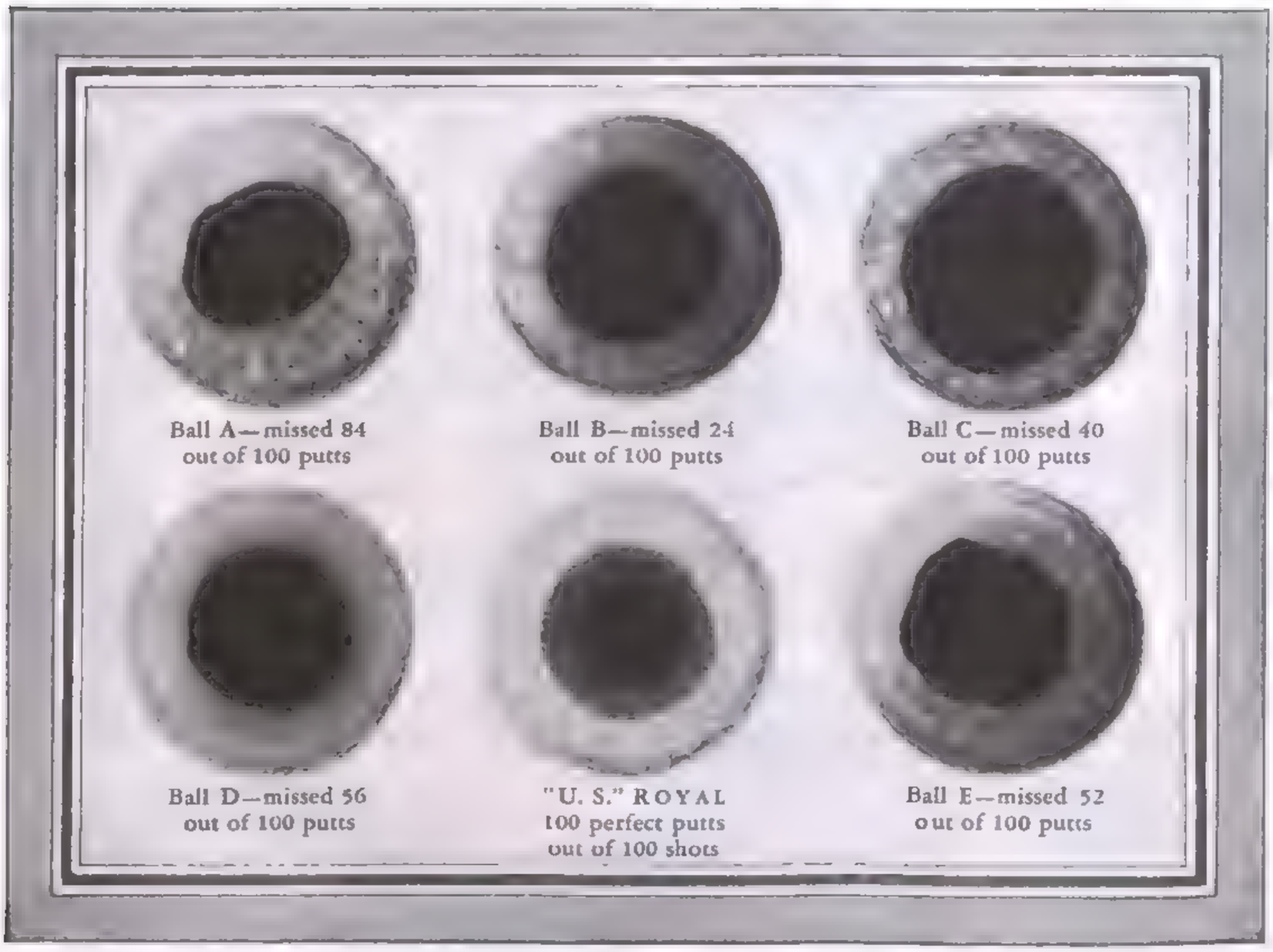
All puppies should be wormed regularly to insure good health and even their lives. The reason is given on page 15 of the Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules

Sergeant's Dog Medicines are sold by dealers everywhere If you cannot obtain them write us direct Address Polk Miller Products Corporation 1060 W Broad Street, Richmond, Va

Write for your free copy of Polk Miller's dog book.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
A medicine for every dog ailment

Write us for FREE sample of our No-Tar Odor Mange Medicine for Human Hair and Scalp



Conclusive Proof

Fifty per cent of your score depends upon your accuracy on the greens. Putting is the most important single factor in golf. Every golfer will find the X-ray and putting machine tests recorded here of absorbing interest.

A GOLF BALL will not roll true simply because the *outside* is round. The *inside* must also be true. The X-ray tests prove that this inside trueness of a ball cannot be taken for granted. Hundreds of X-rays prove that the exclusive "U. S." Royal method of manufacture insures a ball with an accurately centered and fixed center of gravity—and therefore maximum putting accuracy.

The magic of the X-ray disclosed the real answer to many a missed putt and swerving drive.

Now we have gone further than the X-ray. Upon a carefully constructed mechanical putting machine, which delivers each stroke from the same distance, with equal force and direction, we have reproduced in the laboratory the acid test of actual play.

Every ball tested was putted 100 times. Each chosen at random and X-rayed *after* the putting test. The X-rays are shown on this page. Under each you will find the record of its performance on the putting machine.

THE "U. S." ROYAL registers 100 perfect putts out of 100 tests. The other scores we offer for your comparison. The test of actual play coincides with the verdict of the X-ray. In test and play the "U. S." Royal is the finest putting golf ball in the world.

No ball will give you greater distance. None has a tougher cover—or better paint. No finer golf ball can be bought—in this country or abroad—at any price—than the "U. S." Royal.

At your club professional or authorized dealer. In recess or mesh marking—seventy-five cents each.

"U.S." ROYAL GOLF BALLS

Made by the United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

(Continued from Page 107)

spend half an hour more and sell perhaps twenty-five cents' worth; and at the same time one of the extra clerks—a high-school boy—was at the silverware counter trying to explain to a customer the meaning of triple plate, and getting badly mixed in his facts. Mary Mulvey, who had more call customers than anyone else in the store, was stranded with two indecisive girls who were sampling perfumery, while half a dozen people waited for her attention more or less impatiently.

December, 1899, turned out to be the biggest month I ever had up to that time, but I could not escape the feeling that I was not making the most of my opportunities or giving the public the service to which it was entitled. My competitors were running their shows along the same lines as I; but a good many times I thought uneasily of what Mr. Willis had said, and wondered how it would be if some live man should open up against us, who knew how to organize and operate along big-city lines.

During the same month another thing happened that set me to thinking still harder on the subject. A short time previously Centreton had been invaded by its first chain store, in the shape of a concern that called itself The Twentieth Century Pants Company, and that made trousers to order for the uniform price of three dollars. Eventually this concern faded out of the picture, but for a number of years it was very active throughout the country. If I remember right, its Centreton store was Number Fifty. Anyhow, this establishment secured a good location on Market Street and right from the start attracted considerable business through its somewhat spectacular methods of publicity.

One morning between Christmas and New Year's, as I was going down to work, I saw a crowd in front of the three-dollar-pants emporium. I sensed that something humorous was on hand, because people would elbow their way up close to the show window, look excitedly for a few moments and break into appreciative laughter. I wormed my way to the front rank. What I saw was a publicity dodge that was new at the time, but afterward very much overworked, as good things are so liable to be. Near the bottom of the big plate-glass window an artist had painted a very good imitation of a smash made by a heavy rock, the illusion made convincing by stippled yellow paint at the point of contact and painted cracks running in every direction. Just inside the glass was a sign. "Twentieth Century $3.00 Pants are such good value that a miscreant has tried to smash our window and get a pair!"

Big-City Methods

I backed out of the crowd, laughing at the joke, when I was joined by a merchant named Bolivar Simpson, who had a shoe store a few doors below my place. Old Bolivar was a fat, excitable individual who always looked on the dark side of life, and the publicity dodge we had just seen filled him with the most pessimistic thoughts.

"You can laugh at that thing if you want to," he gloomed as we went down the street together, "but I tell you it's no laughing matter for us storekeepers. Just think what it means. That company is so big and rich, with branches everywhere, that it can afford to have a man go all over the country just to paint that fake on the show windows. What chance have men like you and me got against such competition? I'll bet in another ten or twenty years all the stores will be operated from New York or some other big city! It's just another Wall Street scheme!"

I didn't quite share old Bolivar's views, but just the same his remarks gave me an uneasy feeling that business in the future wasn't going to be so easy-going as it had been in the past. If a corporation could establish stores throughout the country and make them go by applying big-city methods of organization and enterprise, then, certainly, local merchants would have to increase their efficiency or go into the discard. A few days later I went to see Mr. Willis again at the First National.

"I've been thinking over what you said about organizing my business into a department store," I told him, "but I don't know whether I can stand the expense at present. It would cost a lot of money, I suppose."

"I don't know about that," he said easily; "a few hundred dollars, perhaps, but you've had a good holiday business and I guess you could stand that all right. You'd save the cost in the first six months."

I guess I showed my skepticism at this offhand way of disposing of a question that seemed so enormous to me. I had a distaste for intricate bookkeeping, and had a mental picture of irritating days and nights spent with expert accountants who would ask me all sorts of questions that I couldn't answer, and who, in the end, would evolve a mysterious system that would pester me to the end of my business days. Like a great many small-city bankers, Mr. Willis had a remarkable knowledge of business of all sorts, as well as business men, and he proceeded to set my mind at rest.

Six Stores Instead of One

"You don't need to start with any elaborate system," he said, "and you don't need to do anything except use a little common sense. The main reason for turning your business into a department store is to be able to put your finger on what is profitable and what isn't. Get that fixed in your mind first. Suppose you organize your store into about six departments to begin with. All you have to do then is to treat each one of these departments as though it were a separate store, keeping its purchases and its sales separate from the others and charging it up with its share of the expenses. There's nothing complicated about that, is there? Simply, you will be running six small stores instead of one big one!"

I had never heard the subject of organization treated in such simple language before, and the prospective job lost some of its terrors. When it came to the question of getting someone to do the actual work there was some trouble, because, strange as it may seem now, in 1900 there was not, in Centreton, with its 100,000 population, a single person or firm doing business as an expert accountant. Mr. Willis advised me not to go to the expense of sending to New York or Philadelphia for such an expert, as he said it was a question of horse sense rather than mathematics. In the end he loaned me the services of one of the bookkeepers in the bank—a man by the name of Doyle—who worked with me and my regular bookkeeper nights for the better part of a month, and directed the actual opening of the new books. The whole job, counting the overtime pay of the two men and such clerks as were needed, cost less than $400.

It was a rough-and-ready departmentization that we worked out, but, on the whole, a practical one; and all the changes that I have made since, during the years in which my sales have increased to more than $3,000,000 yearly, are only additions to the original plan. Any merchant today who wants to get his business on a more systematic basis can do what I did back in January, 1900, and with hardly any more expense. We started with the idea of having only six departments, as Mr. Willis had suggested, but as we got into the work it seemed practical to increase the number to eight, and that was the basis we went on. First I decided what goods belonged in each department, and then had such goods assembled in the part of the store that seemed most suitable. Then the clerk who was to have charge of the department invoiced his stock and passed the figures on to Doyle, who opened a simple set of books.

All the time I kept in mind that I was departmentizing for the purpose of learning which lines of goods were profitable and which were not, and this made it necessary

Woodland Wealth

A soft green mantle of great forests clothes the rugged backbone of the Appalachian Range and the coastal plains of the South Almost one-half of the nation's lumber supply is furnished by the South.

The South values her trees among her most precious possessions. No longer do men slash away whole forests here, with no thought of the morrow. The Southern States and Southern lumber companies are cooperating to carry out not only conservation policies but also reforestation programs.

The value of Southern forest products and the output of the Southern woodworking industries total more than $800,000,000 yearly And each year the Southern lumber industries find an ever widening demand for their products.

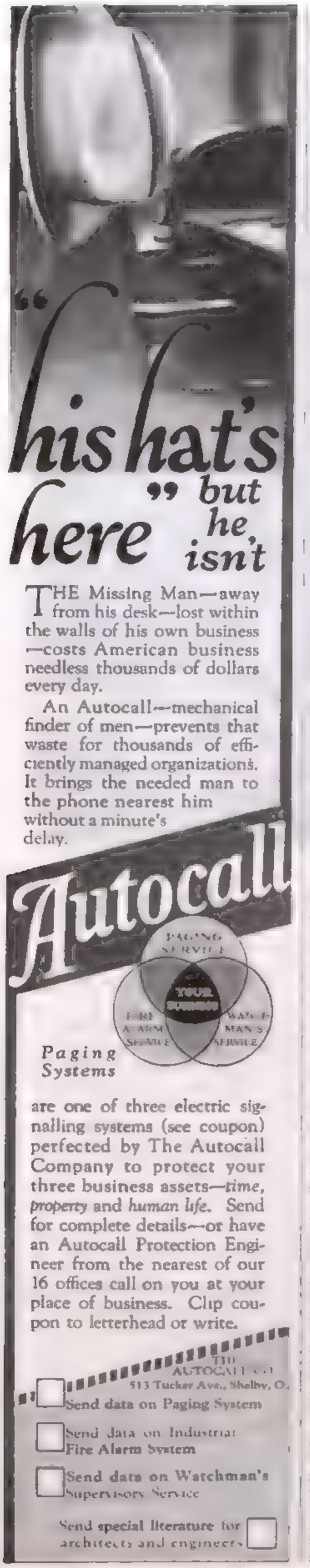
Timber is one of the South's great natural resources. But this rich heritage is being conserved and developed for future generations as well as contributing its share to present prosperity

The Southern Railway System is conducting forestry work along its lines in Southern Carolina on a tract of 19,000 acres, inherited from the days of wood-burning locomotives. It is demonstrating that the adoption of modern methods of forestry and reforestation pays both large and small owners of timber tracts

The Development Service of Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C., will gladly aid in securing industrial locations, farms and home sites in the South.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH


"his hat's here" but he isn't
THE Missing Man—away from his desk—lost within the walls of his own business—costs American business needless thousands of dollars every day.
An Autocall—mechanical finder of men—prevents that waste for thousands of efficiently managed organizations. It brings the needed man to the phone nearest him without a minute's delay.
Autocall
PAGING SERVICE
YOUR BUSINESS
FIRE ALARM SERVICE
WATCHMAN'S SERVICE
Paging Systems
are one of three electric signalling systems (see coupon) perfected by The Autocall Company to protect your three business assets—time, property and human life. Send for complete details—or have an Autocall Protection Engineer from the nearest of our 16 offices call on you at your place of business. Clip coupon to letterhead or write.
THE AUTOCALL CO.
513 Tucker Ave., Shelby, O.
Send data on Paging System
Send data on Industrial Fire Alarm System
Send data on Watchman's Supervisory Service
Send special literature for architects and engineers

to apportion the expenses carefully and fairly. Each department, of course, had to stand the salaries of the sales people in charge, as well as freight and insurance on the goods. If its goods were advertised in the newspapers or displayed in the show windows it had to stand expense according to the space used. In order to decide how much of the store rent each department should stand, we measured the floor space it occupied and set its rent accordingly; the locations nearest the street, of course, being set at a higher value than at the rear or on the second floor. In all this planning Herbert Troop unexpectedly proved a tower of strength; it was, I suppose, like organizing a lodge, and appealed to him accordingly. He made one suggestion that I had never heard presented by any business expert, but it proved to be quite sound. One night we were deciding how much rent would be fair for the various floor spaces, when Mr. Troop spoke up.

"Have you noticed, Mr. Sherwood," he said, "that our front door is hinged on the left side?"

I answered that I believed it was, but that I had never paid particular attention.

An Army of Officers

"But I think it is quite important," he went on, "because if you notice, you will see that most people who come through a doorway that is hinged on the left turn naturally to the right after they have entered. The opened door, you see, bars their way to the left. That being the case, the majority of the customers who come in here will go first to the counters on the right hand; and I think the departments on the right ought to pay a little more rent than those on the left."

The next few days we kept track of this, and finding Mr. Troop's theory to be correct, we charged the right-hand departments 20 per cent more rent than those on the opposite side of the store; a practice that I have followed until the present day.

Strangely, the only resistance to my plans for organizing a regular department store came from my old stand-by, Mary Mulvey. She had never quite got over the impression that I was only a boy, and never hesitated to speak her mind in plain terms. All during the work of organization she was in a state bordering on temper, and several times told me I was all wrong if I believed I could run a New York City store in a town like Centreton. She was highly popular with customers, especially with those of the church she attended; and one day, when I said that in the future the sales people would wait on customers only in their own departments, she sputtered out resentfully:

"I've worked in this store, Peter, for close to twenty years, and never yet have I left a customer half waited on! You know very well that all the people of my church come to trade with me, and how will they take it when I sell them part of what they want and then turn them over to someone else? It's going to be the ruin of this store!"

There were others besides Mary Mulvey who thought I was going too far when I believed I could run a store in Centreton on New York lines. One of my competitors—Elias Harvey—told me one day he would give me two years to go broke. Henry Gilder—now of Gilder & Scruggs—said it might be all right, but he would see how it turned out with me before trying such a move himself. Later on Gilder did departmentize; but Elias Harvey, who boasted that he could carry his business in his head, never did. He went down in the panic of 1907.

Like everything else, a system can be overworked to the point where it becomes a liability instead of an asset. I have always gone on the principle that a business is like government—that it ought to be run with the smallest amount of red tape that will hold it together. A couple of years ago I was asked to go to another town in the state to see if I could diagnose the trouble with a store that was losing money, and I didn't have to make any further investigations after I learned the store was doing a little more than $500,000 worth of business a year, and was divided into forty-four departments. It was like an army of all officers and no privates. There were so many department buyers and department managers that I told the owner he ought to put badges on them so they could distinguish each other from customers.

By summer of 1900 I had my business running pretty well on regular department-store lines, but there were still some problems of policy to be worked out before I could say I had made an entirely good job of it. Foremost of these was the question of what to do about goods that people bought and then returned for one reason or another. Many big-city stores had already adopted the practice of refunding money in such cases, but hardly any merchants in towns the size of Centreton did. If a person bought anything that he decided later he did not want, he usually had to go through a pretty long rigmarole to get any kind of adjustment. Ordinarily, the clerk would try to induce the customer to exchange his purchase for something else of equal value, and failing in this, would refer him to someone higher in authority, where the same arguments would be gone over again. If the customer was insistent enough and carried his case high enough he would, as a last resort, be given a due bill which gave him the right to trade out the amount later.

It was a long time before I could make up my mind to abandon the time-honored custom and follow the lead of the big merchants who advertised a money-back policy. It costs money to sell merchandise, and the expense is doubled when the same article has to be sold twice. I was afraid people would take advantage of me; and there was, besides, the knowledge that it might not always be convenient for me, still working on limited capital, to hand out cash money whenever it was demanded. In June I went to New York on a buying trip, and while there got Mr. Fessenden, of Ames and Crowell to take me around to some of the big stores—most of which were on Sixth Avenue at that time—to see how the money-back policy worked out in actual practice. Even these establishments had adopted it so recently that the department managers still remembered the old methods and were in position to make comparison. There was one man, in particular, who seemed to have given it a good deal of thought—he is now president of one of the largest Fifth Avenue stores—and Mr. Fessenden asked him to take luncheon with us. He had come originally from a small town in Ohio, so he had both the country and the metropolitan viewpoint.

A Money-Back Guaranty

"I know it seems a dangerous thing," he told me, "to come out and tell the public it can buy goods and then have the money back without question. Still, if you adopt it, I don't believe you'd ever want to go back to the old way. In the first place, you'll save money by it. If you were running a little one-man store, perhaps you could afford to take the time for arguing with customers and trying to talk them into exchanges; but you tell me you have departmentized and have a force of forty or fifty people; and you can't have efficient selling if your clerks have to spend part of their time trying to make customers keep goods that aren't satisfactory.

"We're going to see some big changes in the country," he went on, "and we department-store merchants can't afford to rest in the belief that ours is the only way the business of the future is going to be done. The best insurance we can have is to build up the public's confidence in us, and I don't know any better way than to show the public we have so much confidence in the merchandise we sell that we are willing to buy it back again. If you handle first-class stuff you won't be bothered much with people bringing it back. 'Sell merchandise that doesn't come back to customers who do,' is a pretty good motto."

It may seem strange to people whose memories do not go back to the beginning of the century that the money-back policy was a matter of serious discussion at that time. From this luncheon talk, however, I decided it was the thing for me to do, and on my return from the New York trip I ran advertisements in the Centreton newspapers stating that the Peter Sherwood Company would discontinue the practice of giving due bills, and in the future would refund actual cash to any customer who was not satisfied with his purchase for any reason whatsoever.

My announcements raised considerable commotion up and down Market Street, and a couple of days later a committee of merchants came in to expostulate with me. There were half a dozen men in the crowd whose identity I have forgotten, but I recall that the one who did most of the talking was a clothing dealer named Sam Lindsey, who at that time ran a store next the First National Bank. Sam was an excitable sort of fellow who failed some years later through an unfortunate custom, it was said, of taking each client who bought a suit of clothes around the corner to a place called The Two Brothers' Bar to celebrate the transaction. I was at the front of the store when the committee came in, and as they said it ought to be a private interview we all went back to my office in the rear. Sam Lindsey opened up on me.

Truth in Advertising

"Look here, Pete," he said, "what's all this foolishness you've been putting in the papers about giving back money to customers? Do you want to ruin all the merchants on the street?"

I said the idea was new in Centreton, but that it had been tried out elsewhere and seemed to work all right without ruining everybody.

"Do you really mean you're going to hand out cash money?" he asked incredulously. "Or is it just a stall to make the people around here believe you're more liberal than anyone else?"

It riled me a little to have him intimate I was trying to put something over on the other merchants, and I answered peppery enough.

"You can bet your bottom dollar, Sam," I said, "that it is not a stall, but a plain business proposition and intended to make money for yours truly. I believe I can sell more merchandise when I let people know they can have their money back without any argument if they are not satisfied. The way it has been, some people hesitate to buy even when they are inclined to, for fear something will change their mind afterward, and then they'll have to exchange their purchase for goods they don't really want. Of course, a few people are going to take advantage of me, but in the long run I'll do a lot more business."

"It's all right to talk that way in here," Sam commented disgruntledly; "but I bet you wouldn't dare to say in the newspapers that you were doing this because you expect to make money by it!"

Here was an idea I hadn't thought of before. It was no secret that I was in business to make money, so why shouldn't I tell the public that my new policy was purely a trade-winning proposition? No one resents legitimate ambition; it is only when people think you may have something up your sleeve that they become suspicious. I got rid of the merchants' committee as agreeably as possible, and then sat down and wrote advertisements for the newspapers in which I said the Peter Sherwood Company had adopted the policy of refunding money without quibbling, because it believed such a policy would result in more business. Every new idea I have put into effect since that time I have done in the same way. I have never talked about Service with a big S, and I have never tried

(Continued on Page 113)

You need those teeth that are hardest to reach. Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches and cleans them all

The pictures on this page tell a story. They show you what scientific study is behind the design of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

FIRST you have a curved bristle surface. Nature arranged your teeth in a horseshoe curve. The Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches and cleans all the teeth because its bristle surface fits this curve.

Next there is a big cone-shaped end tuft, put there to reach the hard-to-get-at rear molars. You need those good friends—your back teeth. And the only way to keep them is by thorough cleaning. The Pro-phy-lac-tic has an end tuft that reaches and cleans all the teeth.

Next there is the curved handle. It curves *toward* the surface you are brushing. Comfort demands a handle which curves in that direction.

Curved bristle surface, curved handle, a big end tuft—these features give you one brush that cleans *all* the teeth.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium and soft—and with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, or orange. If you prefer a tooth brush with more bristle surface, buy the Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles—price, 60 cents.

Always Sold in the Yellow Box

Are you sure you don't need a new tooth brush?

EVERYTHING that is used wears out sooner or later. Unlike most articles that wear out, a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is made so well that it doesn't look worn out even when it should be replaced with a new one. The handle and even the bristles appear as good as ever. But the best bristles will after continued use lose their springiness and elasticity. Bristles are made by nature, and those in the Pro-phy-lac-tic are the best that nature provides, but three or four months of steady twice-daily use will take away the liveliness of the bristles.

Don't try to wear out your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Get a new one every three months. Keep several on hand. To present a Pro-phy-lac-tic in a yellow box to an overnight guest is a thoughtful courtesy.

© 1927 P B Co.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company
Dept. 14, Florence, Mass.

Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth.

Name

Address

City State

GLORIFYING THE MODERN MOTOR CAR WITH NEW IDEALS OF MAGNIFICENCE

WHENEVER anything *better* comes along—something actually, visibly, intrinsically *better*—the world quickly gets busy and welcomes it . . . let it be what it may: a song, a book, a breakfast food or, as in this case, a motor car.

Just witness, now, the great spontaneous welcome the new Chandler Royal Eight and the new Chandler Sixes are receiving—here, there and everywhere—from Maine to California!

The good reasons for all this success and prestige centering on Chandler become apparent the moment you lay eyes on the cars. In Eights and Sixes alike, see how Chandler has glorified the present trend of motor car design. See how Chandler has embellished the customary standards of luxury and comfort. See how Chandler has aggrandized all aspects of modern performance—with the power of its marvelous Pikes Peak Motor!

Chandler today sponsors one of the largest and most selective lines of fine motor cars now before the public.

Twenty-five different body styles—combining custom lines and custom finish—the Sixes ranging from $945 to $1895, the Eights, $2195 to $2295; all prices f. o. b. Factory. We proudly ask you to look at these cars—and then take a drive.

New

ROYAL EIGHTS *and* SIXES

by

CHANDLER

CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORPORATION, CLEVELAND; *Export Department*, 1819 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 110)

to give the impression that the Peter Sherwood Company was anything but a business institution run for profit. Even when I put in a day nursery some years later, I made it plain in my publicity that the added feature was a simple business proposition to relieve mothers of their children so they might be freer to put their minds on their buying.

It was funny the way the public at first responded to my money-back-if-not-satisfied policy. Some people even took it in a manner entirely different from what was intended, which perhaps was not to be wondered at, because up to that time it was unheard-of in our community. I recall one incident in particular. A certain prominent lady in town, whose name I will not mention, one day bought a green-silk petticoat for nine dollars, that she brought back a week or so afterward and said it did not go with a certain dress as well as she expected. The girl who waited on her called for Herbert Troop, whom I had appointed to make all adjustments with customers; and after hearing the lady's explanation, he went back to the cashier and got nine dollars in bills that he tendered the lady. I was standing near by at the time, and she came to me in a highly indignant state, leaving Mr. Troop standing helplessly with the money in his hand.

"I have been a customer of this store many years, Mr. Sherwood," she said resentfully, "and I do not think I should be treated in any such manner."

I inquired what might be her complaint.

"Simply that I have been insulted," she answered. "I brought back an article that didn't suit me and that man of yours"—she pointed angrily at inoffensive Mr. Troop—"practically told me that my patronage was not wanted any more. He actually tried to give me back my money!"

Not in Business for Love

On another occasion a prominent lawyer in town bought a fur coat that he sent to his daughter, who was away at an Eastern boarding school. This was along in January, and in April when the young lady came home for her Easter vacation she brought the coat back, saying it had never suited her and that her father would be in to see what we would be willing to do about it. The garment had cost $250, which was a considerable sum in those days, and Mr. Troop, who handled the transaction, took the matter up with me. It was a kind of hard proposition to decide, because the selling season for such merchandise was over, which meant that I would have to carry a $250 investment for another six months at the least. Still, I had publicly announced a policy of money back, and so I wrote out a check and mailed it to the lawyer. He came in next day to see me, evidently feeling he had imposed on good nature, and offered the check back, saying he would be perfectly satisfied to leave the amount as a credit to be traded out later.

"I appreciate your fairness, Mr. Fuller," I told him, "but I think it is poor business for a merchant to place a customer under any sort of compulsion. If you had a credit here you would feel obligated to trade it out, when perhaps you might be better suited at some other store. I'd much prefer that you cash the check; and then, if you want to buy anything, we'll be doing business without any obligation on either side." From that time on the members of the Fuller family were among my best customers.

Whatever success I've had is largely due, I believe, to the fact that I have always tried to do business in a businesslike way, without any bunk. Sometimes when I go to merchants' conventions I hear hard-luck stories of how this merchant or that is being imposed on by his public in the matter of unfair adjustments; and pretty nearly always I notice the ones who complain are those who make the loudest noise in their advertising, with Service, or Golden Rule Policies, or The Public is Always Right slogans. It is quite logical that these should be the merchants who are imposed on. When you go on year after year telling people that you only want to do business with them because you love them, naturally some are going to give you a chance to show how much you mean it. Hokum is bound to have its reaction in the long run. The last time I was in New York City I saw in the show window of a great Broadway establishment a lot of women's dresses that were claimed to be bargains, and along with them was a big placard that said: "We are grieved to offer these goods at such prices." My personal feeling was that some department head ought to be grieved at the loss of his job.

Of course, there are always some people who are one-sided enough to take advantage of a store occasionally, and who will use an article for a while and then bring it back for adjustment on the plea that it has not come up to expectations. A store must establish a limit somewhere, and the way we work it in the Peter Sherwood Company is to grant the customer's demand even though we believe it unjust; but every time we do this we make a record of the transaction in detail, and if it happens as many as three times within six months we say frankly that we cannot make any further concessions. But even in such cases we realize we may be in the wrong, and no clerk is allowed to refuse an adjustment, however unreasonable it may appear, without first referring it to the head of the department.

I don't believe anyone ever lost money by admitting that he runs his business for the profit there is in it, and not for philanthropic reasons. Last summer I took an automobile trip through several of the Eastern States, and in one town where we stopped for a day there is a big industrial plant that maintains a baseball team and a community house and a singing society and a lot of other things for the good of the help. One of the officials of the plant took our party around and explained how much the company does for its people; and I remarked that the concern must have mighty little trouble in keeping its workmen, since so many things are done for them. Evidently this was a sore point, for the official said grumpily that working people have forgotten what the word "gratitude" means and that the concern's labor turnover was something awful.

The Happy Workman Objects

Next morning we had some tinkering done to our car in the garage next to the hotel, and I got to talking with the old fellow who did the job. He said he used to work in the big industrial plant, but had quit. He had a boy who had been there, too, but was now working on the railroad for less wages. I asked what was the trouble.

"The trouble is," the old fellow said, "that I object to being called a 'happy workman.' The company was always getting out pamphlets telling how much they did for us and how contented we were, and giving that as a reason why the public ought to buy their product. Every time I saw one of those pamphlets I got mad, and finally I decided I wouldn't stand it any longer, and just quit." Somehow, I got the feeling that if I had been in the old fellow's shoes I would have done the same thing he did.

In the long run it is your help that makes or breaks you; and this is especially true in the retail business, because it is the clerks that actually meet the public and sell your goods for you. No store is going to make much of a success if it is constantly changing its clerks. It costs a lot of money to hire and fire—fifty dollars a person, I have heard it said—and besides, whenever a store gets the reputation of changing its help constantly the best class of people don't apply for jobs. Store clerks see through hokum as quickly as anyone else. The last convention of our state merchants' association was held in a city not 1000 miles from Centreton; and while I was there one of the local department-store owners told me that out of his force of 350 people there had been more than 400 changes within two years. The only reason he could think of was that so many young men and women were disorganized by the war and weren't willing to settle down to anything regular. He said he was convinced this was so, because he did a great deal of welfare work among his employes and by rights they ought to be grateful enough to stick to their jobs.

He showed me around his building, and sure enough there was a beautiful rest room for the help, and a library, and a clinic where a doctor and a dentist came every so often to give free treatment. These were splendid features; but it stuck in my mind that the merchant had used the word "grateful" when he told me of his help turnover, and perhaps this made me more observant than I would have been otherwise. Anyhow, on the walls in the part of the building devoted to the employes I noticed some printed placards, addressed to the help, that gave the merchant's "creed," which told how much he thought of those who were dependent upon him for their livings, how there should be perfect accord between employe and employer, and a few other items of similar tenor.

These wouldn't have been so bad, perhaps, but there was also a photograph of the merchant, with a philanthropic smile on his face, and labeled Your Best Friend.

When the Loss Was Made

It didn't need much of a business expert to see why there was such a labor turnover in that store. The help was being bunked. They were hired as sales people and drew only sales people's wages; but in addition, they were expected to cater to their employer's sense of importance and his desire to be regarded as a great and kindly personage. What he really should have done was to employ some fluent talker to come to his office each day for about two hours to tell him what a splendid man he was. With two good hours of flattery in his system he could probably attend to his affairs the rest of the day in a businesslike manner.

The best way I know of to keep help satisfied is to put them on a strictly business basis. If you pay a man as good wages as he can get anywhere else and then make him earn you a profit, there is nothing to apologize for on either side and you both keep your self-respect. He isn't going to quit when he is satisfied with his wages and you aren't going to fire him when he is making money for you.

The last time I went to market I took a flyer on a lot of imported rugs that I saw the New York stores were doing a good business on, but the goods turned out pretty much of a flop in Centreton, for the reason, I suppose, that our people weren't quite educated up to such things and couldn't see where they were worth so much more than American goods. There is a pretty bright young fellow, named Elmer Janney, in charge of my carpet department, and one day he told me he saw no way to move the expensive pieces except to slash the prices down to a point where the people would be willing to buy.

"All right," I told him. "There is going to be a good big loss, but we might as well do it and get it over with."

"Oh, no, Mr. Sherwood," Elmer answered, "you're quite mistaken. The loss has already been made. It was made when the merchandise was bought!"

The point is that Elmer was entirely correct. I had no right to charge the loss up to his department when it was I myself who had done the damage. I wouldn't have had this constructive answer but for the fact that Elmer and I are on a clear-cut business basis. I won't let him out, he knows, because he makes money for me; and I know he won't quit, because he can't get a better job anywhere else.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Sprague. The next will appear in an early issue.

POOR LITTLE GIRL!

How COULD she ever play?

STARCHED and ironed from top to toe and always admonished, "Now *do* be careful!" But a good fairy by the name of Fashion came to the Little Girl's rescue. She decreed that all little girls must wear *comfortable* clothes if they want to belong to the realm of Good Dress.

So skirts are shorter, sleeves are looser, ease is placed where tightness used to be. Shoes too have responded to this edict regarding the younger mode. Good-looking Educators have generous room for five *straight* toes.

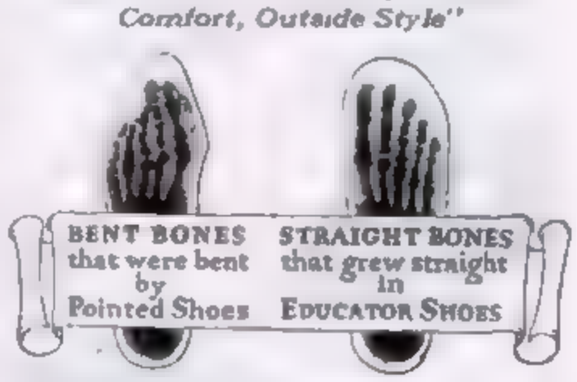
Shaped correctly to the bare foot, Educators let bones and muscles develop as Nature planned. They don't distort and crowd the feet, strain the body and lay the foundation for delicate health in the future.

Hard streets, long tramps, a score of activities of the modern girl, call for cushiony, full-toed Educators. And because she wants fashion with comfort, these shoes are graceful, flattering.

Put your children into smart, easy Educators now. They will thank you all their lives. Genuine Educators bear the Educator stamp. If your dealer does not carry them, order direct from Rice & Hutchins.

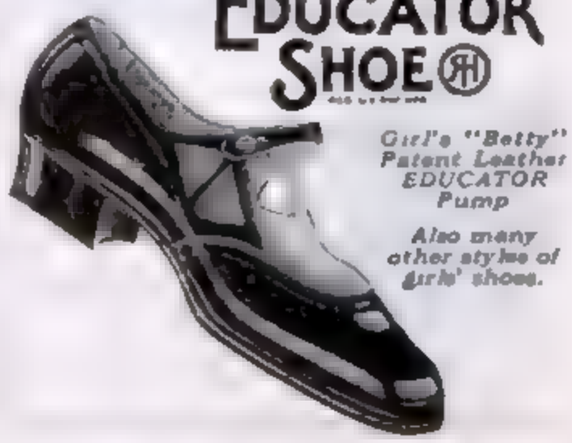
Address: 14 High Street
Boston, U. S. A.

Send for free booklet, "Inside Comfort, Outside Style"



Made for Every Member of the Family

The NEW EDUCATOR SHOE®



Girl's "Betty" Patent Leather EDUCATOR Pump

Also many other styles of girls' shoes.

Weis
Swinging Desk
Stand

Adds 252 Square Inches to Your Desk

This handy swinging desk stand will relieve the congestion on your desk and lend convenience to your work.

It can be attached quickly and easily to either end of any style of desk, providing 252 square inches of extra space that any busy worker will find to be mighty useful. It swings out of the way when not in use.

A simple locking device makes the stand rigid for operation of typewriter or adding machine. Your stenographer will find it much handier and more practical for use when taking dictation than the slide shelf of your desk. Telephone, card index tray, heavy commercial book—any article to which you refer frequently can be kept upon it.

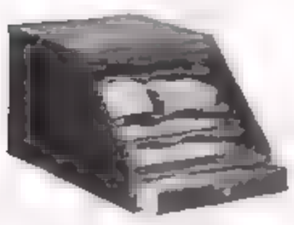
The frame is of heavy cast iron, with steel connecting rods. The wood top measures 14" x 18" and may be had in a finish to match your desk or table. Sold by leading office supply houses everywhere. *Price $6.00.* Correspondingly low prices in West and South.

Send for the New 1927 Weis Catalog of Office Filing Equipment, Supplies and Sectional Bookcases and name of local dealer.

The Weis Manufacturing Co.
503 Union Street Monroe, Mich.

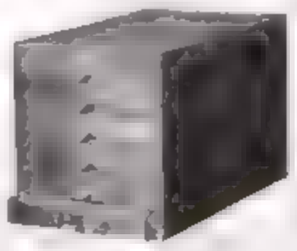
New York:—
A. H. Denny, Inc.,
356 Broadway

Chicago:—
Horder's Eleven
Loop Stores



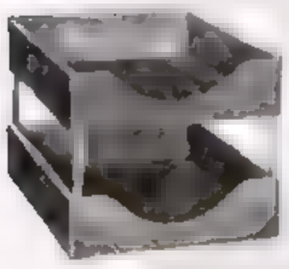
Weis
Stationery
Cabinet

Keeps correspondence, envelopes, statements, etc., neat and clean. Oak or Mahogany finish, $6.25. No. 150, open vertical [illegible] $7.25



Weis
Legal Blank
Or
Electro Cabinet

Made in Light Oak or Mahogany finish. No. 814 with six drawers, $9.75. No. 618 [illegible] $6.50



Weis
Desk Letter Trays

[illegible] $2.50 $3.50 50c a set

Correspondingly low prices in West and South.

AND NOW THE STORY

(Continued from Page 17)

fond of it. I said to him if I had to play it again on the piana I didn't know what the consequences would be."

Mantell Lurlock examined the case. "Very smart," he agreed. "Of the best workmanship. I had them in all metals, but leather is best." He produced one in leather. "Now this cigarette case will take a whole pack, and it's light. It isn't bulky in the pocket. They make them in silk, too, for use with evening clothes, and for ladies. I have one in a gold brocade and one in black moiré."

"I tried them," Caryn Lender told him. "They are no good. The cigarettes get crushed." Amy Daine agreed that she could see how that would be. "How do you carry your cigarettes, Mr. Glenning?" she asked.

"The way they come," he replied. "The original pack. Throw it away when it's done. Now how about our picture? Are there any more questions before Miss Blogger reads the outline?"

"Well," Caryn Lender put in, "what about the schedule? If we get into production within a month, that will make it August first. Say we'd be done early in October. Well, I've got an important business matter in New York October eleventh. Mr. Dimner promised me he'd take care of it." That, Glenning said, depended more or less on Mr. Plastman.

Mr. Plastman reminded Carl Glenning that the company had promised him he wouldn't be hurried. "If you remember, Mr. Glenning, I said I can't be hurried on this production. I want ample rehearsals. It might be necessary to take the company to some appropriate college; or to a number of them, to get the best of each. Say a couple of shots at Princeton and some shots at Yale, and the old buildings at Harvard. With some of the newer universities in the West. It would give life and movement to the story."

Glenning didn't know about that. "It wouldn't be practical. You might have to wait a week at any of them for light. No, we'll build our scenes right here in the studio. You can have miniatures made of whatever you want for the long shots."

"It would be an assistance to me, Mr. Glenning," Caryn Lender put in, "to see the actual college life. The boys as they play. I wouldn't get the same reaction, the same feeling, from a lot of extras. A big game ——" Glenning pointed out that she couldn't possibly see a big game until late in October. And then, Mr. Dimner had promised her, she'd be in New York. They could easily imagine, he continued, what the play of college boys would be like.

"Pillow fights?" Amy Daine asked.

"This is a college story," Lurlock reminded her. "Nobody mentioned a girls' boarding school."

Well, how was she to know? Like Miss Lender, she hadn't been to a boys' college. She thought Miss Lender's request was very reasonable. Very. Anyhow, it wouldn't hurt the company to let Caryn Lender and herself go to a college and see just what went on. The boys could stage a few jolly parties for them and they could all get to be friends.

Lurlock was doubtful of the benefits of this. "Gin is a great leveler," he said cryptically. "A souse with college boys would be just like any other souse. It would save time and money to send you up a case."

Amy Daine would have him know that she wasn't looking to get drunk. "And further, the person don't draw breath who has seen me under the influence. I am known from coast to coast as the Big Little Mother—and beyond. I'll thank you to keep your comments and cases where they are wanted. When they're asked for. The idea!" She asked Caryn Lender had she heard him. "Did you hear him with that dirty crack about gin? Insinuating it put me flat. With my reputation to sustain." She'd make it plain to him that a character part was as good as a lead any day on the lot, and better. "All leads look alike. A person can't tell them apart if you try. A lot of frozen faces," she asserted. Tears trembled in her eyes; they fell over her comfortable cheeks. "After all my struggles," she sobbed; "what I've went through with—this."

"Perhaps," Carl Glenning said diplomatically, "Miss Blogger had better go ahead with the script as far as it's worked out." Amy Daine's sobs subsided in a few sharp sniffs, and Mr. Lurlock asked who had written the story.

"It's an original," Plastman told him. "I wrote out the main idea and Clara Blogger made some very useful suggestions. Then she sent it to her mother. Mrs. Blogger's opinion on a script can't be equaled. She thought the boys lacked a true Christian atmosphere, and that was supplied." Mantell Lurlock asked Mr. Plastman if he had attended college. "Hell, no!" Plastman replied indignantly. "Don't I look regular? I had to go to work."

Glenning said, "Now, Miss Blogger."

"The title of this picture play is When Greek Meets Greek," Miss Blogger announced, "and it is the story of Hercules Mott, the most popular student in Darthurst College. Hercules, a term of endearment and admiration bestowed on him by his college mates, the most popular character in Darthurst, is about to graduate. He is in his last year. Ever since he entered college he has been the idol of the football gridiron, with his terrible rushes and his kicks from one end of the field to the other, and now he is the captain. The great game with Yardton is almost upon them; the Darthurst team is slated to win by those who know. Everything is jake, but Hercules Mott is depressed. Let us glance at Herk as he sits in his room surrounded by his closest inmates, a tall young man with light hair curled crisply on a noble brow, fearless blue eyes and the best build in the whole college. Beside him is Walt Packard, his roommate, a boy of great wealth. Hercules Mott, however, is poor. He has worked his way thus far through college ——"

Mantell Lurlock wanted to know if it was his privilege to interrupt the reading with questions. "When they are necessary," he specified. "They might be forgotten. Now if young Mott is poor, how can I dress the part with any snap? How can I make it the pictorial beau ideal of the millions who will see me. I was sitting here sketching the clothes in my mind when that was all shot by the script." Mr. Plastman saw what he meant.

There was a moment of troubled silence, and then Miss Blogger spoke. "You are Walt Packard's roommate, he is wealthy, he has all the clothes there is, and you wear them too. College boys do that. It will give you some great comedy—you see, you both have a date to take the same girl to a dance, there is only one Tux between you. Do you see?"

He did and was skeptical about the benefits to be derived from having any damn trouper sharing his wardrobe. "Wearing my collars," he specified.

Plastman asserted, "Hercules Mott has got to be poor. The whole action hangs on that. Make him well-to-do and there is nothing to it. I'll tell you what, though, Lurlock: Walt Packard is, underneath, the hell of a good fellow; and when you fall for this beazel in the story, he insists on fixing you up for her. We'll keep those things for you specially. It will be a lot more effective than if you were good all the time. The Cinderella motive."

Mantell Lurlock admitted that there might be a shade of truth in that. Miss Blogger proceeded:

"Walt Packard and Muggins, the great football fullback, and McCrysler ——"

Caryn Lender was interested. "Is this a college story," she inquired, "or is it the Automobile Salon?"

Miss Blogger was merely impatient. "These are only temporary names," she explained to Mr. Glenning. "I wrote this whole story in something like an hour. There are some here who think it ought to be cut and titled as well. With your permission, Miss Lender, we'll proceed. Well, the boys are all in Herk's room previous to the last practice game before the great game with Yardton, and they are all worried over their hero's loss of spirits.

"Muggins pounds him on the back: 'What is it, old man? You know we are all behind you here.' Walt Packard approaches them: 'Hercules, if it's money, won't you let me take care of that?' He takes a roll of bills from his pocket and detaches a thousand-dollar note. 'This means nothing to me one way or the other. Pay me back when Yardton beats old Darthurst.' Herk rises. He returns the thousand-dollar note. Spoken title: 'That would be never, Walt. Yardton cannot nor ever will be able to triumph over Darthurst. No, it isn't money. But don't worry, boys ——'

"The boys all crowd around Hercules Mott, each has a pennant he has caught up, and they give the Darthurst yell with 'Mott' at the end. Then, with their arms twined around each other's shoulders, they sing Good Night, Ladies, and My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean ——"

Plastman interrupted the recital: "Mr. Glenning, at the première we will engage the best double quartet in California for these songs; and I wanted to talk with you about putting quartets with the road shows; for it's clear When Greek Meets Greek must be a road show. It would be great publicity; before the picture went on, the quartet could sing a short selection of college favorites in the lobbies of the theaters."

Carl Glenning nodded. "That might be valuable," he agreed. "Of course, it's very radical, something new. But that needn't be against it. Zenith is prepared to be thoroughly modern at the right time, in the right way, Mr. Plastman. I'll turn your suggestion over to the publicity department. . . . Now Miss Blogger." Miss Blogger complained that it was hard to keep her place, to put any feeling into her reading, with so many interruptions. Mr. Plastman patted her shoulder and said that she was a good girl.

She read: "All the boys go slowly out of Hercules Mott's room, except Walt Packard, and they are left alone together. Walt sits with his hand on Hercules Mott's knee. 'What is it, old-timer?' he demands.

"There is a cut to the drawing-room of Arnold Chevret, the president of Darthurst College. Mrs. Chevret, a society matron, is seen talking severely to her lovely daughter, Alyce: 'Remember, Alyce, no more impecunious college boys. Your father and I have other and more lofty-reaching plans for you.' At this, President Chevret and a dark handsome man with a monocle enter. The latter is introduced, and it is Lord Morfex. He is, President Chevret proceeds, attached to the British Embassy at Washington. Morfex bends gracefully and kisses Alyce's hand ——"

"Just a moment," Caryn Lender broke in. "Did you say he kissed her hand?" That, Miss Blogger asserted, was what she had read. "I see," Miss Lender replied. "It was so novel today, it put me off. When you remember he was an Englishman." She lighted a cigarette and Carl Glenning found a cigar in a drawer of his desk.

Miss Blogger continued:

"Alyce Chevret sits on the piano stool and Morfex leans above her. Mrs. Chevret attracts her husband's attention, nods toward the young people; with her hand in his arm she conducts him from the room. Lord Morfex's hand falls from the piano to

(Continued on Page 119)

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UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

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Q. Is Sprayed Rubber the exclusive property of the United States Rubber Company?

A. Yes. The process for producing Sprayed Rubber from rubber latex was discovered and patented by, and is owned by, this Company.

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Q. How do you use Sprayed Rubber to make better tires?

A. We use it in making the treads and side walls of United States Tires.

Q. You say Sprayed Rubber is used in treads and side walls. What about the rest of the tire?

A. That is where Web Cord comes in—another United States Rubber Company development. Web Cord is made with pure natural latex, just as it comes from the rubber tree, and the finest cotton cords. The cords are soaked in the pure latex. It penetrates and insulates every fibre and webs the cords together. There are no cross-tie threads.

Q. What quality does Web Cord add to a tire?

A. It gives maximum strength and maximum flexibility.

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Q. How are Sprayed Rubber and Web Cord built into the tire?

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JIMMY the Courtesy Man

Buy from a FRY

Millions Do!

(Continued from Page 114)

Alyce's shoulder; she permits it to rest there for a moment, and then she moves back. However, she is not angered ——" Glenning didn't know about that. "Doesn't it make Alyce seem rather too light?" he asked. "The public wants its favorites to come clean."

Plastman vigorously retorted that he wanted at least a touch of truth in one number.

Caryn agreed with him. "I am in favor of a realistic treatment," she asserted. "I see the character of Alyce in the round."

Miss Blogger resumed the narrative:

"Fade-out and cut to Hercules Mott. He is alone in his room, his head bent over a letter:

"'*Dear Hercules:* Reba, your childhood's sweetheart, is at the point of death. She asks for you continually. It is thought that if you returned at once she might be saved. Come as quick as you get this letter, and let nothing hold you back. Come, if in mercy only ——'

"His head is in his hands. Title: 'They were just children in a world of apple blossoms.' Show Hercules as a boy with little Reba's hand in his in an apple orchard. The petals of the blossoms are drifting down upon them. Reba looks up with shy loveliness into Herk's face. He bends over her, perilously near the sweetest flower of them all—her mouth—when a playful calf upsets him. Fade. Hercules Mott the man rises from his chair with clenched hands. Was ever anyone in more desperate straits? Reba, perhaps dying, and calling for him, and the great game, the honor of Darthurst, tomorrow. Herk knows that without him the old alma mater must lose."

"Those dear children," Amy Daine murmured. "Herk and Reba and the apple blossoms and all. The springtide of love. It's the prettiest shot of any, and I wouldn't wonder but it would be the most beautiful still of the month. Only it ought to be longer. Now I would follow them with a long shot to a stile, and Hercules, the little gentleman, would steady Reba over the steps. Then with her on the other side of the fence he would hold her hands imprisoned in his and promise ——"

"I'm afraid," Mr. Glenning put in, "that would run to too much footage. . . . Miss Blogger!"

"It is a frightful dilemma before Hercules Mott. He can see no way out. Already the priceless moments are flying. Reba may be dead by now. He consults a time-table; there is a train home at 2:37 A.M. What to do? He hears a sound and goes to the window. Below him on the campus is a great horde—the students of Darthurst. They have torches and banners inscribed: 'Darthurst and Mott, One and Forever.' Title: 'Mott, the college depends on you.'

"In the crowd is President Chevret and Lord Morfex. Lord Morfex is contemptuous and holds himself apart from the enthusiastic throng. He surveys the students through a monocle as though they were quaint specimens of an inferior race. 'And Hercules Mott, is he all that is claimed for him?' Lord Morfex asks. The president replies: 'He is a fine young man; we must give him that.' A lurking passer-by gives Morfex a significant look, and the lord follows him behind a giant elm. A spoken title: 'We must get Mott out of the way or our money is as good as gone. If he steps on the gridiron tomorrow Yardton loses.'"

Amy Daine, now grown increasingly restless, said that, though she had no intention of complaining, where did the part written special for her come in? "The story is established," she pointed out. "You are near the end of the first reel, and I haven't had a flicker yet."

Miss Blogger, with a public show of patience, said: "In just a little now, Miss Daine. You maintain the boarding house where Hercules Mott lives with his friends. You love all the boys and they all love you. You are introduced baking a deep-dish apple pie. You place it by the open window to cool, and Muggins, the fullback of the football team, steals it from without. Just as it disappears you turn and throw up your hands. There is a smile spreads over your kindly face. You put two large bars of soap on a plate and cover them with a napkin—they resemble loaves of bread -and you place them at the window. Muggins' face appears, an arm steals in ——"

"Mr. Glenning," Caryn Lender interrupted the immediate development, "this is only business; it can be put in later. Wouldn't it be a good thing to get on with the story? I have an appointment tomorrow at noon."

Amy Daine told everybody they needn't to bother about her. "It don't matter about me. I'm only a piece of business, as Miss Lender says, and I can be put in any time. At the same time I ask you could a picture be made without business? Without character work? Could it? What distinguishes the work of the great masters of the film and masterpieces, if it ain't business? Detail is what it is. I've said here today, right in this office, what I think of leads. What the public loves is a lovable person."

"Exactly, Miss Daine," Carl Glenning hastily agreed. "The maternal is always a knock-out. We couldn't do without it and we couldn't do without you. The screen needs you. What Caryn Lender meant was that she wants to hear the story. She is anxious to have the drama unfolded. Then, at the appropriate time, we can go back and build the business up bit by bit. I must admit I am interested myself. Well, Miss Blogger. We left Lord Morfex behind an elm with a sinister stranger."

Miss Blogger read: "'We must prevent that,' Lord Morfex said. It will be difficult. Hercules Mott is very much beloved. It is necessary for the conspirators to get in touch with Hercules Mott, and they rejoin the president.

"Morfex explains he is very anxious to see the young idol of the college world, and President Chevret conducts them up to Herk's room. Hercules pulls himself together to greet his guests. He is courtly, but absent in manner. With Mott and Chevret and Morfex deep in converse, the fourth man covertly rummages through the room. In reality he is Snow Garvey, a discredited bookmaker and welsher. What can he do, what can he find, to keep Hercules Mott out of tomorrow's game?

"President Chevret rises and extends his hand to Hercules. Spoken title: 'Are you ready for the great contest tomorrow?' Herk's face is grim. He has made a racking decision—the immolation of self: 'I am ready. All that I am will go into the game with Yardton.' As he is speaking Snow Garvey finds a crumpled letter and secretes it on his person. Cut to Lord Morfex's rooms at the Rinaldo Hotel in the college town of Darthurst. Garvey is reading the letter. It is signed: 'Your Mother.' Morfex shakes his head in doubt. He speaks: 'I don't like the signature. It is a word with singular power.' Garvey makes a gesture of contempt. Spoken title: 'Hercules Mott must return to his childhood's sweetheart tonight. This was made for our purpose.'

"At the Chevret home Alyce is dreamily playing the piano. She sees a vision of Hercules in his football suit. Fade-out to Lord Morfex and a regal mansion of England. Alyce is young and the great monde calls her. Mrs. Chevret enters and playfully taps Alyce's shoulder with an ostrich fan: 'My little girl is thinking about a certain nobleman I could mention.' Alyce turns away her head and the vision of Hercules floats again before her. She throws herself on her knees. Title: 'You are my mother. Tell me what is right.' Cut back to the title: 'It is a word with singular power.' Mrs. Chevret is shaken, but gathers her worldliness to her assistance: 'It is your father I am afraid of. He swears that if you give your hand to the improvident Hercules Mott you shall never have a penny of his.'"

"I must say," Caryn Lender commented, "that I am beginning to have a lot of sympathy for Miss Daine. Up to now I have had no work but a few insets. The story is absolutely Mr. Lurlock's. He will run away with it. Isn't it a mistake to have me at all? The picture should be given to Mr. Lurlock, with someone in his support."

Mantell Lurlock nodded. "I see what you mean. In a way it might be better. However, dear Miss Lender, I would miss your delicate characterization. As I see it, When Greek Meets Greek is a man's picture. And as that, wouldn't it be better to play Alyce Chevret more as a woman of schemes? Dangerous. Then Reba, my first sweetheart, who would recover from her illness, would return into my life. That would strengthen the heart interest. The public would prefer me to go back to my first love—in the apple orchard—petals of the blossoms."

Mr. Plastman vigorously addressed Carl Glenning: "If you would prefer Mr. Lurlock to write his own script—his own ticket, so to speak—it would have made it easier for me, could I have known it before. I may have been in error, but I thought that was intrusted to me. And in reply to Miss Lender's caption, do you think it is unreasonable in a college story to have some of the scenes—some, I say—laid in the college?"

Mr. Glenning begged Mantell Lurlock and Miss Lender to keep further suggestions until the story had been read. "You know as well as I do, we need all the valuable ideas we can get—Mr. Plastman himself will thank you for them—but not now."

Miss Blogger sighed. "When you are quite ready ——" she said.

For one, Miss Lender wasn't ready at all. "That doesn't answer me. I haven't got anything like a part. I'm on the screen about one minute in half an hour. I haven't had a change yet. Mr. Glenning, I won't play the part as it's written."

Mr. Glenning was afraid that she would at least have to try. "If you will look at your contract you will find that I am right. My dear Caryn, be a good girl and don't make trouble for us. Don't make trouble for yourself."

It was all well enough, she replied, about her being his dear Caryn, but she couldn't just remember when that—that had started. "I said I won't take the part unless it is completely rewritten, and this isn't just maybe. I haven't the intention of looking at my contract."

Carl Glenning grew remote. "Very well," he answered. "I must take this up with the company. If you'd care to listen—to listen, Miss Lender, to the rest of the story, we will be delighted. Otherwise ——"

Caryn Lender rose. "Otherwise!" she echoed him sharply. "You may find it wiser to keep your otherwises where they belong. It may be of interest to you to learn that I am going to New York to marry Mark Dimner, Junior." Glenning's eyebrows rose; his mouth was compressed; he said nothing.

"Mark Dimner!" Amy Daine exclaimed. "The son of the production head of Zenith!" She threw herself upon Caryn Lender, kissing her profusely. "A thousand congratulations." Like Carl Glenning, Lurlock was silent; his manner was abstracted; he seemed intent on some prospect far away from Miss Lender's sensational announcement. However, when Miss Lender left the room he rose with a scrupulous and rigid formality.

Carl Glenning busied himself with the relighting of his cigar. "It may be," he admitted, "that the company was wrong putting a woman important as Miss Lender in this picture. From the development the lead certainly belongs to the man. Mr. Lurlock, it looks as though this were your number. I think I am safe in saying the picture will go to you. But of course, with Caryn Lender out of it, there will have to be a revision of the budget."

"And with all this," Plastman added, "I can see that you'll soon be asking me to hurry. To make a quick one. Well, I won't

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do it. When Greek Meets Greek was and is a superproduction. While you are on contracts, I'll ask you, Mr. Glenning, to remember that mine calls for not more than two pictures a year. It was redrawn after The Hazard of William Hazard and the phenomenal success of The Merry Susanna. I am no good in a quantity-production organization. I must have time for thought and feeling. I can't be cramped. In addition, I was promised the best material available."

"Nothing has been said in contradiction of that, Mr. Plastman," Glenning pointed out.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all," Plastman replied satirically. "Only Miss Lender is out of the picture and it is to be Mantell Lurlock's."

Just what, Lurlock demanded in a resonant voice addressed to Carl Glenning, did Mr. Plastman mean?

"Ask him," Glenning said.

"I'll tell him—I'll tell anyone"—Plastman announced: "if he thinks he has the appeal of Caryn Lender he's cockeyed. And if Zenith thinks that When Greek Meets Greek will be the same with Lurlock as it would with her, it's cockeyed."

Lurlock rose and approached him. "Be careful," he warned Plastman. "It is possible you will go too far and have cause to regret it."

Mr. Plastman told him to sit down. "There is nothing personal in this," he explained. "It's motion pictures."

Oh, well, Mantell Lurlock replied, if there was nothing personal in it he would resume his seat. "I misunderstood you, Mr. Plastman. I thought you were alluding to me direct."

"If that is over," Glenning told them, "I must ask you to be quiet for a moment while I give this situation thought. It is not only difficult, it must be solved at once." He called his secretary. "Miss Durken, Miss Lender is out of the production of When Greek Meets Greek. Is Anabelle Berthold back from the East?" She was, Miss Durken replied; she started with As The Snowflakes Melted yesterday. Glenning thought again. "Martha Dilkes?" Miss Dilkes was supporting Greta Bonner in The Scimitar. "Vimara Lang?"

Plastman declared that it was indifferent to him what Vimara was doing—outside any picture of his. "She ought to be searched for hatpins every morning before she's let on the lot."

"God's Green Acre is in the cutting room," Miss Durken told Carl Glenning, "and that would mean Enna Plonck is free." He grew immediately cheerful. "So it is," he assented. "So she is. There is your support, Mr. Plastman. Enna Plonck couldn't be better. She is still, to a great extent, a mystery woman to the American public. She has had a great press and she has done very little; an ideal condition for a director to work with. There are very few people in America who haven't heard of her tragic affair with a royal exile in London."

Plastman said bitterly that Enna Plonck would be splendid. "Splendid! Specially for an American college picture with a simple story of local character. She can't speak a word hardly, outside of Scowegian." Glenning put in that Enna Plonck was Hungarian and not Scandinavian, if Mr. Plastman meant Scandinavian. Mr. Plastman admitted it was all one to him where When Greek Meets Greek was concerned. "In this opera she'd look about as good as a chinchilla-bearing seal with slave bracelets. She'd turn it into a night club with all the college boys for waiters, and throw an earring into the football game that would end in the death of everybody. I thought you wanted to keep this just a picture for the whole family and full of innocent and playful high spirits."

Mantell Lurlock said thoughtfully that undoubtedly Enna Plonck would be very interesting as Alyce Chevret. "She would bring something to it. And why?" he asked. "Why must she be the daughter of the president? She could be a strange woman who had come, nobody knew why, to the town to live. That would create a contrast to my early sweetheart—an apple blossom and an orchid." Mr. Plastman asked Mr. Lurlock if he thought the title of their picture was Mohammed's Paradise. Mr. Glenning thought that, for the moment, Miss Blogger had better resume her reading. Miss Blogger read:

"It is the noon of the day of the great struggle with Yardton. The Darthurst team is assembled in its training quarters, but the men are silent and disturbed. The honest countenance of Muggins ——"

"And meanwhile," Amy Daine inquired—"meanwhile? Or perhaps I have missed something."

Miss Blogger said precisely that she hadn't. "I have skipped to the big scene," she explained. "It seemed to me advisable. . . . The honest countenance of Muggins is furrowed with trouble. He approaches the coach. Title: 'I am certain Hercules Mott will be here on time. I admit there was something on his mind, but he would permit nothing to come between him and the honor of old Darthurst.' The coach is obviously worried to death. A hanger-on suggests that Herk has sold the game to Yardton, and a blow from Muggins' fist stretches him on the floor. On top of this there is a commotion at the door and Alyce Chevret enters the training quarters. Spoken title. Alyce: 'Is it true that Hercules Mott has not appeared? Such is the rumor in the grand stand.' The silence about her confirms her worst fears. 'Then,' she says, 'I must show you this'—and drags a much-read note from her hand bag. However, it bears but a few disconnected phrases:

"'Garvey and Lord . . . believe nothing you think . . . decoy message . . . home.' Title: 'That is the handwriting of Hercules Mott!' The team gather around the crumpled scrap of paper. 'How did you get this?' the coach asked. Alyce replies 'It was flung through my window secured to a missile.' 'Gentlemen,' the coach solemnly announces, 'in my opinion Hercules Mott is dead. We will have to meet Yardton without him.' Muggins sobs openly, and Alyce Chevret wavers and would fall, but sinks into the arms of Lord Morfex.

"There is an angry murmur when his rash presence is discovered; the members of the team crowd about him in a threatening manner. He is entirely cool. 'Miss Chevret must have air and I will attend her outside. But I have something of more moment to Darthurst.' He produces a letter. 'This was just found in Hercules Mott's room. It may explain everything.' The coach takes the letter contemptuously, but as he reads it his face changes—it darkens.

"'*Dear Hercules:* Reba, your childhood's sweetheart, is at the point of death. She asks for you continually. It is thought if you returned at once she might be saved. Come as quick as you get this letter and let nothing hold you back.'

"Lord Morfex: 'Hercules Mott has deserted his college for a girl.' Alyce Chevret stands coldly alone: 'If this is true, Lord Morfex, you may escort me to my home.' She is prepared to leave on the nobleman's arm when Muggins blocks the way. Spoken title: 'What about this other paper? There seems to be a lord in it as well.' Morfex brushes him aside; Alyce's face is set and stony; they are at the door when they recoil. Hercules Mott, with his clothes torn and his wrists raw from the cruel bondage of leather thongs, sweeps into the room. There is a great shout from the team, but Herk Mott, commanding them to be silent, faces Lord Morfex with blazing eyes."

A knock sounded on the door of Carl Glenning's office; he paid no attention to it and it was repeated; then he requested Miss Durken to see that he wasn't interrupted. He was holding a conference.

"It is a very important wire," Miss Durken reported, "from the Eastern office. It was judged you ought to see it at once. A telegram for Mr. Plastman too." Glenning carefully read the long communication on sheets of yellow paper. When he finished he read it again. That at an end, he was still silent, self-absorbed.

Finally he turned to Mr. Plastman. "Well," he remarked, "Plastman, what do you think of it?"

Mr. Plastman said that he wasn't entirely surprised. "It was coming to me, Mr. Glenning, after the way The Hazard of William Hazard and The Merry Susanna went over. I didn't think they could afford not to pay the utmost attention to that. It would only be good business. But I don't want you to think I don't appreciate their appreciation of me. I don't want anyone to get it in his head I am not conscious of the honor of working with Zenith."

"This telegram," Carl Glenning announced, "is from Mr. Dimner. There are some changes noted in it. The first is that Mr. Plastman has been made director of the anniversary production of Cupid. Mr. Maundel's work has proved unsatisfactory. Mr. Plastman is to proceed to the Eastern studio as soon as he can manage. He, I believe, has a telegram confirming this."

Mr. Plastman was agitated.

"If you will excuse me," he said to Glenning, "I must get hold of my assistant at once."

When he had gone Glenning continued to gaze at the message on his desk. "Perhaps it would make things clearer if I read the rest of this to you," he proceeded:

"'Stop all production of When Greek Meets Greek. Opening of the Extension picture Lilli of the Beach greatest screen success New York has seen. Concentrate on the South Sea and start a company for Hawaii with appropriate story next steamer. Find out conditions for shooting on the Sandwich Islands. This will leave Lurlock free for immediate production, and suggest he go with company to Hawaii in support of Enna Plonck. Suggest Miss Plonck for sympathetic character of native girl in love with beach comber. That is Lurlock. Only she is not native girl, but white girl stolen in infancy. Make Lurlock regenerated character through love, and discover gold, or else heir to large estate in West. Put William Luke on The Death Plant, and have Van Tess direct this other story. Understand you can get Luke on long distance at Seattle before he goes North to shoot The Land of Frozen Dogs. Zenith has decided not to renew Amy Daine contract, since new type of mother absolutely essential. Willing to sign her at reduced price to play Maggie Riordan the fence, in The Bottom Code. Miss Caryn Lender to come to New York at company expense, instead of immediate production, for important conference.'"

"It's certainly important." Amy Daine broke rudely into the progress of the wire. "So I'm to be Maggie Riordan the fence, in The Bottom Code, at a reduced price! New types of mothers and all. Pretty mothers bare to the knees and smoking in the bathtub. The public won't stand for it. A mother, Mr. Glenning, is a mother. Mr. Glenning, remember your own." She was again in tears. "My mother—Mr. Lurlock's ——" Emotion made her incoherent.

Mr. Lurlock, more to himself than to anyone else present, was murmuring, "Enna Plonck in the tropics. Amid the purple seas. Under the Southern Cross. The perfumed nights of exotic palms." He rose. "I had better arrange for some gymnastic work and quick lessons on the ukulele," he confided to Carl Glenning. "My interpretation of the beach comber must even surpass The Belated Valentine. If it is humanly possible," Mantell Lurlock added. Glenning sincerely hoped that it was.

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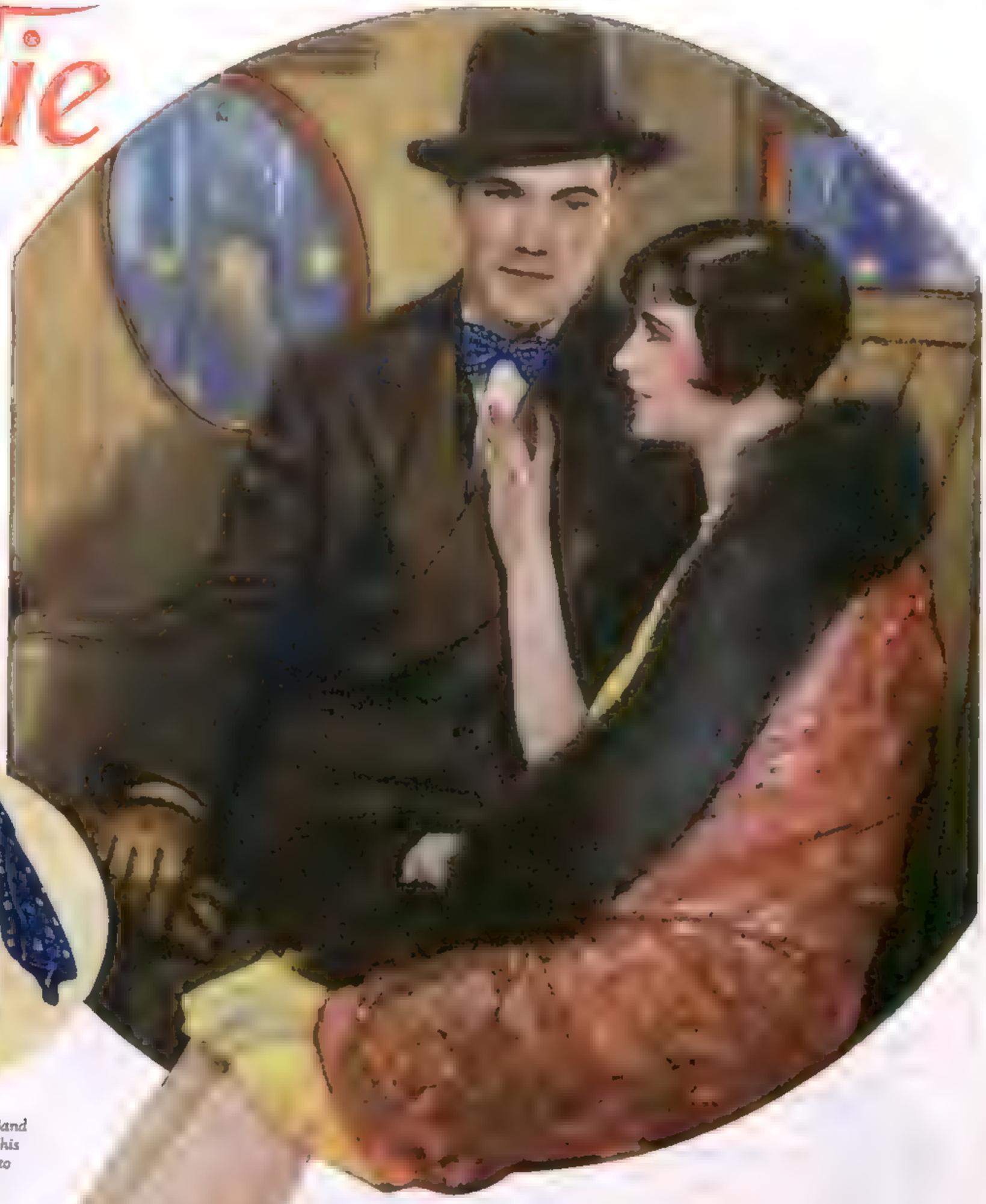

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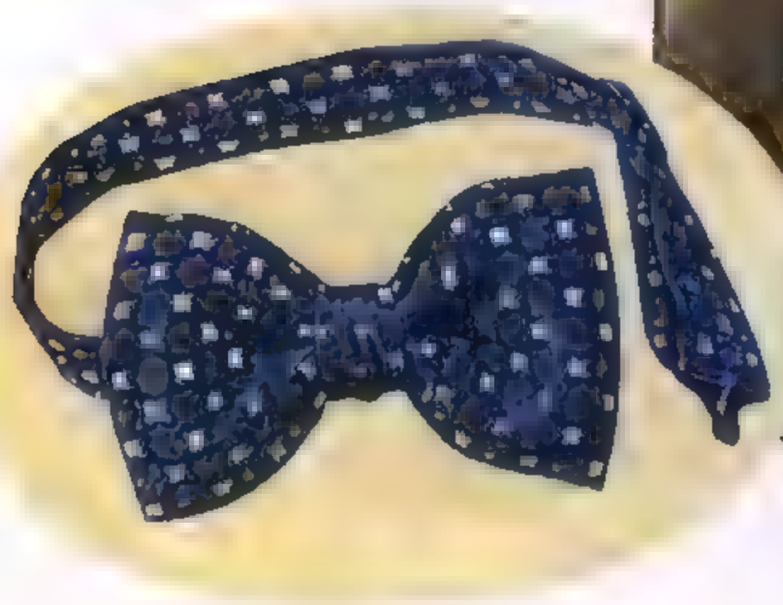

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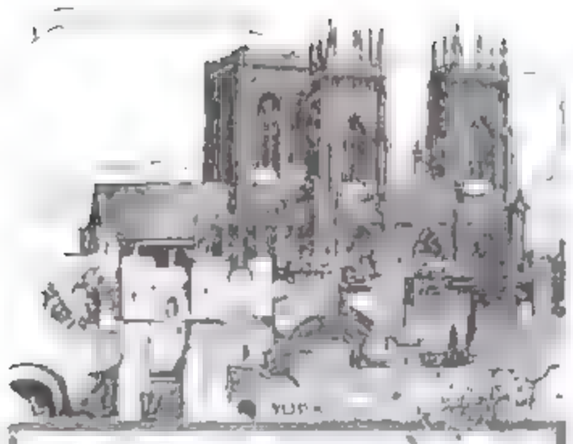

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THE MAD MASQUERADE

Continued from Page 29

"This suite will just do for auntie. It's perfect. Changes here can be finished in a week."

"Right. So we'll rent for the shortest time we can, and make those changes."

"A lot you know about French law and pulling other people's houses to pieces," Sara retorted. "Can't you understand Lord Llanthony? He does everything better than anybody else. He'll make the inside of this house absolutely modern without spoiling its beauty, and if he has to move and wants to sell, he'll make a profit. Oh, you leave it to him. Now will you buy?"

"You talk as if I were really Tybo."

Sara glanced about, then stamped her foot, glaring. She laughed. "I forgot too." She swept a curtsy. "My Lord," she begged humbly, "please buy. The place was made for us. The price is two million francs, payable in Paris at noon tomorrow."

"I'll put it up to Lord Llanthony."

Sara flung herself down on a Louis XV *canapé*, all twisted curves and old-rose brocade. "You are annoying," she exclaimed. "When uncle gives carte blanche he wants no details. He left decisions to you."

"Sara, I've never spent a dollar without thinking twice. Can I learn in an hour to spend thousands?"

"Forgive me, Tybo." Her smile was winning, her manner appealing. "Of course. Well, the price of this place is just about a dollar to uncle. He thinks in millions."

"All right, I'll make an offer. Of course I can get it cheaper."

Impetuous Sara jumped up. "That is the price," she snapped; but quickly she resumed her part. "Oh, Tybo, don't haggle. You forget Monsieur La Porte thought I didn't know French."

"And was that his lowest price?" Tybo persisted.

"It is the only price," she evaded.

He came over and faced her. "If it was my money—all right, your word would go." His manner was very grave. "It's another's and I've got to do the best for him I can. Buying real estate is warfare. You learn where you can, what you can, and you act accordingly."

"It is a matter of honor." Sara drew herself up. "What you are not meant to hear, you do not hear."

"What you want to hear you ask about. Tell me, Sara, what did he say?"

She flushed. He saw the red surge over her fair skin. They looked mutual defiance; neither drooped an eyelid. She told him, at first in angry spurts, then more quietly.

"You see," she said in the end, "his friend was loyal to us and did not stop him. Shall Monsieur Despradailles have to remember always that his kindness to strangers cost his neighbor a lot of money?"

"I see that we are being rushed because we're foreigners. No sense in that, Sara. I'll offer a million —his own price."

It was on the tip of Sara's tongue, but she strangled it. "Small piker," was her thought.

"Please be fair, Sara. If old spiked mustache hadn't said so many mouthfuls, if you hadn't heard anything at all, do you think I'd fall for the first price named? Must I throw away somebody else's money because you understand French? Gee, this scares me, quarreling with you."

"Oh, no, not quarreling, Tybo." She was friendly again. "I suppose we'll have to do it. We'll have to leave it to uncle. Do you mind that?"

"Fine. I won't name a price. Come. Let's face this Monsieur Gaudin."

So the first little skirmish ended in a draw.

"Was furniture included?" asked Tybo, as they paused to glance about the lovely room, somewhat overcrowded with charming furniture.

"I don't know," Sara admitted.

"I'd like to see one straight line," he confessed, as he peered at chair legs.

"Everything's crooked in France but the people," was Sara's comment as they went down the great curved stairway.

The Frenchmen rose as they entered the salon. These two watched in astonished silence the sudden appearance of the twins, who marched solemnly side by side and simultaneously saluted Tybo.

"My Lord," Frank reported, "the drainage is modern."

"My Lord," said Peter, "there is plenty of good water."

Not a hint of burlesque; they stopped just short of that; and the agent conceived a deep respect for this youthful lord so deferentially approached.

"Monsieur Despradailles," Tybo said, "will you please say to Monsieur Gaudin that the outfit is O. K. and the deal is on."

Silence; a puzzled Frenchman. Sara bit her lips that no words should burst through. This was Tybo's business, this negotiation. He must not be let down.

"Pardon, milord," said Monsieur Despradailles, "you speak, I think, the technical phrases of the affairs."

Tybo pulled himself together and studied each word. "I am sorry, monsieur. . . . We shall report in favor of purchase. Lord Llanthony will buy."

"Lord Llanthony?"

"*Son père*," murmured Sara, breaking her resolve.

"*Sapristi*," muttered the Frenchman, "there is an adult in this affair after all." He turned and translated to the agent, who bowed with dignity. His answer, conveyed to Tybo, was to the effect that milord's notary was welcome to investigate titles, check inventories and discuss details; that under great pressure no doubt the matter could be closed within sixty days.

"Please tell him," Tybo answered, "that I shall pay tomorrow at noon. I shall take possession at one o'clock and workmen will begin at two."

The imperturbable interpreter conveyed this devastating message. The recipient exploded. He raved, he gesticulated, he ran hither and thither, his white spats twinkling as they crossed sun patches. Such haste was disrespectful to the property, to the vendor, to him; these people did not know what they were buying. Spoon by spoon, the inventory must be checked. That alone would require weeks. Such mad people must be looked after. The stranger, for the honor of France, must be protected. His anguished utterances were delivered to the unmoved buyer.

"Please ask him the price?" said Tybo.

The answer was shrieked. Monsieur Despradailles hesitated perceptibly before translating. He did not glance at Sara as finally he said, "Four million francs."

Tybo said truthfully that he was surprised. He was quite sure that Lord Llanthony would pay no such extravagant figure. No such price would be placed before him.

Translated to Monsieur Gaudin, he went into violent hysterics as he expressed his suffering at the word "extravagant." The whole incident had greatly unnerved him, and this unworthy disposition to haggle was the crowning injury. But at the end of his paroxysm he cut off a million. That concession, calmly refused by his imperturbable lordship, brought an uncomplimentary reference to foreigners.

"Monsieur Gaudin," said Monsieur Despradailles, with calm authority, "cease now these reproaches. If you will condescend to cut off another million ——"

In the end this was done. His Lordship expressed a doubt that such a sum would be paid, but agreed to submit it.

"It will be paid, monsieur," Sara murmured.

Monsieur Despradailles turned, lifted Sara's hand and imprinted a kiss on it. "Mademoiselle," he said in a low voice, "you are very *gentille*." He listened with surprise as this hustling lord announced an immediate return to Paris.

"We can catch a much earlier train than we thought," Tybo said to Sara, "and so get in an afternoon visit to the hospital."

They picked up a basket of luncheon at Tours and were in Paris by five o'clock, secretly proud of the day's record.

"My Lord," Peter said solemnly as they parted at the station, "please buy more trifles and ask us to come along. This is great fun."

"And what time tonight," asked Archer, "will Your Lordship condescend to come home?" He drew Tybo aside. "You're magnificent," he encouraged. "If you could only speak English, you'd be perfect."

"I'm getting the low-down on the language as fast as I can," Tybo answered. "I'll rate high with dictionary makers inside two weeks, if I don't get woozy with the strain."

"A fine beginning," Archer congratulated with a grin. "I just wanted to say—well, it's not an easy job you've got—and Peter and I think you're fine at it, and we—we're there every time you want us."

Tybo, touched at the genuine feeling shown, let go of himself for ten seconds. "A crook," he confided earnestly, "gets his before the judge sends him to it. To be pretending all the time—that's hard labor, all right!"

"We understand, old son; we're with you."

This encouragement meant a lot to the boy. So did Sara's as they drove to Salpêtrière.

"Lie back and rest," she said with kindly sympathy. "Please let me tell you—you've been simply splendid."

"Sara? Do you mean it?"

"Every word."

"Will you tell me when I make breaks?"

"I promise."

"Sara," he exploded, "for an hour in that château, I forgot—forgot I was acting. I woke up asking myself which was real, which was me."

"And I don't wonder at that," she said, smiling. "How much easier for you. Live it, Tybo. Live the part and don't remember real things till the real Tybo comes."

"It's a long way from the Loire to the Ohio River," he murmured.

"Far enough away to forget just for one month."

He nodded, dreaming, unconsciously revolting against sinking himself even for one month; yet Sara was right. So much easier to drug memory and forget reality, to pretend so hard that pretending almost ceased; thus did unwitting Sara innocently conspire with Lord Llanthony in making a parasite of a hardy youth.

They found Lady Llanthony well enough to express a high pleasure at this unexpected visit and to listen with a happy smile to their animated description of the new home. Her chief delight, however, was obviously in the energy and business capacity of her son. She did not care—that was abundantly clear—where she was taken or what should happen to her. She had a son of whom she could be proud; that was enough. The boy well, he loved this woman whom he had coaxed back to life. At moments, as they talked, he forgot, Sara forgot; there was no constraint. But the two were silent as they drove to the hotel.

"Uncle's windows are somewhere along there," Sara said. "I'll signal. He might have visitors who know Tybo."

He sat in the taxi, watching, and presently she appeared, beckoning. For the second time that day he had a romantic vision of a girl with an aureole summoning him to her aid

"Congratulations, my boy!" Lord Llanthony cried, as he entered the room. "Sara

(Continued on Page 124

Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicaps

One Can Now Have Peace-of-Mind, Poise, Immaculacy

The filmy frocks that women now wear—you wear them in security. This new way brings positive protection, PLUS freedom forever from the embarrassment of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

NO matter how audaciously filmy one's frock or gown, no matter how exacting the social demands of the moment—one meets them now in confidence and security.

Wear the sheerest of gowns, dance, motor, go about for hours without a second's doubt or fear. The most amazing hygienic problem of yesterday, as millions of women have learned, is but an incident of today.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends an annoying problem.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* one made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in restrooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposal of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

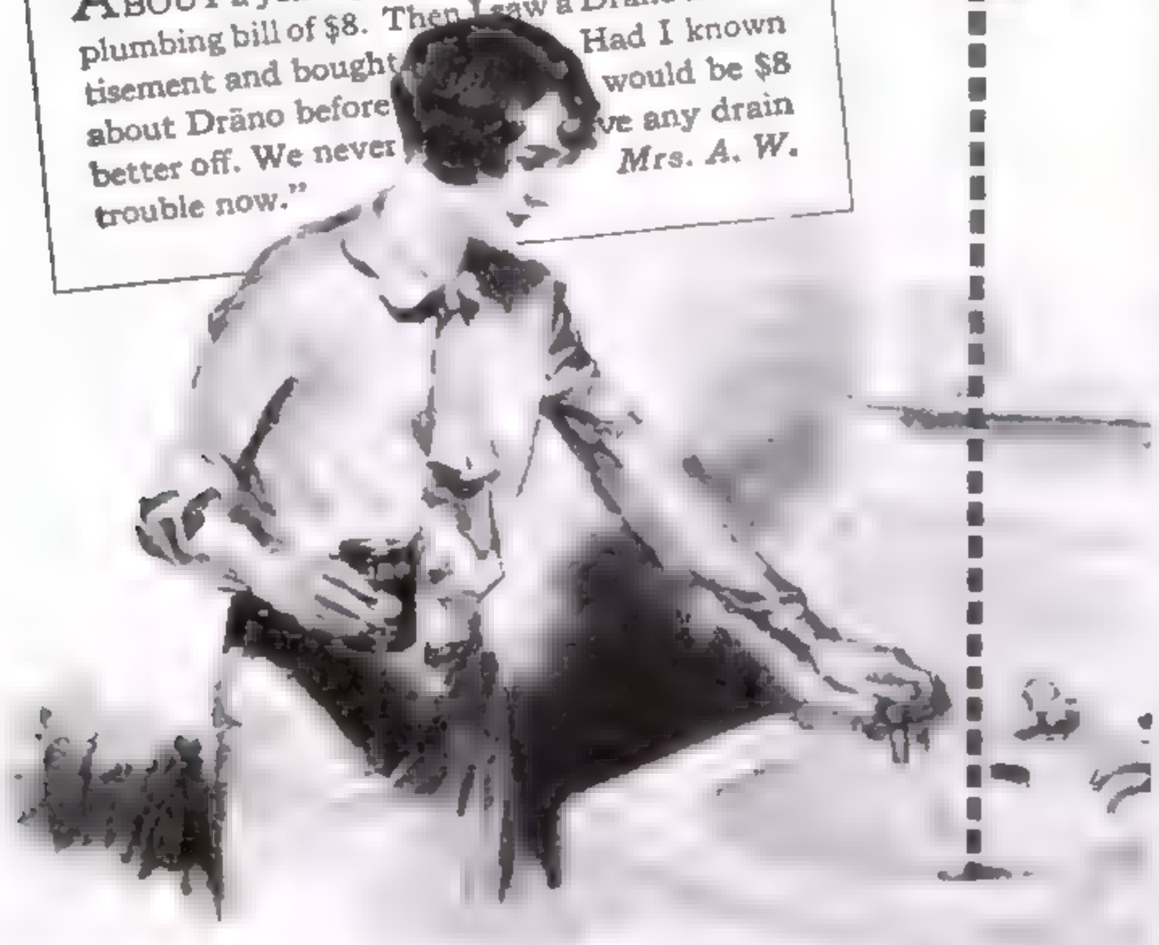
Kotex Regular 65c per dozen — Kotex-Super 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

"Had I known about Drano, *I would be $8 better off!*"

"ABOUT a year ago, a clogged drain cost me a plumbing bill of $8. Then I saw a Drano advertisement and bought ... Had I known about Drano before ... would be $8 better off. We never ... ve any drain trouble now."

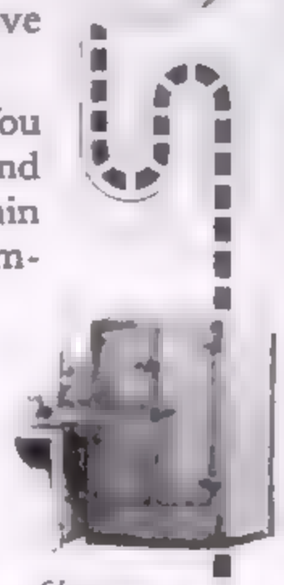
Mrs. A. W.



EIGHT dollars is worth saving any time, isn't it? And a clogged drain may visit your house at "any time," as it did Mrs. A. W.'s, and leave a plumber's bill behind it. But . . .

Not if you have Drāno in the house! You simply shake it down the drain. Add water, and it boils its way through the most obstinate drain obstruction, dissolves the waste-matter completely, scours the pipe clean and leaves it open, free-running.

Use Drāno regularly in every drain in the house—they'll never become clogged or even lazy. Drāno keeps drains open, free-flowing always. *And* Drāno *positively cannot harm enamel, porcelain or plumbing.*



Cleans refrigerator drain-pipes, too

A tablespoonful or two of Drāno each week will keep refrigerator drain pipes clean and sanitary

Let Drāno *do this dirty work*

Drāno will scour that burnt-in cooking black from pots and pans; clean out the downspout and refrigerator drain; remove grease from the garage floor; clean and deodorize the garbage can. Keep a can of Drāno handy always. At your grocery, drug or hardware store. Or send 25c for full-sized can.

THE DRACKETT CHEMICAL COMPANY
Cincinnati, Ohio

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains 25¢

35¢ *in Canada*

(Continued from Page 122)

tells of a wonderful success. Dinner here in an hour—but I can't spare you to go to the Archers' and change. Here, I have it."

He summoned his valet. "Measure Lord Pontlottyn," he commanded. "Go and buy some things." He had a private word with François, who went away in a hurry.

"We'll excuse evening dress tonight, Tybo," he said. "We'll look after that tomorrow." He smiled and patted the boy's shoulder. "You mustn't mind. You must dress up to your position. When the end comes—well, François will benefit if you want to be foolishly independent. Come, make free use of my room." He went himself and turned on the water in the bath. So natural, so kindly, was his manner in performing little services that he achieved just what he wished—an intimacy which was that of father and son. "If François hasn't returned when you're out of the bath," he said, "don't wait for him to shave you. There's everything you need."

Tybo bathed, grinning. "Don't wait," he thought. "But I will wait. Does he think I'm going to shave myself?" Nevertheless, he did, amused by this life of luxury. "A valet to shave me," he muttered. "Oh, f'heaven's sake"

When François came, softly tapping, with the news that milord's vestments were ready, the startled boy saw heaps of shining silk garments—shirts, underclothing, socks. He could not help it; Lord Llanthony had truly spoken; he must dress up to his position. He emerged ultimately, swathed in soft things which gave him a luxurious sense of physical pleasure. He protested. Lord Llanthony asked indifferently what mattered an undershirt or two. The valet had misunderstood, no doubt; perhaps had got a commission, had bought a dozen when one was wanted.

Sara came, shimmering in soft green, glancing eagerly, seeing that Tybo's report of the day was approved. She was proud of that swift day and of their good luck, and she bubbled with enthusiasm. Tybo had not heartily agreed that he must dress up to his position, but he saw now that he must live up to Sara. If she was like this every night he must have evening clothes; and his brains, too—they must be brushed up to keep pace with her. As they ate she put her case about the price with such good humor and point that he was forced to fight hard. Lord Llanthony listened with genuine amusement, told them he had had many arbitrations, but none before in which both sides were absolutely right. As Monsieur Despradailles had been so kind and was to be a useful and important neighbor, the obvious course was to pay the two million francs. The decision differed from that of all other arbitrations in that it pleased everybody.

His Lordship showed an amused interest in the Archers and asked several questions about them. Their silence was vital to his plans; he did not wish to trust to friendship. He mildly expressed curiosity about their income, their investments. He wished unobtrusively to show his appreciation of their kindness, he said. Perhaps he could do them a good turn. This gratitude appealed to Tybo; when the chance came he would pass the word to the twins. So did he innocently promise to help Lord Llanthony in getting a money hold on two careless young people who might, if need arose, be starved into holding their tongues.

"I forgot," said His Lordship, "a telegram came for Lord Pontlottyn. I feared it might have been sent from the hospital. I opened it. I hope you won't mind." He handed over a telegram from Jennifer Evans asking about the progress of her aunt. "I answered it in my own name. Kind of her, isn't it? We might have her at the château, one day. What do you say, Sara?"

She looked up, puzzled.

"There's no complication there," her uncle said, smiling. "Don't you see that when the real Tybo comes we can tell her the whole story. She may laugh or she may not, what matter?"

"She's not exactly our sort, uncle."

"Oh, I understand that; but she may bring a better family feeling all round."

"That's awfully sweet of you, uncle, after the way they've behaved." She smiled and glanced at the boy. "Do you think she'd ever forgive uncle? She flirted desperately with Tybo. She will feel that she has been made ridiculous."

"Ah, flirted, did she? How would you like to help to entertain her at the château, Tybo?" A waiter entered and masks were clapped on.

Lord Llanthony, answering the telegram in his own name, had thus identified himself with the heir of his creation. "Tybo has told me of your kind interest," he had wired, "and he and I much appreciate it. We are quietly settling in the country and we hope that you and your husband will visit us. Lady Llanthony improves every day and we hope can soon leave the hospital."

Lord Llanthony thus picked up every stone that rolled along and set it with mortar in the tower which he was building. This tower must be so firm that when the time came to show it to the boy he must perceive that it could not be overthrown except by himself. His Lordship was amused at that thought; his observant eyes had noted the young man's fingers gently rubbing down his arm in unconscious enjoyment of the feeling of the silk against the skin. "He laps up luxury," was His Lordship's thought. He produced a gold cigarette case with the coffee. "The crest of the Llanthony's," he said; "a propeller, you see. I forced this unusual design on the College of Heralds when I received the title. Please carry it. You must have these trifles."

Yes, these trifles were necessary in this new life. The boy put the case in his pocket. He offered to render accounts and wished to hand over his thick roll of francs.

"My dear boy," His Lordship cried, "spare me that! You are my secretary. It's your business. Keep as many accounts as you like, and when the play is over and the curtain rings down, hand me what you wish."

Yes, the boy supposed he must have money in his pocket. He replaced the bursting wallet.

Lord Llanthony pleaded letters to write, and went into the next room. He stood back in the darkness watching the two as they discussed with a high animation the changes at the château. If this was the real Tybo, his son—this clean, eager boy —— But he pushed away the thought; depression was not allowed in his life. He wished now that the boy would marry the Archer girl. Could he bring that about? Such a union would insure the silence of the twins; and Sara—a member of the family—could not speak. He knew his limitations; still, he could do something. When he reappeared after an hour, he suggested that fast work would perhaps need a division of labor, that Sara might attend to purchases in Paris while Tybo pushed on the Touraine changes. The language need not be a difficulty; an interpreter, better still, one of the Archers. Were they both serious in their art, or was it only the boy who thought himself a painter?

"Frank," Tybo answered, "grudges every hour of daylight. Peter looks after him."

"Well, arrange it if you can. Perhaps she would help you out. If not, engage somebody. What do you think, Sara?"

"I think Peter would make a fine interpreter." Her recommendation sounded quite cordial.

"Give me the whole of tomorrow morning, Tybo. I'll send the auto for you at half-past nine. We'll complete the purchase and then you two can go ahead."

When Tybo left that night he took a taxi. It seemed to suit better, and besides, a fellow with a stuffed pocketbook and gold knicknacks ought to be careful.

The purchase of the Château des Baumes was the subject of animated discussion at

(Continued on Page 127)

Cooks a meal *for five in 40 minutes*

WE asked women in every part of the country what they liked best about their Nesco Cook Stoves. One woman's answer is typical of thousands of others. "When I'm in a hurry, I can prepare a complete meal for my family of five in 40 minutes!" she said.

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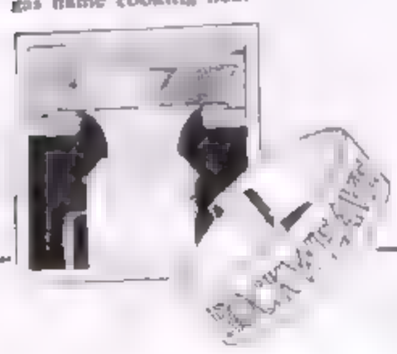

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L 4

An absolute cure for before-breakfast grouches

The never-failing formula of a successful wife

"I think my husband has as good a disposition as any *man*," remarked a well known woman, "but, occasionally, even HE has those nothing-is-going-to-be-right-today mornings—gloomy about business or something.

"That's one time a man should have a real man's breakfast—golden brown pancakes and Log Cabin Syrup—for when you put a smiling plate of pancakes in front of a man, he usually smiles back. And a man who starts the day with a smile is usually a pretty good man all day.

"But I am most particular about having Log Cabin Syrup. For, to me, it's the real secret of delicious pancakes and waffles. So many syrups fail—because they're merely sweet. And men, my husband says, want that tangy Log Cabin flavor of real maple that is only to be found in Log Cabin Syrup."

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Log Cabin Syrup just naturally makes pancakes and waffles delicious. For it has the luscious flavor of pure maple. An enticing maple flavor that *permeates* every bite with rich goodness. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world.

We use only the two choicest kinds of maple—New England and Canadian. These are blended with purest granulated sugar. By the famous 40-year-old Towle process. Nothing else is used. Hence, the delicious maple flavor—rare and melting.

Boiled Rice *can be made most delicious, at the time of serving, by pouring on Log Cabin Syrup. Many serve it as a dessert.*

Log Cabin Fudge—*one of the* [illegible] *ways to vary the menu*

Make this test

We are so sure that you will be delighted with Log Cabin Syrup that we make you this offer. Order a can from your grocer today. Then have pancakes or waffles. If you do not agree that Log Cabin is the most delicious syrup you have ever used—that with it your pancakes or waffles taste better than any you have ever eaten—return the unused portion of the can to us. We will refund the *full* purchase price, including postage.

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Free Offer: "24 ways to vary the menu." Write today for these new, delightful Log Cabin recipes. Send name and address. A postcard will do.

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
Dept. 17, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
THE CENTER OF NORTH AMERICA

Towle's **LOG CABIN** *Syrup*

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(Continued from Page 124)

some supper tables that night on the Loire. Tours, with its history of two thousand years, its violent scenes of the Middle Ages, its mad conflicts between the fiery Angevins in the west and hosts of feudal lords and kings to the east, its active bustle when the American armies made headquarters there, its daily flood of tourists, still has its peaceful self-centered homes, nestling beneath its cathedral towers and the grandiose tomb of its fourth-century bishop, Saint Martin. In some of these homes the story was told of the onslaught of four school children who bought a château, in an automobile, before they had seen it, made a subsequent five-minute inspection, and then ran back to Paris as indifferently as though they had purchased picture postal cards.

Surprise was expressed that that *grand seigneur*, Monsieur Despradailles, had personally intervened in the negotiations. Why a man who left his business affairs to agents should deign to mix in such a matter for others was not to be understood. There was much comment on the insolence of American wealth. As French newspapers had convinced all but experts that the fall of the franc was due entirely to English and American machinations, it was concluded that this purchase was the beginning of concerted action for buying depreciated properties. It was this dramatic incident, exaggerated and distorted by rumor, that gave birth to the idea that foreigners should be precluded from owning real estate. People seriously began to talk of a France whose soil had been secretly bought up by aliens for insidious but unexplained purposes.

It did not matter that real estate had gone up as the franc had gone down; that the proprietor's special top price had been paid without a protest—that special price was just, was proper. Everybody knew that Paris had two prices for all articles sold; it was reasonable that real estate should follow the same rule. The story of the American in Paris who had refused to pay twelve hundred francs for an ivory bracelet, and had subsequently got it for one hundred francs through a French friend, was recited with angry criticism of the foreigner and bitter comment on the traitorous Frenchman. Eleven hundred per cent difference was approved and commended as a patriotic effort on the shopkeeper's part to inflict a wound on the fat purse of an American. A doctor, it was said, charges fees according to the wealth of the patient; why not the shopkeeper?

The happy substitution of this new principle of political economy for the law of supply and demand, of reasonable profits, had in the end its inevitable result. People forgot that though a man must go to a doctor, he could refrain from purchasing a curio, an antique or a diamond bracelet. Thousands, the next year, left Paris without buying anything. Vague about values, indisposed to haggle, they flattened their noses against plate-glass windows, but never opened the door. They did not mind being done—that was the inevitable penalty of ignorance of a language—but to be done outrageously, shamelessly, from patriotic motives, seemed unreasonable.

IX

JENNIFER EVANS, shopping in her home town, mentally added one-quarter to the grocer's bill. Having done the same thing several times already, she had the price of a telegram; so she turned from the general counter to the wired-in corner and asked for a foreign blank. The grocer's daughter complied, hiding surprise; but she could not conceal her astonishment when she read the address—Lord Pontlottyn, Paris.

"We are very anxious," Jennifer explained. "My husband's aunt, Lady Llanthony, was badly hurt when we were visiting her. The taxi men in Paris—my word, it's like they're all fire engines."

Jennifer left, elated. Her neighbors traded in this shop and did their post-office business there. The girl was talkative. Jennifer felt the money well spent. If only the answer would come at the right moment! It did, just while she was entertaining her father-in-law for the first time at a knife-and-fork tea. He was a short and knotty man who bought every year a shiny tall hat and wore it every day. In the thriving community of Oldport he was the only burgess who did this, and thus was marked. A lay preacher of incredible word velocity, he was a fundamentalist without having heard the term, and would leave his dry-goods store at any time to deliver his message. His religious and civic duties—he was a town councilor—interfered with his business, and profits were sufficient for no more than a modest living for himself and his son and partner. He had protested against this Paris honeymoon, but was now completely reconciled. The small "line of lace edgings and insertions" brought back by his son had been sold out in one day.

"A repeat order goes back quick," said Mr. Evans to his daughter-in-law, as he sipped his tea; "and for the soft cloth, too." He pronounced the French name incorrectly, with an expression of disgust—and then arrived the answer to the telegram. Jennifer's hands trembled as she opened the wire. She could hardly repress a cry as she read a message so friendly signed Llanthony. She let the telegram flutter to the table and tried to speak as though wires were an hourly incident.

"Yes, Daddy Evans," she said, "I knew that would take. I saw some wonderful printed muslins at half our prices, and—but you aren't listening," she pouted.

He took fascinated eyes from the telegram. "Nothing wrong, I hope, Jennifer?"

"Oh, no, Daddy Evans." She cast down her eyes. "It's good news and I'd like to show it to you. But Ellis says—says—but why not?" She thrust the telegram into his hand.

"The Lord is merciful alike to the innocent and the guilty," he said. "Ellis told me you had met these people."

"I liked them so much," she said mournfully.

"They are of the world; but the son—he is of the devil."

"Tell me, Daddy Evans," she coaxed. "What is it? They were so nice. Now he is, too—Lord Llanthony. Can't you ever be friends again?"

Jennifer looked up with gentle appeal. She had staged this scene, foreseeing a telegram lying on the table when her father-in-law should arrive. It had come off better than she had planned. So she had been able to broach the forbidden topic.

"Ellis agrees," he said. "We don't want anything to do with them."

"But, Daddy Evans," she pleaded, "they are so kind. They are not stuck-up or proud at all. It was Tybo who said I ought to be the Paris buyer for us. You know how well I did. You know I've just got to go again ——"

"Paris buyer? Go again?"

"Drink your tea while it's hot, daddy. We can't drop such chances, can we? You'll be an alderman before very long, you know, and then your turn will come to be mayor. I should be mayoress, shouldn't I, daddy? And what's going to pay for my dresses? And your entertainment allowance will be only two hundred pounds a year, and that—how far will that go? We must have some pride and more money."

He stared at this girl whom he had thought of as a child until she had uniquely made the honeymoon pay. His secret ambition known to this chit, fearlessly broached, discussed with practical common sense.

He caught sight of the bare leg above her rolled stocking and broke out in a vehement sermon against the modern girl, her shameless dress, her shingled hair, her irresponsibility, her light manners, her want of respect for elders. She listened with downcast eyes. When the storm was over she looked a sad agreement.

"A girl can't be different," she said regretfully; "a man can. You are strong. You can afford to be the only one who wears a top hat every week day; but, daddy, you won't be able to buy a new one every year, with prices always going up, unless we make more money."

"Money is the root of all evil."

"Yes, so it is. But it buys hats." She gave him more tea, very hot, and made fresh toast.

In the end he conceded the obvious—the Paris business must be enlarged; but she should never, never go alone to that dangerous place.

"Of course not. You come, next time." She hesitated, then pointed to the telegram. "That's halfway," she said softly. "You're a Christian, daddy. There's a poor lady over there. You could go the other half."

She bent to the expected tempest, but it did not come. She had impressed him; had established a new relationship; he defended his position.

"My brother and I," he said, "inherited a ship broker's business—not much else, not much money. My brother saw the day of the ship broker was over. In those days you could buy a ship for a song. A few thousands to the builder and a mortgage for all the rest, but I would not take these mad risks. He was always after me to do it. It was a gamble—good freights for a couple of years, and you won. Bad freights, bankruptcy. Behind my back he made a syndicate. He pledged the firm's credit for his share. Four others—one a Greek.

"In the end they had a ship—the Star of Hope, eight thousand tons cargo-carrying capacity. They had paid down five thousand pounds and the builder held a mortgage for sixty thousand pounds—insane financing that, and low freights too. They took a charter for Piræus—coal. The Star of Hope was seized at Athens for breaking some Greek law. The syndicate lost its money, of course, and was dissolved. The builders, of course, could not foreclose. The Greek went to Athens, but reported that he could do nothing. The British Government wrote dispatches. There was a long correspondence. Nothing happened. My brother laughed and told me our capital had vanished. I had half his interest, he said, in this Star of Hope, and the sun would shine out again. He started another syndicate. Of course I dissolved the partnership on this breach of confidence, and bought in a bankrupt draper's stock with money lent by my father's friends."

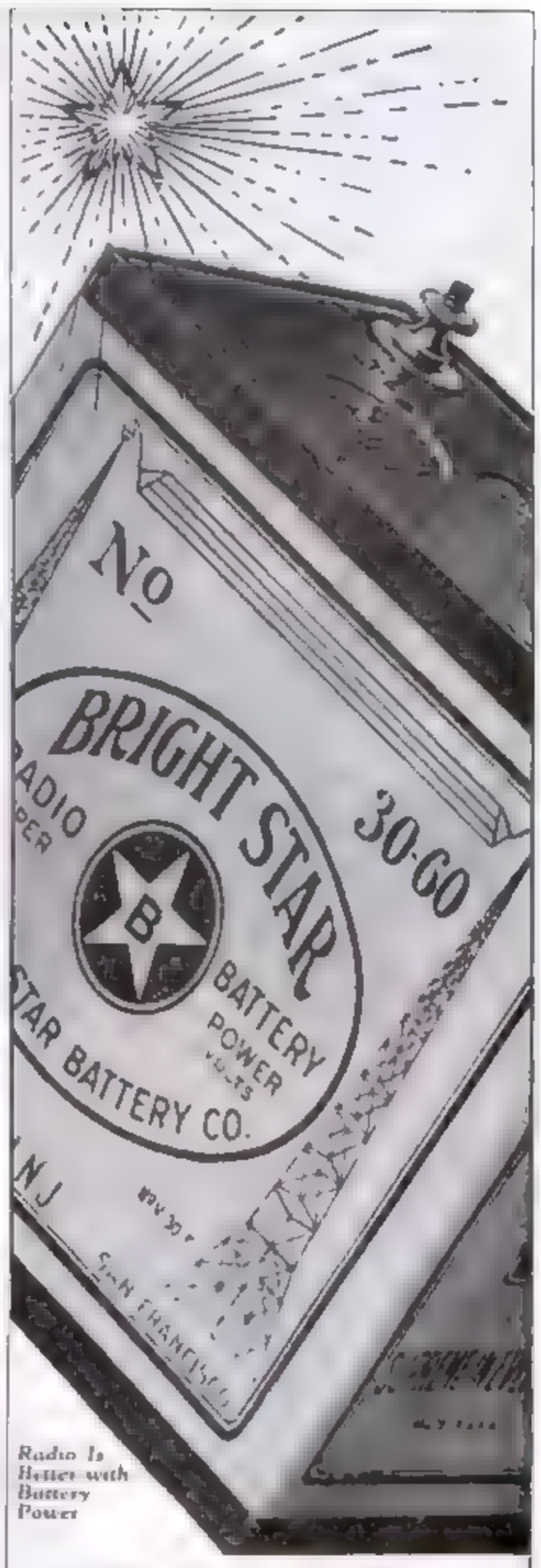
"More tea, daddy." Her voice was a caress of sympathy. She made it again, fresh for him.

"One Sunday afternoon I was strolling down by the basin. It was high tide and ships were entering. One was the Star of Hope, fresh-painted, as good as new. For the first time I saw the vessel which had ruined me and broken my friendship with my brother. I saw him pass me, laughing, and board her at the lock gates. Three days after he came with a check for five times the amount of my interest. I demanded an explanation. He pointed to the check. 'There's 400 per cent profit,' he said. 'That's the explanation. Now let's be friends and I'll make you rich.'

"I refused to accept friendship on that basis, and did not cash the check. The story soon got out. The whole thing had been arranged before the keel was laid. The Greek had a brother in high official position in the Greek Marine Department. The vessel had been seized and kept out of English ports so that the builders could not claim their dues. She had been run at high freights for a year. When the British Government became peremptory the vessel was handed back, and the Greek returned with her rich earnings. The astonished syndicate members pocketed their 400 per cent profit with a laugh. The builders got a large check and grinned. My brother and the Greek now owned a ship worth much more than she had cost, for freights had gone up. That was the foundation of the fortune and family of Lord Llanthony, my girl."

"And your check, daddy."

(Continued on Page 129)



Radio Is Better with Battery Power

The Vital Part Of Your Radio Is The Battery

It is impossible to obtain the full measure of enjoyment from your radio set with batteries built under *ordinary methods*.

The brilliant performance, the unvarying dependability and enduring life of Bright Star A, B and C batteries strongly emphasize the superiority of the *Bag Type construction* of these batteries.

Bag Type Construction

Any radio engineer or expert will tell you a battery so constructed is infinitely superior to ordinary radio batteries. The energizing, life-giving elements of Bright Star batteries, besides being machine moulded to accurate precision, insuring absolute uniformity of power capacity and distribution—are securely wrapped in cloth to prevent disintegration and destructive corrosion. This prevents internal short circuiting and dissipation of power common to most batteries. Bag Type construction costs us more—but permits us to guarantee the maximum service to battery users. This is an important exclusive feature of Bright Star Radio Batteries.

Let your next battery be a Bright Star and enjoy a new thrill from your radio set.

The prices of these *super power* batteries are no higher than other makes. At all Radio Dealers'.

BRIGHT STAR

Radio Batteries & Flashlights

17 Years Building Quality Batteries

The Busy Picnic Season

"LAWSY!" gasped the Teenie Weenie Dunce as he sat down under the shade of a big brown mushroom and mopped his tiny face with a handkerchief no bigger than a postage stamp.

"What's the trouble, Dunce?" asked the General, who was passing by on his way to the Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter factory.

"I'm tired," sighed the Dunce. "I'll bet I have delivered a thousand Teenie Weenie Pickles today—it just seems as though we can't get folks filled up—the more pickles they get the more they want."

"I'm glad to hear it," smiled the General. "The more they eat, the busier we will be, and you know busy people are always happy."

"Well, I'd be happier if I was kept busy eatin' pickles instead of bein' kept busy deliverin' them," grumbled the Dunce. "My back aches from carryin' so many of them."

"Well, it's a heap better to have a backache than a stomachache," laughed the General as he hurried away.

The Dunce was not the only Teenie Weenie who had been busy. All the little folks, no taller than an ink bottle, had worked from early morning until dark. They had been busy for many days, for the picnic season was in full swing and what would a picnic be without plenty of crisp, delicious Teenie Weenie Sweet Pickles?

The birds told the Teenie Weenies where the big folks were having a picnic in the woods; then, with a great deal of pushing and grunting, the little folks would roll one of their little oak pickle barrels to a convenient place under the cover of the low-hanging bushes.

Several of the men would climb up to the top of the barrel and remove the great wooden stopper. One of the little fellows would spear the pickles with a long pole, on the end of which was fastened a hook. When he had pulled three or four of the crisp pickles out of the delicious spiced vinegar they would be tied to the end of a string and lowered over the side of the barrel to the line of waiting Teenie Weenies below.

The little chaps would lift the pickles to their shoulders and carry them off to the various picnic parties in the woods. It was hard work, for sometimes they had to wade streams of water with the pickles on their backs. It was no easy task for such tiny people to carry a pickle through the deep woods, even if it was a Teenie Weenie Pickle.

Every night the little folks were so tired they were quite ready to crawl into their tiny soft beds, but they were always contented and happy, for they knew all the big people had enjoyed their Teenie Weenie Pickles.

"I don't care if I do get tired," muttered the Dunce to himself. "It sure is lots of fun deliverin' pickles to picnic parties.

"It's more fun than a circus to slip up to the place where the big folks have their picnic lunch spread out and drop a Teenie Weenie Pickle onto their paper plates right next to a Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter sandwich. It's fun, too, to hide behind a mayflower or a dead leaf and watch them pop a pickle into their mouths.

"JIMMINIE KRISSMUS! but they have a surprised and a happy look on their faces when they taste our Teenie Weenie Pickles—YUM YUM! I wish I was big enough to eat a whole one myself."

Other Monarch Teenie Weenie Products

Peanut Butter	Lima Beans	Sweet Relish
Sardines	Sweet Corn	Sweet Chow
Sweet Peas	Asparagus Points	Sweet Onions
Early June Peas	Diced Carrots	Sweet Ringlets
Green Beans	[illegible]	Sweet Mixed Pickles

EVERY genuine Teenie Weenie Food Product bears the original Monarch lion head, the oldest trade-mark in the United States covering a complete line of the world's finest food products. Monarch is the only nationally advertised brand sold exclusively through the men who own and operate their own stores.

REID, MURDOCH & CO.

Established 1853

General Offices: Chicago, U. S. A.

Branches: Boston, Pittsburgh, New York, Jacksonville, Tampa, Phoenix, Los Angeles

MONARCH QUALITY *for 70 years*

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(Continued from Page 127)

"Torn up. I accepted the amount stolen—yes, that's the word—and no more. I never spoke to him again."

It will be seen that Town Councilor Evans, narrow fanatic though he may have been, was rigidly honest. He was so straight that he bent backward; this was the town estimate of him.

"An unscrupulous man, Jennifer, leading the worldly life, luxury, self-indulgence, a weekly violation of the Sabbath, a despiser of sacred things. I have never told, even to Ellis, all these details. I tell you, that you may be warned and not be drawn into the net of these worldly people."

"He may have reformed."

"Reformed? He is proud of that dishonest business. He took for his crest a ship's propeller, for his coat of arms a vessel beneath a star, for his motto 'The Star of Hope.' He flaunts it. And this shameless reminder of my failure and his success he thought my son might one day use. Thank God ——"

"But he may, daddy—one day Ellis may. Tybo is not married."

"Don't count on that." The command was harsh. "It will never be."

"It might," she persisted. "Ellis can't help being heir."

"Never—he can't ——" The old man checked; the girl, staring, was alive to confidence withheld.

"Tybo is young of course," she wheedled. "He probably will marry—but until he does ——"

"You will have better things to think of than that," he said, frowning harshly. "Ellis will bring you news tonight—you are right, my girl; we must make more money." He sat brooding. "Paris, yes. Next week. It's hard for an old man to get out of a rut, Jennifer. One of us will go with you on one condition."

"All right, daddy. I won't see them."

He patted her hand and rose. "You are very clever—astonishing," he said, staring at her.

"Ellis' news, daddy?"

"Let him tell it all himself. It greatly disturbs me. It will please you." At the front door he kissed her. "Why can't Ellis ever be heir?" she breathed in his ear.

"You will not want him to be, after you hear what he has to say."

She watched him down the street, solid, respectable, the tall hat gleaming. She felt an immense sense of triumph, culmination of her success as a buyer. When the goods had been snatched from the counter she had ceased to be a child in the eyes of her father-in-law. Today he had met her as an equal. Ellis' news—what could that be? She got out the can of soup that he specially liked and laid the supper table with a special care. When he came, nervous, excited, his eyes burning, she did not ask a question. When he finally exploded his budget of news, she collapsed. Her tears of pride and joy greatly relieved her; but it was long after midnight before she could sleep.

In the morning she dressed quite exceptionally for her marketing and made her purchases with a conscious dignity. On her return she slackened, for a small automobile stood in front of her house and two unfamiliar terriers were larking about. She dropped her basket over the low hedge, thankful that it held no eggs. She had never seen a Pinscher-Schnauzer, but she knew who was standing, vainly ringing, at her front door. She saw the last word in tweed sporting clothes as Miss Finley turned with a flick of a wiry-handled dog whip and a cheery halloa. No, Miss Finley could not stop, could not have a glance at the new little home. She had rushed off for indispensable puppy biscuits and must get back to a starving family. Couldn't Mrs. Evans go with her to tiffin? Her father, when young, had been in India and so lunch was always tiffin. Back easily by five o'clock: the Moat wasn't thirty miles off.

"It's perfectly saintly of you," Jennifer said. "Oh, the grocer's boy has been." She retrieved the basket, snatched up the telegram, and locked up the house. She was glad that the Pinscher-Schnauzers were not quickly obedient in reëntering the automobile. She saw more edges of neighboring window curtains slyly put aside.

Asked about her aunt—she loved it put that way—of course she produced the telegram. "The latest. I hear every day," she said. Miss Finley was enthusiastic about the good news. "Of course you'll run over soon?"

"After a while perhaps. There are reasons—very important reasons—why I can't get away for some weeks."

This was said with such impressiveness that Miss Finley was tickled.

"You're a girl short in the shop," she laughed, "and you're acting cashier."

Jennifer bridled and glanced up, but found no malice in the cheery face. "I don't go in the shop," she said with dignity; "I'm the Paris buyer."

"Jolly good business too."

"I'm going to make it so."

"I say, you're getting on." She waved a gay hand to a passing automobile, feeling pleasantly unconventional as the occupants looked at her companion. No one but herself, she reflected, had ever taken on the wife of a small draper in Oldport. It was all right though; Lord Pontlottyn stood by his poor relations. Where he led none need fear to follow—that is, now that he had reformed. She broke out in praises of him. Jennifer proudly agreed.

They passed Gaylord Hall. "Mr. Gaylord," the latter said solemnly, "is dying."

"Oh, I hadn't heard. A good sort, too, but a joke as a member."

"He got in by a fluke," was Jennifer's grave comment. "The constituency is Labor."

"And that's so too. I didn't know you took an interest in politics."

"Oh, lots."

"Shall we lose the seat then?"

"The Conservatives will."

"Ah," laughed Jack Finley, "we are on different sides, I see. But are you Liberal or Labor?"

"Labor. The future is with them."

"You're frightfully serious about it."

"Oh, I am. Important things are at stake."

She changed the subject, but Miss Finley, intensely amused at discovering this unexpected vein, harked back to it several times. "You have inside news!" she cried at length. "Tell me, just between pals."

"It is not my secret," Jennifer answered with dignity. "Oh, there's your tower."

"Bingley's Tower. Our second farm held by a Bingley for three hundred years. They are copyholders under the lords of the manor and a condition was that they and their men should defend Bingley Tower. My people had a private war in 1427 with one of the lords of the Marches, and the Bingley's saved us."

Jennifer had an hour of wonderful pleasure as she went over this ancient manor, peeping into powdering closets where wigs in olden days received their whitening, climbing battlements, peering into a wine cellar that had once been a dungeon, traversing clanging stone halls, inspecting dog kennels. She did not remember a great deal, for she was thinking nearly always of the dizzy social heights which she had so tremendously achieved. Her Sunday-school class had once, on an outing, been shown over the place by a splendid liveried servant, but she knew no one in Oldport who had been a guest of the family. At moments, remembering her great secret, she felt bound to be critical.

"How do you keep warm in winter, Miss Finley?" she asked.

"We don't," was the answer, given with a shiver.

"Do you know," was Jennifer's comment, "it would be nice to come and look at this place in summer; but I should rather live in my own snug little house."

Miss Finley looked this way and that. "So would I," she whispered, "but don't tell my father."

Lunch was served in a screened corner of a large hall with a great timbered roof arching overhead. Squire Finley turned up with Mr. Archibald Baines, jovial, magnetic, paid Conservative agent for Oldport and two of the neighboring constituencies. Of course he talked politics, and mischievous Jack Finley drew the embarrassed Jennifer into the conversation.

Jennifer was astonished at the light manner in which sacred subjects were discussed; Ellis never laughed or jested when Conservatives were in power and were ruining the country. She winced inwardly at gay contemptuous reference to labor leaders and she wished that Ellis was a Conservative. She was, however, loyal to him and was intensely flattered by the serious and courteous attention which Mr. Baines ultimately paid to her guarded words. He listened, too, with profound interest to praises of Lord Pontlottyn; a chorus of praise, chanted by all the Finleys. He asked many questions casually, with pleasant interest. Jennifer again produced her telegram. He spoke of "poor old Gaylord" dying, of the coming by-election, of the certain successful result: There would be two opposing candidates again and the opposition vote would again be split. Laughing, Miss Finley quoted Jennifer, who flushed and seemed no longer to know anything about it.

Immediately after lunch Mr. Baines said he must bustle off. Had Mrs. Evans her own car? Could he take her back? Thus was she unconsciously delivered over to the enemy by these kindly people, who gave no second thought to the political talk of the table. She gave up her secret before they got more than halfway. Dismayed, she pledged her listener to secrecy—"Of course, dear little lady, not a word." She enjoyed this run very much. Mr. Baines was so funny and he made her laugh a lot. She got out of the automobile in front of her house in a blaze of social triumph. Mr. Baines took the night train for London and in the morning went by air to Paris. At the hotel he asked for Lord Llanthony's man. To François he handed five hundred francs.

"His Lordship will see me," he said, producing his card.

"His orders, monsieur; five have been denied this morning. But if monsieur is sure "

"Take the card."

Within five minutes he was with His Lordship. Genial, magnetic, he sketched the local political situation, told of the imminent death of Marvin Gaylord and of the near approach of the by-election. Gaylord had sneaked in because the opposition vote had been split. Now there would be but one opposing candidate. The seat would be lost to the party and a moral blow struck at the ministry, unless—unless—Baines paused dramatically. This fine organizer, effective speaker and good talker, focused penetrating gray eyes on the expressionless, waiting face.

"Your nephew, Ellis Evans," he announced, "has gone Labor. He will be their candidate and the Liberals will not send a man to the polls."

Lord Llanthony smiled. "The young Robespierre—the sea-green incorruptible—will win," he admitted.

"Unless—unless ——"

"Part with it, Baines. Here's my check book."

"Yes, we can do with that too." He drew himself up and whacked the table with a doubled fist. "We want your son; that's what we want. Ah, I thought that would interest you. We can win with him. The two cousins fighting: appeals to human interest; a touch of humor, too—a sour unpopular fanatic against a cheery joyous youth ——"

The startled lord showed no surprise.

"Oh, an attractive figure," Mr. Baines ran on. "Lively record, of course, but I couldn't say that, don't you know, if I didn't know that all the wild oats had been sown. People are generous to youthful

(Continued on Page 133)

Super
GRAND
SLAMS
in Steel or Wood
Six new wood clubs and two new putting irons are added to the Grand Slam Standardized Set this year to give broader selection and let you fit the club to your play more accurately.
They are built on the same basic principles as other Grand Slams—expertly designed, weighted and balanced. In the wood clubs the difference is in the shape and weight of the heads; and minor points of refinement, such as finish, inlaid faces, special grips, knobs and weights. Grand Slam wood clubs sell at $7.00 to $12.50 in driver, brassie and spoon.
The putters embody new improvements and sell at $5.00 with wood shafts, and $7.00 with steel.
Whether you are just beginning golf or are a tournament player, you will be delighted with Grand Slam Clubs. Our interesting catalog, illustrating all models, will be sent free upon request.
GRAND SLAM
GOLF CLUBS
HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO.
Incorporated
472 Finzer St. Louisville, Ky.
Makers of world-standard Louisville Slugger Baseball Bats.

Supremacy in 17 Industries

The Ladies' Home Journal Led All Women's Publications in Every One of These 17 Industries in Advertising Revenue in 1926.

FOODS

Placed $4,060,000 advertising revenue in The Ladies' Home Journal in 1926. This was more than the industry placed in any other women's publication by more than $1,400,000.

TOILET GOODS

Placed $2,440,000 in The Ladies' Home Journal, which was more than the industry placed in any other women's publication by more than $975,000.

WEARING APPAREL

Including Children's and Infants' Wear, Hosiery, Men's Furnishings, Men's Ready-To-Wear, Shoes and Sundries, Underwear, Women's Ready-To-Wear and Wearing Apparel Miscellaneous.

Placed $1,608,000 in The Ladies' Home Journal, which was more than the industry placed in any other women's publication by more than $500,000.

SOAPS AND CLEANSERS

Placed $1,404,000 in The Ladies' Home Journal, which was more than the industry placed in any other women's publication by more than $350,000.

HOUSEHOLD (Including Household Electrical)

Placed $1,262,000 in The Ladies' Home Journal in 1926. In each of the past ten years manufacturers in this industry have placed more advertising revenue in The Ladies' Home Journal than in any other women's publication.

FURNITURE AND FLOOR COVERINGS

Placed $1,086,000 in The Ladies' Home Journal, which was almost twice as much as the industry placed in any other women's publication.

AUTOMOBILES

Placed $937,000 in The Ladies' Home Journal, which was more than three times as much as the industry placed in any other women's publication.

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

Placed $504,000 in The Ladies' Home Journal, which was more than the industry placed in any other women's publication by more than $200,000.

BEVERAGES

Placed $466,000 in The Ladies' Home Journal, which was more than twice as much as the industry placed in any other women's publication.

TEXTILES

Placed $436,000 in The Ladies' Home Journal, which was more than the industry placed in any other women's publication by more than $130,000.

PAPER AND PRINTING

Placed $173,000 in The Ladies' Home Journal, which was materially more than the industry placed in any other women's publication.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Placed $167,000 in The Ladies' Home Journal, which was more than the industry placed in any other women's publication.

MOTION PICTURES

Placed $117,000 in The Ladies' Home Journal, which was more than 90 per cent of the entire expenditure of the industry in women's publications.

RADIO

Placed $103,000 in The Ladies' Home Journal, which was materially more than the industry placed in any other women's publication.

YARNS, NOTIONS AND DRESSMAKERS' ACCESSORIES

Placed $100,000 in The Ladies' Home Journal, which was materially more than the industry placed in any other women's publication.

CAMERAS AND OPTICAL GOODS

Placed $71,000 in The Ladies' Home Journal, which was more than 50 per cent greater than the industry placed in any other women's publication.

CANDY AND GUM

Placed $63,000 in The Ladies' Home Journal, which was more than the industry placed in any other women's publication.

NOTE: Statements in this advertisement, in regard to classes and in regard to advertising expenditures, are based on figures furnished by The Advertising Record Company, Chicago.

These 17 Industries Placed More Than 85% of the Total Advertising Expenditures in Women's Publications in 1926.

and 1927

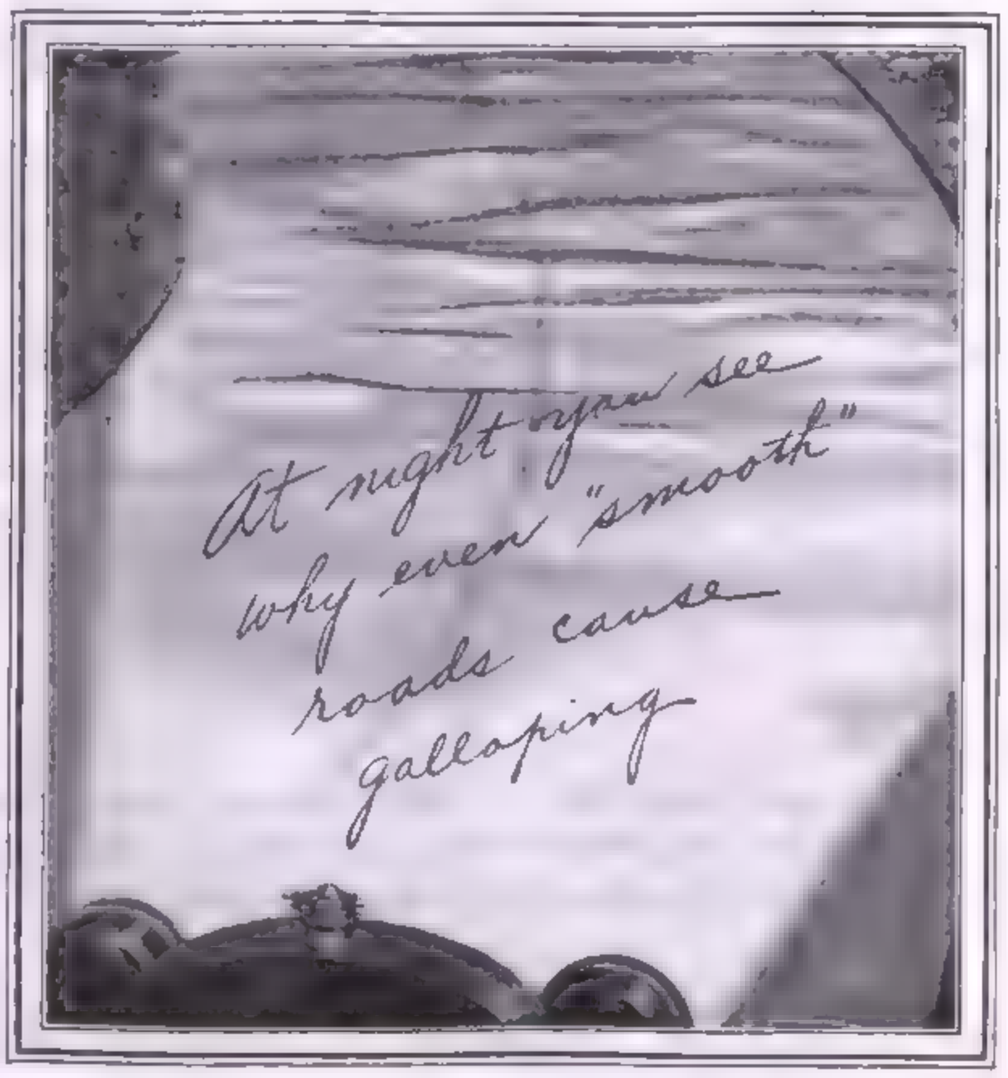
The first four months of 1927 show the largest advertising volume and the largest advertising revenue in the history of The Ladies' Home Journal.

And the April issue is the largest in advertising lineage and in advertising revenue ever published.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

"Galloping" eliminated

by the Third Great Advance in the New Riding Comfort



From seventy to ninety per cent of today's driving is on roads like this—full of the tiny irregularities, scarcely visible in the daytime, that cause "galloping"

NO MORE "galloping"! You can put an end to that constant jiggling, bobbing, bouncing of your car, so annoying to you and especially annoying to those who ride in the rear seat.

This discomfort, which you have been unable to escape on even the smoothest of roads, this last great obstacle to complete riding ease and enjoyment—now you can eliminate it by a simple and inexpensive installation.

Why your car "gallops"

What makes your car "gallop"? Every road, however good, is full of miniature bumps. These are often so small you can scarcely see them in the daytime.

But you have seen them hundreds of times at night. The bright lights of your car, casting heavy shadows, throw into relief countless tiny rises and depressions in concrete and asphalt, little stones and ridges sticking out of the macadam.

Small as these are, they are large enough and numerous enough to keep the whole car almost continuously bobbing up and down with an uncomfortable, mushy see-saw motion.

The Third Great Advance

Balloon tires and longer, softer springs, the two great advances that have brought in an entirely new era of riding comfort, could not overcome this difficulty.

It needed a Third Great Advance to stop "galloping," that last great obstacle to the complete motoring ease you have always desired from your car.

This Third Great Advance you will now find in the new Hasslers.

So delicately responsive that no inequality of the road is too small to bring their corrective action into immediate play.

So swift in recovery that they keep your car in constant readiness for the closest possible succession of bumps, large or small.

A special type for your car

And there is a set of Hasslers specially designed and adjusted at the factory for every popular make of car, including the one you drive. For example, a Buick set for a Buick. An Essex set for an Essex. A Dodge set for a Dodge.

Inexpensive, easily and quickly installed, the new Hasslers will give you an entirely new experience in riding comfort.

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In the new Hasslers the connecting belt never enters the case, but is attached to the outside. "Further identifiable by the red label with the name Hassler boldly lettered on every device

(Continued from Page 129

follies. They like a chap better for 'em, as soon as they see he's reformed. He has no frills; I get that straight, and that'll go a long way in that constituency. Here's a point—a vital point, Llanthony. The cousin couldn't make a dirty fight. He couldn't dig into his relative's history. Don't shake your head. It would be bad politics if he did. All the sympathy would be with your youngster."

The waiter came across to them: "*Monsieur est servi.*"

Mr. Baines made a wonderful meal. His pleasure in the Burgundy and the chicken liver was doubled when reminded that he had liked these two things at their last previous lunch two years before. "What a memory," he said. He became flamboyant, expansive, but he didn't feel comfortable. He never did in Lord Llanthony's presence, for he had a great inferiority complex and he knew deep down inside that his host was contemptuously aware of this. Most people were deceived, but not this one. Baines was inwardly abject before this penetrating insight. He tried in vain to extract a question, the answer to which he knew must be desired. It was not until he was eating a great bowl of wild strawberries that he exploded his gigantic joke.

The Labor-Liberal deal had not been made public, he said. None but the inner circle of the party knew of Ellis Evans' candidature. But he—Baines—by the purest fluke had chanced to stop at the Moat for lunch and there he had met Mrs. Ellis Evans, most chatty of ladies and eager ignorant disseminator of secrets of state. She was full of her cousin Lord Pontlottyn; the Finleys confirmed everything she said.

"Most complimentary, Llanthony—the little lady was bursting with some great secret, hinted that it was political. So I drove her back to Oldport, and out it all spilled—her husband to be candidate. I took the night train to London and flew over this morning. No time to lose. Well, what do you say? 'Evans versus Evans.' Fine fight! Victory ours."

Lord Llanthony wrote a check. "I meant to draw this for five hundred guineas," he said. "It's for seven hundred. Don't put the extra two hundred in the party chest. Earmark it. Yes, the boy's come back. He's all you say. But he's been absorbed in his mother. He's thought of nothing else. I haven't got to know him yet. Relations were strained, of course. It's hard for him to get back; you know—remorse, and all that. Not good business for me to start the ball, refusal perhaps. But if you headed a little secret delegation ——"

"Ah, yes—easy."

"Four or five leading chaps. Without notice; behind my back, as it were. I wouldn't even let Tybo know you are coming if I were you. He might be shy and disappear. Quite out of his line, you see. He's not used to being taken seriously."

Ten minutes completed all details. The political agent slapped himself on the back with high inward commendation for his clever idea and its swift execution. He had nearly a thousand dollars with which to bring a small party to Paris. He foresaw an interesting and amusing interview with an astonished and flattered youth. Serious men, men of standing, coming hundreds of miles to ask him to be a member of Parliament. Of course he would accept. He must accept. His father wanted it; Llanthony always got his way. A most interesting dramatic contest; success almost certain for the prodigal son; if not success, such a creditable failure as would start the boy brilliantly on a public career.

Lord Llanthony, having important matters in hand, dismissed the subject from his mind for the moment. He composed in his private code a cipher cablegram addressed to himself, and then put the code book in a pocket of one of his suitcases. He went over a dozen letters, indorsed a yes, a no, or a sentence, on each. He studied a typewritten prospectus, erasing a line here, adding a phrase there. This was a slow business, and he was still at it when Sara came in.

"A green velvet dress with a long, sweeping train and a flaring Medici collar—did you ever hear of anything so absurd? . . . Had tea, uncle? . . . He got off all right; quite cross too. . . . May I ring? I'm so thirsty. . . . Oh, that studio—five hundred years old, I should think, and never cleaned since, but he says he's only just moved in."

Lord Llanthony smiled. "Cross. Why?"

"Well, six suits of clothes and a high-powered automobile and a watch and chain, all before eleven o'clock in the morning, and then a château—that's going some." She flung off her hat and leaned back in her chair, tired but smiling.

"What else could I do? Time is precious, and he must live as we do, as Tybo would."

"I told him just that, but you're such an extravagant dear old uncle. Three suits, a cheaper auto ——"

"Nonsense; you know it." He smiled good-humoredly.

"'Stifled,' he said, 'drowned in a flood of splendor.' He looked at his chauffeur as though he wanted to hit him. The livery—that got him, too; and smart it is, uncle. Oh, you do things well, I'll say it. But the lad from Ohio is scared. He shies."

Lord Llanthony had incidentally suggested that Sara and the boy should lunch together somewhere. He wished to hear just the report he was receiving, wished to know just how drenched the young man felt after the waterspout of luxury. He eyed Sara as she sat bolt upright.

"He's afraid of the effect on himself." She was deadly serious. She lowered her voice, "I am too."

"Ridiculous, Sara."

"I am more scared than he, uncle—and that's the solemn truth."

She jumped up and came over to him. "He eats it," she said. "He knows he does. That's what he's mad about. I'm sure that's it. Little things, a word here and there. A straight, clean boy, uncle. Oh, why did I ever—but that's nonsense now, of course. But if he should weaken, uncle; if this does break down his independence I'd never, never forgive myself. He has to fight. That proves it. Against what? Himself; one side of himself. He feels a parasite—his own word."

An uncle, lowering his lids that he might hide admiration—admiration for her pose, her flushed face, her insight, her flaming words; admiration wrung from a jaded man, who had thought of her three days before as a child—this will give some measure of her vital protest against conditions which she herself had brought about.

"Is he dough," he asked, "that a month will slack bake him? If he's as soft as that—well, my path and yours will be easier. We can pay in full. We can give him all these things for life. If he's strong—my dear Sara, he'll wake from a dream, and when he's selling hardware or autos in some little town ——"

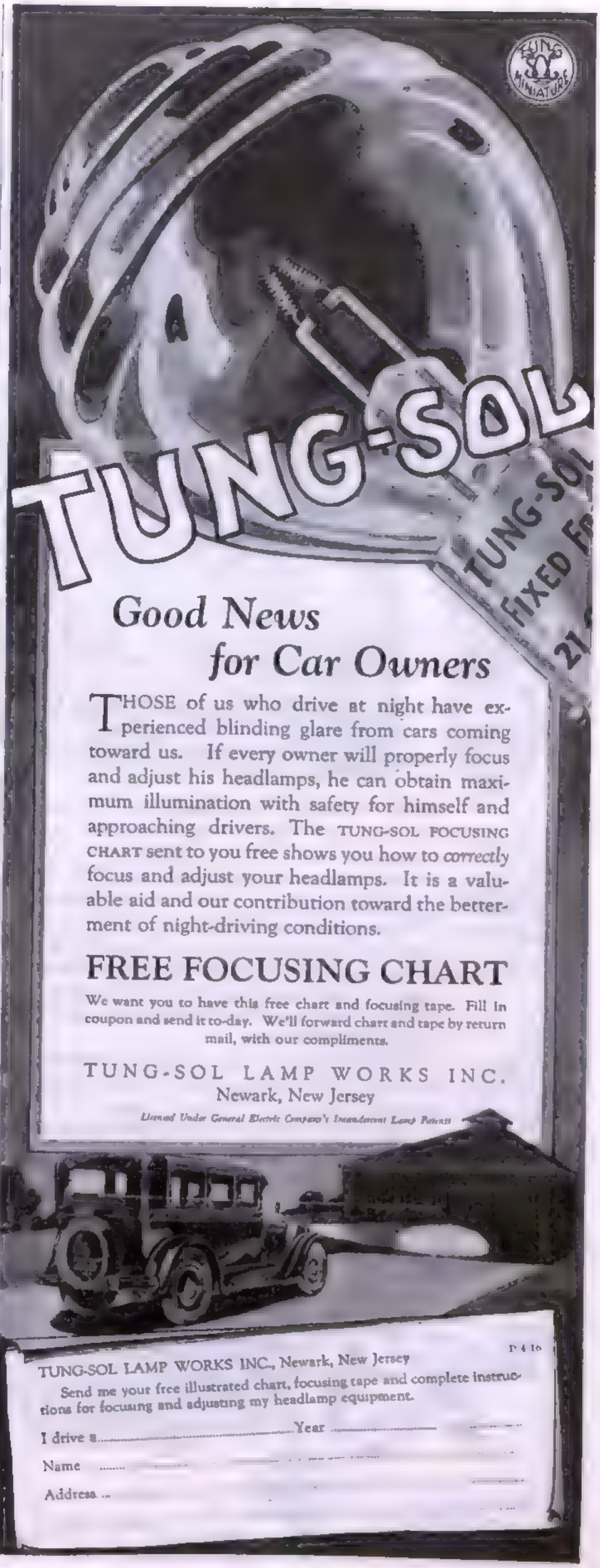
"Oh, not that."

"That's our bargain, Sara. All or nothing. If you understood business you would agree that he ought to accept capital and start something on a proper basis. He could pay it back or I could be a sleeping partner. If he understood business he'd see that that course was not only honorable for himself but fairer to me, to you. We should have to carry a burden of gratitude. Youth is quixotic, Sara. I shall not press him; you might."

"Perhaps I'm silly, uncle. Perhaps you're right. A small-town grocer—oh, he oughtn't to be wasted like that."

"Of course he oughtn't; but he must be, without capital. Sara, the greatest stimulus in the world is to want something badly enough to work for it. Perhaps we do him a service in teaching him to want things. Perhaps you can convince him that he owes it to himself to begin at the top. If he gets the blues at six suits, don't weep with him. Laugh, and make him buy six more."

Sara nodded; it sounded fair, reasonable; but she had a vision of a troubled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out-door boy gasping for breath in a hot house.

"And the green velvet dress with the long train and the flaring collar—does he want you to wear that at breakfast in the château?"

Sara laughed.

"That's the painter boy. I've given him a sitting this afternoon. You saw his sketch. A full-length, life-size—did you ever hear anything so absurd? I'm no Catharine de'Medici. He thinks he can do anything. He couldn't learn to paint that velvet in five years."

"You want the portrait? You like him?"

"He hates Tybo."

"Why, in heaven's name?"

"Just one of those things that happen. He's very intimate with the Archers. They'll never tell him anything but I'm keeping him sweet."

"Does Tybo know?"

"They just feel it, both of them. They don't say anything ——"

"Commission the portrait, Sara—a present from me. Then you can have it as you like."

"Rather a good idea, uncle. He's hot against all lords—but he means Tybo."

"Vexatious. We don't want enemies. Does Tybo know about the portrait?"

Sara sipped her tea. "Yes, he knows of course. The studio is off the Boulevard de Montparnasse. He dropped me there and went on to pick up Peter Archer."

A moment's silence during which Lord Llanthony definitely ceased to be a match-maker. He never attempted the impossible. Let them fight it out themselves.

"An idea, Sara!" he said abruptly, smiling. "Have the portrait painted for Tybo. He would like it."

Sara turned her head and quietly looked straight into her uncle's face. "Below the belt," she said. "I didn't want to tell you all this stuff, but it counts. Sam Tibbetts could be dangerous."

"Turn him down now."

"Impossible, unless the Archers go, too—and they know."

Lord Llanthony pursued a conversation which three days before he would have deemed impossible, but he had learned much of the modern girl.

"When Peter goes to the château, you go to the studio?" he asked.

"That's about it," was the calm admission.

"Why? Pique?"

"Honestly I don't know, uncle. If it's more than that I'm not going to find it out too late. I like Peter. She's decent and straight. But he's been living in their pockets, and they share his intimate secret, and —well, she admires him no end. So do I, uncle. I found him—not she. If I only knew, if I were certain, I'd annex him right now. But I'm not. Am I going to let things drift and then when she comes and asks congratulations, am I going to wake up, give a great start and hide the anguish of my heart?"

"Bravo, Sara. If you decide to pick this peach, remember one thing. He'll hang to the branch unless he's rich."

"And I believe that too."

"Then train him. Teach him that money from me goes with self-respect. Is he coming back here tonight? . . . Oh, at the Archers'; and you're going there for a late supper? Then decode this copy of a telegram for me, do you mind? The code book is somewhere in my baggage. I wired my Chicago correspondents to send a safe man to Boise City and bring Tybo over here quick."

A quarter of an hour later Sara had finished her task. "That's it, uncle," she told him. "Their messenger has left Boise with Eastman."

"Quite right. Tybo took that name—he had reason. No one knows who he is. Tell the boy—show him the wire."

They were silent. Sara, though relieved, thought of a mother's heartache; the real son must prove a bitter contrast. Lord Llanthony, with all his hardy assurance, found it revolting to forge messages about a dead son.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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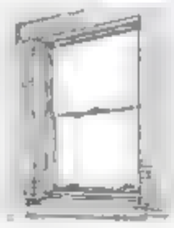

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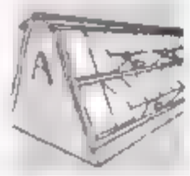

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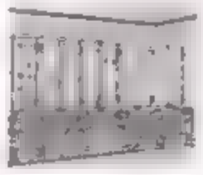

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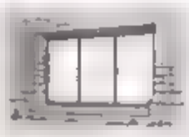

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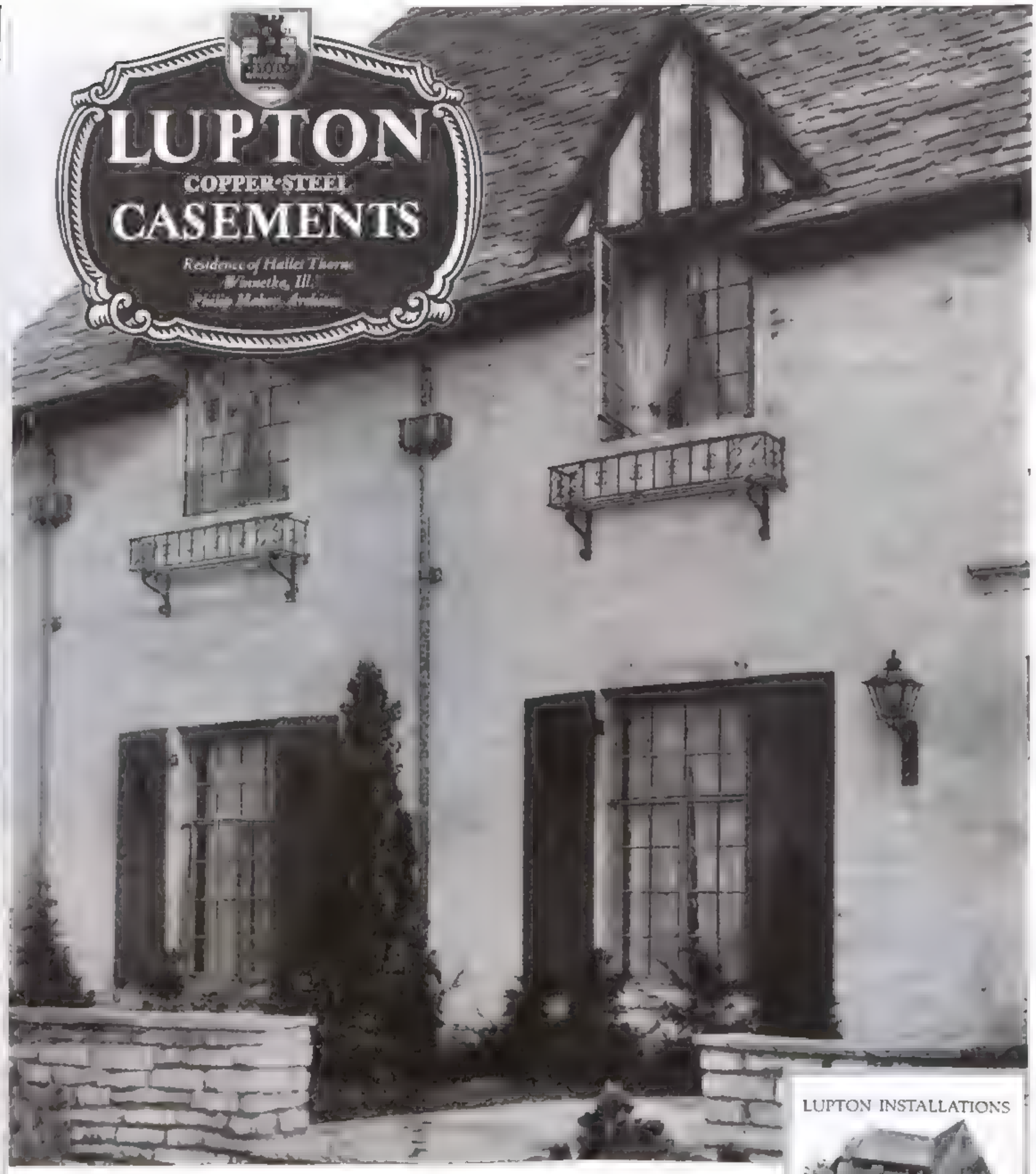

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YOUNG NOWHERES

(Continued from Page 19

uncomplaining weariness. But that was all there was to it; and the autumn passed and the black shoes were repaired and went into rubbers.

Every morning Albert made up his mind that he'd say something—one of these snappy remarks that the other elevator boys could toss off at any moment, with a grin and a wink. Sometimes he even fancied that she was timidly waiting for him. But that wasn't likely, and anyhow he hadn't a thing to say.

But one day when the rubbers came in still white with snow she sighed. It was a sigh of relief, as though she had been through a hard struggle and had reached home. It was absurd to think of the elevator as home, and yet when Albert slammed the gates he had an idea that she felt safer. He was so often afraid himself. He knew what it felt like to be shut in, barricaded against you didn't know what.

"Gee, but it's biting cold outside."

"Is that so?"

"It must be fine living here. They keep the place good and warm, don't they?"

"Not bad."

"I dunno how they do it."

"If you saw the furnaces you wouldn't wonder."

"Say, they must be big things. I'd like to see 'em."

"Would you?" He felt proud and self-assured for the first time in his life. She wanted to see the furnaces.

"Well, there ain't nothing easier." He reversed the switch. "You ain't afraid of the dark, are you?"

"No, I ain't frightened. Except sometimes when I'm alone."

So his being there made a difference. He protected her. He went ahead, down the final flight of stone steps. He knew every inch of the way. "Gotter mind how you go," he said. He did not give her his hand, though afterward it occurred to him that he might have done so. But he was too astonished at what was happening. And it had happened so naturally, so casually almost, as though a friend had dropped in to visit him. Nothing would ever be the same again. "We're all right now."

He pulled the string of the electric light and the sickly yellow glow seeped down onto an unmade bed. But he did not notice it. It was never made. It was all part of the natural scheme of things.

"There they are," he said.

He felt her hand on his arm. It was like the claw of a bird, it was so tense and thin.

"Who sleeps down here?"

"Why, I do. Wait, I'll open 'em up. I call this one Jane and t'other Henry. I'll be raking 'em out in a minute, making 'em ready for the day. Take care. Stand back a bit. It kinda burns you."

He swung open Jane's iron jaws and a red, searing glare illuminated them both. Involuntarily he turned, and for the first time he really saw her. But she wasn't even looking at the furnace. Her head was turned sharply toward the white bed under the light. She held her thin black coat tight about her neck as though she were still cold. She was frightened. He could see that. In the small pinched young face her eyes were big and dark with horror.

"Gee, it must be awful, sleeping down here alone."

The furnace and the air grew colorless and lifeless again. He was disappointed that they hadn't impressed her more.

"One gets kinda used to it," he said.

"Well, you get home sometimes."

"No, I ain't got nowhere."

"But your folks ——"

"Nor folks either. Not that I know of. I wish I had."

"Don't you go wishing things on yourself," she said with sudden hardness. "I had folks once."

There were heavy steps on the stairs. Somebody blundered against a piece of furniture and cursed bitterly.

"Hi, Albert, you there! What the hell do you think you're doing? Can't you hear? The tenth floor's ringing its head off. If it's that there Mrs. Ambrose ——"

The superintendent saw Albert's companion and his jaw dropped. He had a narrow hard-bitten face and a trick of showing his teeth like a fox terrier. "What the hell ——" he said again. His eyes wandered. They came naturally to where the light showed brightest, and they narrowed and grew bright and ugly with amusement. "Say, if that doesn't beat everything! You young devil! I've a mind to break your neck for you. Get out of here. . . . And you, too, my girl; you'd better mind your step ——"

They slunk into the elevator. Silently they slid upward. In Albert something queer and unfamiliar was stirring—a sense of outrage, of having been violated somewhere where violation cannot be endured. He wanted to cry; he wanted to kill someone. He felt her cowering away from him, and he said chokingly:

"I oughtter have knocked his block off."

"It ain't no use getting mad. Somebody's always bawling you out anyway." As she passed she hesitated, but they could not look at each other. "I didn't ought to have asked about them furnaces. If I've got you in wrong I won't forgive myself."

"It ain't nothing," Albert said valiantly. "It was you I minded about—him speaking like that to you."

"What people say don't matter, so long as it ain't true."

"It's fine of you to feel that way."

"Listen. I—I didn't want to see the furnaces—not really—just wanted to talk to somebody."

"You don't mean that—honest?"

"Yes, cross my heart. You seemed sort of friendly. I'm awful ashamed. You'll think I'm the fresh sort."

The bell on Mrs. Ambrose's floor seemed to have gone mad. Albert wanted terribly to say something. He couldn't bear that she should believe he could think horridly of her. But he was slow. He was even rather stupid. For that reason he would be likely to be elevator boy on the night shift all his days. If he wasn't fired first. And anyway the habit of a thousand and one nights was too strong for him.

The steel gate clanged and the elevator shot up in search of the enraged Mrs. Ambrose. She was stout and elderly and very easily enraged. She told Albert what she thought of him. But he didn't mind. For it was true. Somebody was always bawling somebody out anyway.

IV

AFTER that they didn't even say good morning. They were ashamed. But most of all they were frightened. Every time the superintendent came into the elevator Albert cringed a little. He could feel the small sharp eyes measuring him ironically. But he knew better than anyone that he wasn't good for much. If they fired him he wouldn't have a chance. He would be dragged back into that quagmire of odd jobs from which he had freed himself with such steady patience. He knew that he was on the verge.

But it had been worth it. He had something of his own to remember and to elaborate with dreams. When he turned out the light over his bed the darkness was less threatening. A friend had walked with him in it. She had been frightened, too, by the same things. That gave him courage. It was up to him to be strong and courageous for them both. One bleak March morning she failed him. It seemed that she had failed Mr. Jesse completely. Mr. Jesse, in a silk padded dressing gown, his thin fair hair on end, came out of his apartment and talked to Albert about it through the steel lattice work of Albert's elevator.

"And what the blazes am I to do?" he demanded piteously. Albert stared back. He was unconscious of staring. He had no idea that his freckled insignificant face expressed something so sharply poignant that Mr. Jesse forgot that he would either have to boil his eggs or go without. "Well, what's the matter? Not going to drop down dead, are you?"

"No, sir."

"Don't do it. There's trouble enough. Send the superintendent up to me. He may know of someone."

"Pnewmonia, sir?"

"That's what they telephoned. Taken her to the hospital. What's her name anyway? Mary. Mary Something. Very annoying—very annoying. Well, don't stand there like a waxwork ——"

Albert slid down in search of the superintendent. The superintendent shrugged his shoulders. Oh, these tenants! Still, he guessed he'd have to do something. Albert went on down into the basement. He felt as though he were going to be sick. His knees shook under him.

Mary. Mary Something—Something—not very important. She had talked as though she were quite alone. And some strangers had taken her to the hospital. What did it feel like to be in a hospital among crowds of people and quite alone? What was pneumonia? Did it hurt much? Involuntarily he put his hand to his own narrow chest. He imagined a knife running through him with every breath. But he didn't know. He didn't know anything. Not even her name, nor where they had taken her. He couldn't do a thing. Not even tell her—gosh, dreams were just the bunk. His bluff had been called all right. When it came down to brass tacks he couldn't even be a friend.

He crept into bed. He cried as a child can cry, very quietly, terribly, with an unreasoned fathomless despair. He asked no questions. He didn't dare. And one spring day she came back. The black shoes hurried into the elevator. They, at any rate, were no better for their long rest.

Halfway up to the tenth Albert brought the elevator to a standstill. He didn't care what happened to him. He turned to her, and he saw that she was reckless too. She had never been big. Now she was just a handful. Her brown eyes seemed all that was left of her.

"You been awful sick, ain't you? Mr. Jesse told me."

"Yes. I got my feet wet. I was sort of low anyway. And standing in them subways comes hard on you."

"You don't look any too good now."

"I'm fine. And Mr. Jesse kept my job for me."

He wanted to say "It's been lonesome without you," but he didn't. There was someone ringing on the eleventh.

"I guess he missed you anyway."

"I dunno. He's kind. Sent me flowers and candies."

"Is that so? Well, ain't that fine?"

They flew up to the tenth. "Well, I'm glad you're O.K. again," he mumbled.

Mr. Jesse came in very early the next morning. He was tired, disgusted and full of an almost venomous dislike for Mr. Jesse. Accordingly it would have surprised him to know that at least Albert, the elevator boy, worshiped him.

V

MR. CLEAVER stood looking out of his window. From a certain angle he could see the park trees which were already losing the ephemeral brightness of a New York spring and were growing dark and heavy. In a week, Mr. Cleaver thought, New York would be impossible.

Mr. Cleaver turned from the window. The apartment, too, in the bright glare of the sun had a tarnished look like that of a raffish, painted woman in a country lane. It would have to be redecorated. Meantime he would shut it up until next winter.

(Continued on Page 140)

KEEP DAINTY FROCKS CLEAN

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Smart Biltmore covers keep dainty frocks clean. They increase resale value of car. Made of high grade striped seat cover fabric, complete for seats, backs, sides, doors. Wearing surfaces trimmed with colored leatherette to harmonize. Convenient pockets. Glove fasteners make easy to detach and clean. Eleven years' seat cover tailoring experience backs our guarantee of quality and perfect fit. We make covers for 3000 car models. See your dealer or MAIL COUPON and give your dealer's name. We'll ship on approval direct.

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PAY IF SATISFIED. ***Answer all questions***

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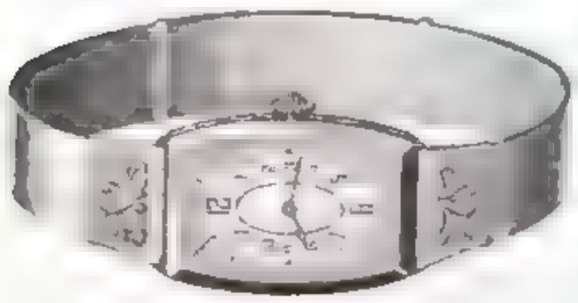
The Wadsworth Watch Bands are easily attached, and the fastening is perfectly secure at all times

The Improved Ben Hur and Amazon models open in the center, fasten quickly around the wrist, and are held securely by a special safety lock



Diana Model

Designed exclusively for women. It expands to slip over the hand, is readily adjusted, and is held securely by a snap lock. Plain $7.50. Decorated $8.50. See other designs in Wadsworth Cases and Bands below. The particular Wadsworth Band you select may be fitted to any lady's wrist watch

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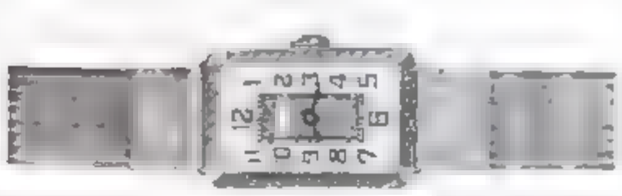
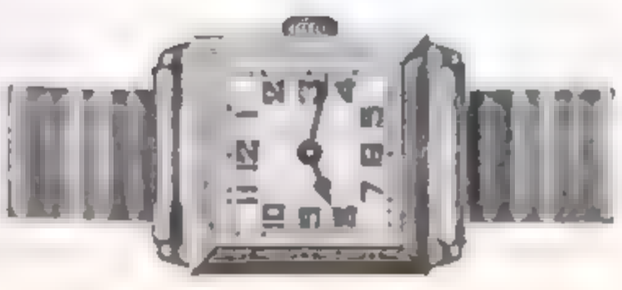
Designed for men. It opens in the center, is easily adjusted to conform to the wrist, and is fastened by a special safety lock. Plain $6.50. Decorated $7.50. See other designs in Wadsworth Cases and Bands below. The particular Wadsworth Band you select may be fitted to any modern strap watch



The Wadsworth Olympian and Diana models are expanded to slip over the hand, and then contracted to fit the wrist



~ these comfortable metal bands for strap or wrist watches

The Wadsworth Band in the Olympian and Diana models can be moved up the arm, out of the way, when you wash your hands

Olympian Model

Designed for men. It expands to slip over the hand, is readily adjusted, and is held securely by a snap lock. Plain $7.50. Decorated $8.50. See other designs in Wadsworth Cases and Bands below. The particular Wadsworth Band you select may be fitted to any modern strap watch

All the different styles of watch bands are of Wadsworth Quality 14-kt. gold filled over a base of durable and resilient metal to give maximum wear, comfort and beauty

Your jeweler can quickly and easily attach a Wadsworth Band to any modern strap watch or wristlet

NEW SMARTNESS, new convenience, new comfort, new security and new economy—all these are now offered by Wadsworth in their new gold filled bands for your strap or wrist watch.

New smartness because each Wadsworth Watch Band is made in 14-kt. white or green gold filled, to harmonize with your watch, so that it will wear and keep its beauty as long as the watch itself. It will never become stained or discolored. It will always remain clean, bright and sanitary.

New convenience because it will enable you to put on your watch quickly and easily.

New comfort because it can not absorb perspiration or discolor the wrist and will always remain cool and non-binding.

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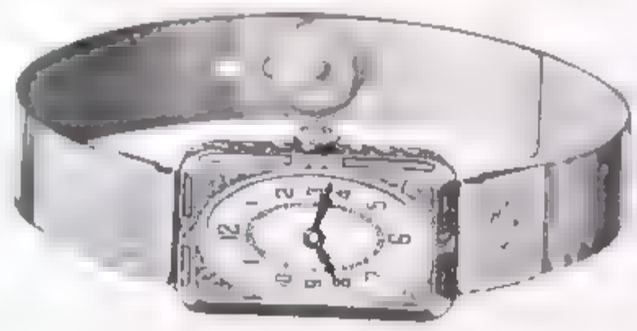
New economy because it never needs to be replaced during the life of the watch.

Men and women will find it perfect for both sport and everyday wear. Your jeweler can attach it to any modern strap watch or wristlet, easily and quickly.



Amazon Model

Designed especially for women. It opens in the center, is easily adjusted to fit the wrist, and is fastened by a special safety lock. Plain $6.50. Decorated $7.50. See other designs in Wadsworth Cases and Bands on these pages. The particular Wadsworth Band you select may be fitted to any lady's wrist watch

Wadsworth Watch Bands are designed and manufactured by the foremost creators of style in fine watches, with thirty-five years of experience in the construction of cases for the leading movement makers and importers.

You are therefore assured of finding in them the finest quality of material and workmanship.

Wadsworth Watch Bands are made in two distinctive types: One, the Olympian model for men, the Diana for women, which expands to slip over the hand. The other, the improved Ben Hur model for men, the Amazon for women, which opens completely to put on the wrist, and is held secure by a special safety-lock.

Wadsworth Watch Bands are obtainable at all good jewelers'. Go to one of these jewelers and ask him to let you see just how one of the bands shown here looks and feels when properly adjusted to your wrist. He will be glad to oblige you.

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Case makers for the leading watch movements

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The Union Metal Mfg. Co.
Canton, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, your new book on beautiful column entrances and pergolas.

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Address

Business

Continued from Page 137

Well, it was a good investment. Here he had been able to relax, spread himself, drop all the frills that his position as an honorable and successful citizen imposed on him. And frankly, Sarah, though she carried his diamonds as though born to them, was a bit heavy going. Damn dull, if you told the truth. A whole summer of her. Well maybe business would call him to Paris for a week or two—maybe. Mr. Cleaver smiled.

VI

HEAT wave—something for the papers to make into headlines. One hundred in the shade yesterday. People gasping on the fire escapes. People crowding into the open spaces and struggling dully for seats, where they bunched themselves in acquiescent blank-eyed misery that might at any moment explode into blind rage.

The apartment house was almost empty. Even Mr. Jesse, who hated change and the country worst of all, was going. In the country you couldn't escape yourself, and Mr. Jesse's whole life was spent in trying to get away from Mr. Jesse. He told Mary, and she gave him her address, which sounded quite impossible, and he patted her on the shoulder.

"You're a good girl. I'll let you know as soon as I come back. Have a real vacation ——"

So that was that. Too bad, in the interval when people didn't want you, that you should have to go on living. It ought to be possible for you to be packed away in a box and unpacked again when they needed you.

Albert stood on the steps of the apartment house, and when he saw her face he said nothing but walked beside her down the shady side of the street.

They walked very slowly, their feet like lead. But somehow they were free. It was as though the people who frightened them had gone away and no one cared what became of them.

"Ain't this your sleeping time?"

"I couldn't sleep no more. We gotter keep one of them furnaces going for the water. Down there's like hell ——"

"I ain't coming—not after this."

"Mr. Jesse, he ain't gone and fired you?"

"No. But he's going away, like the rest of them."

"Aw. That's bad. What'll you do?"

"I guess I'll find something. Get a bit of laundry work. One don't need so much in the summer."

"No, that's a fact."

"Let's walk in the park a bit. Maybe it'll seem cooler."

"I went in the park once. But by yourself it's sort of lonesome."

"Ain't you got a girl?"

"What, me? No, I ain't got no girl. Got to have money for girls. Anyways, I wouldn't have a chance. I ain't their sort."

"Why ain't you?"

"Dunno. Just got no style, I guess. I'm kinda scared of things—people."

She said in a low voice, "That's me too."

"Is it true you ain't got no folks either?"

"Sure, I got folks. But I ran away. My ma used to beat me up reg'lar."

"Poor kid!"

She smiled at him timidly. "Kid yourself."

In the park all the benches out of the glare of the sun were taken. It didn't seem much cooler either. The burned-up grass and trees made one's throat hurt. On a knoll one tree, stronger than the rest, threw out a broad friendly shade, and instinctively they turned toward it. They clambered up and sat down close to each other, looking toward the high, blazing cliffs of the city. The distant traffic made a dull monotonous roar, flecked by the vixenish screams of a police whistle. But around them was a drowsy silence.

"Seems as though we was all by ourselves, don't it?"

"Tastes sort of good to be alone, when you ain't quite alone, don't it?"

"I'll say so."

"I often wanted to talk to you, Mary."

"I used to wonder. You was so quiet like. I didn't even know you knew my name."

"Mr. Jesse told me."

"I know your name—Albert."

"Sort of silly sounding, ain't it? Mr. Jesse calls me Young Nowheres."

"Mr. Jesse's a one for jokes."

"My mother used to call me Binky."

"Ain't that cute—Binky?"

"I guess I was a queer-looking kid."

"And you ain't got a mother no more?"

"She died when I was twelve. I've been on my own since I quit school."

"Well, mothers ain't all they write about."

"I guess not. But I sort of like to think mine ——"

The whistle sounded almost in their ears. There was something familiar about it—like someone you were frightened of, shouting at you in your sleep. Even before you were awake you knew. They looked up about them timidly. A large policeman was lumbering up the hill toward them.

"Hi, you there! What do you think you're doing? Don't you see the notice? Keep Off. Well, that's what it means—keep off. Get off."

They rose patiently. "Sure, cap'n. We're sorry."

He glowered at them, red faced, swollen eyed.

Bawled out. The gritty path hurt their sore feet. The sacred grass. Who was it for anyway? Dogs on leashes, muzzled, their tongues lolling. Whistles shrilling at everyone who had the nerve to think they could do as they liked. Keep off. Get out.

He turned and looked at her. His indefinite blue eyes had a new glint in them; a hard indignant brightness.

"Say, I gotta couple of bucks. They're letting them stay out on the beach at Coney. It's my night off. Let's go."

"What? You and me? I dunno ——"

"There ain't no harm. We gotter go somewheres. I ain't slep' these three days."

She slipped her hand into his. "Sure. I'll come along with you—Binky."

VII

THE red-faced man threatened them. He shook his fists. He glowered ferociously. "This yere show ain't like none of them fakes. It's gen-oo-wine. It's edoocational. You gotter be edoocated. If you ain't edoocated you ain't nothing ——"

They drifted on. The air was heavy with the smell of distraught, exhausted humanity. Bands blared, drums banged. From the switchbacks came the hot menacing roar of metal. It was as though the heat had a great brazen voice. It hurt your ears. You felt as though the inside of your head were red-hot, sending out rays of red through your eyes.

"Ain't going to faint, are you, Mary?"

"No. Just my feet—sort of sore."

"Guess we can sit down somewhere."

But there wasn't anywhere. Not unless you paid. And even when you'd bought a drink, fingering your nickels nervously, there were people waiting for your bench at the soda counter—desperate-looking people, with their hats at the back of their heads and the sweat running down their cheeks.

It was wonderful, all the same. Even though you felt sick and dizzy, you weren't alone any more. They smiled shyly at each other. Not much to look at, either of them. Even the soda-fountain man gave them a once-over of ironic sympathy. He knew their sort. Pavement bred, pasty-faced, undersized. Never amount to much anyway. But with their eyes shining at one another.

He bought a nickel's worth of peanuts. They drifted out onto the beach. Even there it wasn't easy to find room. People lay sprawled out in strange, uncouth attitudes, like black rags of wreckage tossed up by the sea. You could hear their whispering. You stepped over them shyly, wondering at their obliviousness.

There was an open space near the edge of the sea. They sat down with their arms about their knees, looking out over the glittering, undulating surface of the water. That way there was nobody in the world but themselves. A faint freshness fanned their faces. Albert could feel her soft arm pressed gently against his. He wanted to stay like that, motionless forever.

"Fine, ain't it?"

"I never thought anything could be so won'erful, Binky. Look at that there moon. Like as though she were smiling at us"

"Maybe she is. Maybe she likes seeing how happy we is."

"Are you happy, Binky?"

"Sure I am. I used to think nothing like this'd ever happen to me. Only in the movies. I—I've dreamed about it."

"Seems like fate, our meeting."

"That's how I feel. Something big."

"I guess that's what they mean—people being made for each other."

"I kinda feel I've known all along. When you was took sick I nearly died."

"I'd lie in bed thinking about you. I hoped you'd know why I didn't come. At seven o'clock I used to think, 'Now he's going off.' When I was nutty with the fever I'd call you. They teased me about it afterwards."

"Gee, is that so? Ain't that won'erful? And me not knowing ——"

"Binky, ain't you ever cared for anyone like this?"

"Never. I've never had no one. Only my mother. She was fine. Honest to God, she was, Mary."

"I guess she must have been. I didn't mean that about mothers. I was out of luck with mine. That's all."

The sea seemed to draw a deep breath and stir like a monster on the verge of waking. A sigh, scarcely audible, yet so tremendous that it might have come from a whole world, rose from the densely crowded shore. She put her arm about him. There was contrition in the gesture. She was sorry she had said that about mothers. She drew his head down upon her thin breast.

"Rest a bit, Binky."

"Ain't I tiring you?"

"Sure you ain't. I like it. I never had no one."

They slept, her dark head resting on his fair one. They were so young, so tired. They could have slept anywhere. But presently she awoke sharply, conscious of cold, moist hands clutching at her feet—the sea rising. So that was why they had been left alone. Above the line of the tide the sleepers lay densely packed.

She shook him pityingly. "Got to be moving on, sweetie."

He woke with clenched fists—that new anger stirring in him. Moving on. Always someone moving you on. He scrambled up and walked stiffly behind her. His limbs ached. His head throbbed. But she was there. She was beautiful—like a goddess. And they belonged to each other.

VIII

THEY'D save: that was the idea. No more going to the movies. Besides, movies were tame stuff anyway. What did Valentino or anyone of them know about love? What did they know about sitting on a park bench, quite quiet, just holding hands and saying nothing? What did they know of the sweet, terrible excitement of waiting at the subway exit for Mary to come up, wonderful as Aphrodite rising from the foam? Not that Albert had heard of Aphrodite.

They'd saved twenty-five dollars. Then on Albert's night off it rained. They stood together on the verge of the subway, jostled by the impatient crowds, and looking helplessly at each other.

It was queer how afraid they were. They were like migratory birds with clipped wings who feel the first breath of winter ruffle their feathers.

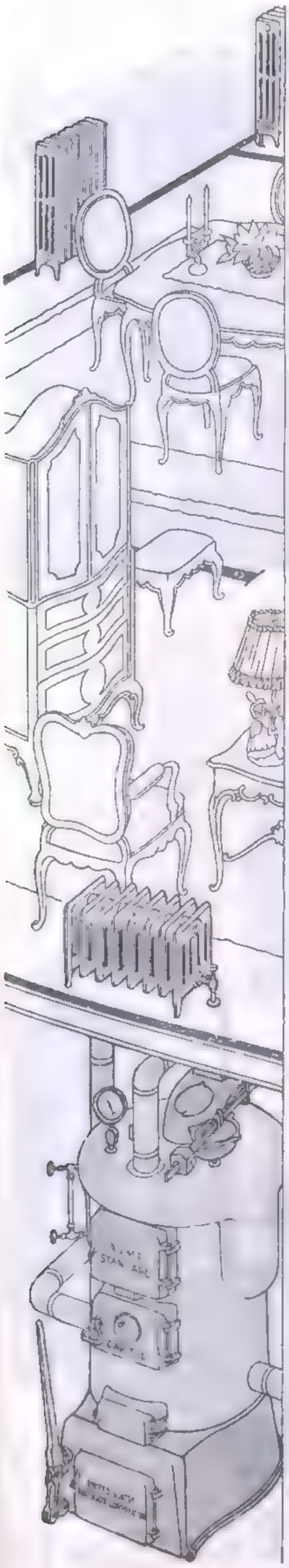
"What'll us do, honey?"

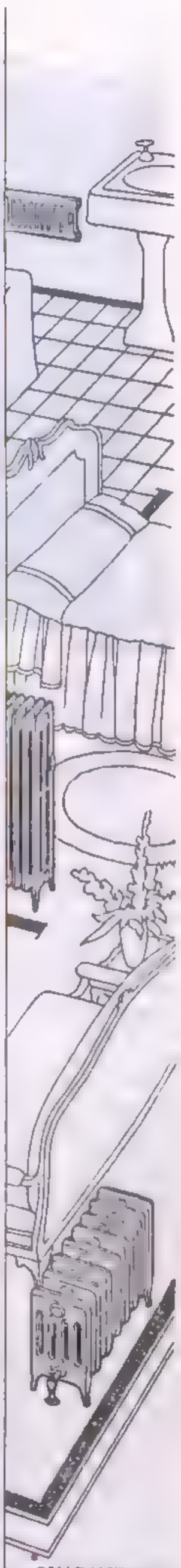
"Just walk around. I ain't afraid of the rain"

"Might go to a show."

Continued on Page 143

GUARANTEED HEAT ALL OVER THE HOUSE WITH ECONOMY





U.S. *makes good* if the boiler doesn't

You may have wondered by what black magic the right boiler to heat your house is selected; how you are assured of plentiful heat on the coldest winter day without extra payment for a boiler too large, without extra stoking of a boiler too small.

The architect, the heating contractor, and *Capitol guaranteed heating* are the key to the answer.

First, your budget and wishes are thoughtfully considered by the architect and contractor in their capacity as heating engineers. Then they consult U. S. Weather Bureau records for your city to learn the average and lowest winter temperatures, the direction and velocity of the prevailing wind. They compute the cubic contents of your house, room by room. They determine chimney size and conditions. They make necessary allowances for all heat losses: exposed wall area, window glass, radiators behind grilles or under window seats.

With these facts and the formulae of the Capitol Testing Laboratories, they determine the total amount of radiator surface required. And immediately, with *Capitol guaranteed heating*, that figure automatically selects the right sized boiler.

So scientifically accurate is this method, so efficient are Capitol boilers, that your heating satisfaction is guaranteed in writing before the boiler is installed.* If its performance fails, United States Radiator Corporation makes good.

Ask your architect and contractor about this unusual guarantee of economical and mathematically certain heating comfort. And write today for an interesting book, *A Modern House Warming*.

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Your contractor receives a written guarantee on the heating capacity of every Capitol boiler. No other heating equipment assures you satisfaction so definitely.

SUPPLIED AND INSTALLED NATIONALLY BY ESTABLISHED HEATING CONTRACTORS

after 150 years of louisiana hospitality

SHORTLY before the French Revolution, many noblemen left France and came to Louisiana, where they established fine homes, becoming substantial, loyal citizens of the South.

Among these was the Marquis Ternant who arrived about 1788 on his estate in Pointe Coupee, one of the earliest settlements on the Mississippi River. Here he built the stately French Colonial mansion pictured above, and presented it to his bride on their wedding day.

It was constructed throughout of red cypress, cut from the swamps on the place. The rafters and heavy timbers were hewn to shape and put together with wooden pegs. The interior was finished with hand carved moldings and antique panel-work, which still preserve the characteristic grandeur of the 18th century.

The excellent condition of this historic manor-house today, is a tribute to the building wisdom of its founder in selecting native cypress for all parts—the same enduring lumber now manufactured under the name of

Louisiana Red Cypress
"The Wood Eternal"

For almost six generations, this time-honored homestead has upheld the traditions of Louisiana hospitality, and has often served as the gay gathering place of Southern society, since the days of the graceful minuet. It is now occupied by the Parlange family, directly descended from the Marquis' daughter, who married Colonel Parlange of the French army over a hundred years ago.

Louisiana Red Cypress, as now produced by the Member Mills of this Bureau, possesses an increased service value due to the scientific care employed in manufacturing, seasoning, grading and handling.

It is the true "Wood Eternal" and its use insures permanent satisfaction and economy for siding, porch flooring, stepping, cornices, door and window frames, as well as exterior and interior woodwork generally.

Let us send you additional information on the uses, grades and advantages of Louisiana Red Cypress and Louisiana Swamp Tupelo for your particular needs—and also give you the names of dealers convenient to your point of shipment.

Louisiana Swamp TUPELO

grows in company with cypress, and is an equally valuable but totally different species of wood.

Its fine finishing qualities make it ideal for interior trim. Its remarkable wearing qualities make it a long service flooring material.

It is economically adaptable to both residential and industrial buildings—note its use as described below.

Typical dinette, finished with Tupelo trim wood in the famous Hill Top Manor co operative apartments, Washington, D. C.

LOUISIANA RED CYPRESS BUREAU

505 Carondelet Street • • New Orleans, Louisiana

(Continued from Page 140)

"Oh, no." It was as though he'd laid sacrilegious hands on her. "You can't get in nowhere under fifty cents. Why, it's all I saved last week."

So they walked round. The rain became a deluge; it soaked through their miserable clothes; it squelched out of their shoes. Albert could feel the soles of his dragging in the wet as though they might soak off. He looked at her through the slanting gray lines. Her hat hung limp about her ears. He saw the thinness of her coat.

"Honey, you gotter go home and get dry. I'll have you sick again ——"

"But it's our night ——" Her voice was broken with weariness and disappointment.

"I know. It's a darn shame. But we've had such luck. Things got to go wrong once in a while. See you for a minute tomorrow, kid."

"All right, Binky. Just as you say. I gotter bit of a cold coming and that's the truth."

So he took her back to the subway. They held hands desperately. It seemed as though they couldn't bear it. The shy good-night kiss under the trees, for which they lived, was lost for a whole week. They couldn't kiss there in the crowd. A whole week—seven days and nights.

"Well, so long, Binky."

"So long, kid."

The apartment house had come to life again. The young married couple and Mr. Jesse resumed their mighty quest after some vague unattainable good. Only the lovely mysterious lady on the second floor had not come back. There were rumors. And Mr. Cleaver was still abroad. The decorators had been into his apartment and the walls and coverings shone with a staring expectant freshness.

Everybody full of their own affairs, bracing themselves for the plunge into the maelstrom of a new season. Real life beginning again after the make-believes of summer vacations. Nobody realizing what it meant that the museums closed at five.

There came a night when Albert spoke with a sudden roughness, brutally, with a sort of rage.

"We can't go on. It ain't living. It ain't human sitting like this, like a couple of strays. We gotter find somewheres we can just kiss each other. You ain't kissed me, Mary, not these three weeks. You don't even kiss me like you did in that there doorway."

"I hate it, Binky. It makes me kinda ashamed—after that night the cop caught us."

"He hadn't got no right. Don't people kiss each other? Just 'cause we've got no place ——" He broke off, scarlet to the roots of his fair hair. "That there roommate of yours, is she always round? Couldn't you give her the tip as maybe—we'd like ——"

The words choked in his throat. They looked at each other, pitiably afraid, as though a storm had burst over them and they couldn't keep their feet. Then she put her hand on his arm, steadying them both.

"We couldn't do that, Binky. Other folks, maybe. Not us. We're too poor. We got so little. We'd—we'd sort of snatch at things—we couldn't help ourselves ——"

"Mary, sure. I didn't mean nothing. Only just somewheres as we could talk like as we was at home."

She began to cry helplessly.

"Mary, honey, don't you now! What have I done? I didn't mean nothing—honest to God ——"

"Aw, Binky, it ain't nothing you've done. Just to sit quiet at home, by a bit of fire maybe, and cook our supper peaceful like—just you and me—just once ——"

He said nothing for a long time. He seemed to be thinking. The fair brows over the insignificant nose were knit in deep furrows. Then he stood up.

"We gotter have it. That's sure. It ain't an awful lot to ask, is it?"

"Binky, we gotter wait."

"Sure, we've gotter wait. We're only kids. But we gotter live whilst we're waiting, ain't we?"

"Don't you do nothing reckless."

"I ain't reckless. I ain't the holdup sort." He gave a queer sound, like a laugh torn by a sob. "But I gotter kiss you, Mary, just once in a great while, ain't I?"

IX

SHE said, "What is it, Binky?" For she could see at once that he was different. He looked older, more resolute. His eyes were very bright and the wind had whipped up the color in the thin cheeks. For the first time she saw him as a man and not as a sad little boy who had lost his mother.

"You ain't got to ask questions, Mary. I know how it is. Most times it's you looking after me. Now I'm going to look after you. Awful cold and tired, ain't you?"

"A bit. Binky, I got an idea. We might ride in the subway—all the way to Brooklyn and back for a dime. It's fine and warm down there—better than the library."

"Aw, you think that's a great idea, don't you? You don't have to have no ideas—not tonight. Just take my arm."

The snow danced between them. There was a bitter wind that made their clothes feel like paper. She cowered against him, and the roughness of his coat on her cheek made the weak tears come into her eyes. It was true. She was so beaten with weariness she could hardly stand.

"Where're we going, Binky?"

"Where'd you like to be going?"

"Aw, don't ask that. It ain't kind."

"It serves you right for asking questions when I tell you not."

"Binky, you ain't gone and spent money?"

"Yep, that's just what I have done. A whole buck."

"What did you spend it on?"

"Ain't I told you not to ask? Ain't you the limit?" He gave a high-pitched, excited laugh. "I dunno as I'd be wise marrying such a dog-gone obstinate woman."

It thrilled them both, just to be talking about it. And the way he said it—so grown-up and independent—like a real husband with a real honest-to-goodness job who could afford to make jokes. And yet his arm quivered under her hand.

"Binky, I'm scared."

"You ain't got to be." There was a hard edge to his voice. "We're through with being scared—both of us—tonight anyway. You gotter trust me."

She said humbly, gladly, "I do, Binky; sure I do."

The apartment hall was empty. They slipped past the closed door of the elevator to the stairs. He put his arm strongly about her.

"It's ten flights, Mary. Just you take it easy."

She was passive now. She had promised and she wanted to be. She wanted to give everything into his hands. She was so tired. He was her man now and would make everything come right somehow. On every flight they rested a moment, her head against his shoulder. He held her protectively, but he did not kiss her. He was like someone too absorbed in the seriousness of his task for immediate tenderness. From beneath the air of manly resolve a boyish excitement peered through wistfully.

"We're just there. Now you gotter close your eyes. And don't you open them till I tell you."

She was glad to do that too. Her eyes hurt. Her heart seemed to be beating all over her body. She let him lead her. She heard the soft opening of a door. She was aware of a richer warmth, of subdued lights, of a sudden loving glow upon the face. Her fingers were locked in his.

"Mary!"

She began to see. A great fireplace—logs burning—two chairs drawn up—the curtains drawn against the world.

"Binky!"

He saw the terror in her face. He pleaded urgently. "Mary, it's all right—sure it is. Don't spoil nothing. It's only

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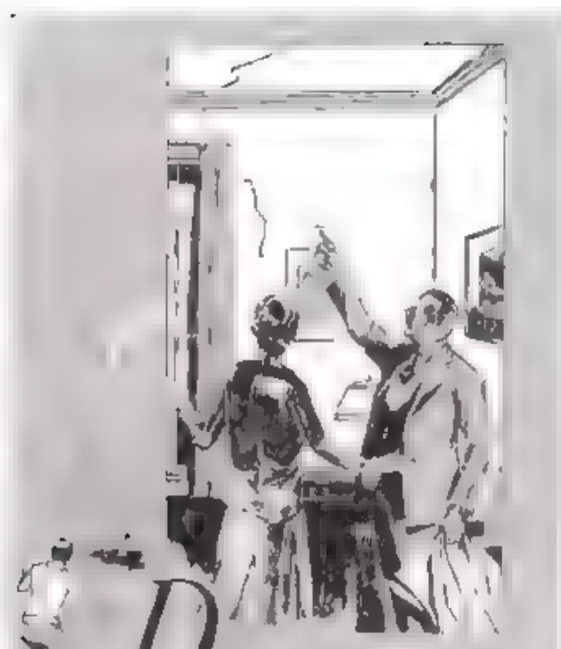

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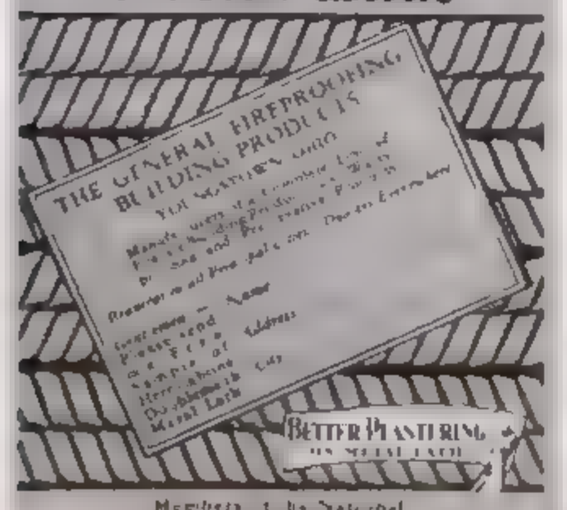

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once—just once. We gotta right to sit down somewheres. It ain't hurting no one, is it?"

"But we ain't got no right here."

"Mr. Cleaver's away. He don't want it. He won't never know. I'll do double work to pay him. I knew how you'd feel. And I—I've paid for everything—the logs, Mary, and the bit of supper."

She was so tired. He made her sit down. With gentle resolution he took off her rubbers and hung her wet coat before the fire. An immense gravity clothed him. He was like a young priest performing the sacred rites for the first time. She watched him, awe-struck. He was really beautiful now—strong and young and brave.

"It's this way, Mary. It's only make-believe sort of —— But we gotter have it once, just see it and—and feel it—so's we could keep on going."

She knew what he meant—how in weariness and loneliness you lost hope. You couldn't see things any more. You couldn't even believe they'd mean so much to you. It was as though something were dying in you for want of warmth and food.

He took her hand and led her into the kitchen. Everything was in readiness. Two lamb chops lay side by side on their greased paper. Potatoes waited to be peeled. A slab of pie.

"I nearly bought stuff at the delicatessen, but I thought maybe you'd—you'd like to pretend as we'd come home and you was cooking supper."

Suddenly she awoke. Weariness slipped from her. She grew calm and resolute. She pushed him gently.

"See here; you get out of this. You ain't no use at all, you great clumsy, good-for-nothing ——"

He stared at her. They began to laugh helplessly, like children.

But after that one gust of young laughter they became sternly matter-of-fact. It made it seem more real. It gave them the feeling of something prosaic and ordinary and stable. They didn't even kiss each other.

It was an hour snatched from that future when to be together would be a lovely commonplace; when he would come home and hang his hat in their little hall and call out "Hullo, Mary!" and she would call back to him out of the kitchen, "Hullo, Binky! You take them there rubbers of yours off."

They spoke softly to each other. They ate decorously, like guests at a great feast. Sitting before the fire with the empty plates piled up on the side, they talked of the little doings of the day as though they were symbols of their inarticulate thoughts. Mary, growing bolder, shook her head over Mr. Cleaver's possessions.

"They're fine. I guess they cost no end. But I wouldn't want them in our place, Binky. I'd like real homy things—like us."

"Sure," he said.

He couldn't take his eyes off her. The firelight was on her face. Her fragile girlishness had taken on a tender, dreaming gravity that made him think of a picture he had seen on Sunday in one of those galleries where they had taken refuge—just a girl with her hands folded in her lap and a sort of angel kneeling in front of her.

It hadn't meant much to him at the time. But now suddenly he saw and understood an overwhelming beauty, too great for words, too great for him to bear. It broke the heart. It sent him stumbling across to her. He knelt with his face hidden in her lap, and she put her hand on his head and the tears ran down her cheeks.

x

IT WAS nothing. Just a key turning gently in a lock. But it was the end of that world into which they had escaped. Danger bore down upon them—the old terrors, only magnified beyond imagination. He sprang up, manhood, loverhood stripped from him, already cringing, beaten. Footsteps coming down the passage—the black boots. They grew bigger and bigger. There was something greedy about them. They hungered to feel your bones crunch under their thick soles.

Albert took her by the arm. He thrust her silently into the dark room behind him and closed the door and set his back against it. The sweat ran down the insignificant white face. He looked, as Mr. Cleaver afterwards described him, like a rat caught in a trap.

Mr. Cleaver was a big man, also he had a revolver in his hip pocket and he was not in the least afraid. But he was angry, savagely angry. It was a rage that couldn't be explained even by his passion for the rights of property and the flagrant wrong that had been done them. Rather it was as though a secret exasperation had been run to earth. Mr. Cleaver had always been successful. But contrary to appearance, he was not always at ease. Behind each success, whether in the market or in his numerous adventures, there had lurked an impish, demonic voice of irony and derision. It was not usually wise to deride Mr. Cleaver. He had a way with mockers. But against the voice he had been helpless. It had had an elusive, flitting quality. Now it seemed to Mr. Cleaver that he had its embodiment in his hands here in this miserable, skulking boy whose eyes were fixed on his with a hypnotic terror. He had run his tormentor to earth, and now he would crush the mockery out of him.

He whipped out his revolver. "Hands up, you!"

Albert put up his hands. The sleeves of his coat were too short for him and showed the thin white wrists. His attitude against the painted door was grotesque, but it had a quality of suggestion that for some obscure reason Mr. Cleaver did not care to contemplate. He ordered him roughly out into the middle of the room. He ran his strong coarse hands over the thin body. Albert quivered. There was the old sense of violation, the shame that made one want to die. But one couldn't even die when one wanted to. There was nothing. Only a quarter which Mr. Cleaver tossed contemptuously onto the table.

"Do this often, eh?"

"No, Mr. Cleaver, I swear I ain't ——"

"You can do your swearing elsewhere. How often have you used this apartment for your convenience?"

"Just this once, Mr. Cleaver—just ——"

"Don't lie. I hate lies. You don't make things any better for yourself. Come across now. What have you taken?"

"Taken? Why, I ain't taken anything."

"Stop that whining. Just came here to sit by the fire, I suppose."

"Yes, Mr. Cleaver, that was how it was."

Mr. Cleaver laughed. Rapidly, expertly he flung open drawer after drawer. He seemed to have eyes everywhere. When Albert's exhausted arms slipped to his side Mr. Cleaver swung on him with an oath.

"Keep 'em up, you young thug!"

The fact that nothing had been touched sharpened his anger. He looked about him, baffled and unsatisfied, and his eyes came to rest on the remnants of their supper. He stared frowningly, then he laughed again; this time at his own obtuseness. With a heavy, deadly certainty he strode to the closed door and pulled it open.

"Won't you join us, young woman?"

He was delighted, furiously delighted. Of course, a place of assignation. How convenient for them. Driven from the cellars, they had come here to his apartment—his immaculate apartment. These two ill-fed, ill-clothed unlovely scallawags. The girl not even pretty. He'd make them sweat for their indecency. Yet, catching a glimpse of their faces, his anger momentarily lost

(Continued on Page 148)

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(Continued from Page 144)

its impetus. They were looking at each other, mute and hopeless. But it was as though they had forgotten him. Somewhere at the bottom of their bewildered minds seemed to be the idea that he could do nothing. They were laughing at him—ah, well, he'd show them.

"You lascivious whelp ——"

He snatched the receiver from the telephone. He was trembling from head to foot of his great bulk.

"Hello! Hello, there, give me the superintendent. . . . Hello, is that you, Roberts? . . . Yes, Mr. Cleaver speaking. Send me up a couple of cops at once. It's that precious elevator boy of yours—caught him red-handed—he and his ——"

Albert sprang. He struck wildly, treating the great impervious body with whirling fists. "You liar! You leave her out of this, do you hear!"

Mr. Cleaver deliberately, with a slow-moving sensuous relief, struck back once with the whole strength of his great arm. Then it was quiet. A storm that had blown a small fire to a great flame had passed. Albert lay where he had fallen. The girl had thrown herself down beside him and was holding his white face against her breast and crooning to him. He looked up at her speechlessly, the blood trickling from his open mouth. Mr. Cleaver turned away. He said roughly, with an odd incoherence, as though he, too, were suddenly bewildered:

"Get out. I don't want women ——"

"Binky, I won't—I'll stand by ——"

"You do as he says, Mary. You quit. You don't do no good staying. It was my fault."

Mr. Cleaver would not look at them. But he heard her go. He heard the boy drag himself slowly up. He felt him waiting, motionless and patient. There were heavy footsteps in the corridor outside. Mr. Cleaver strode to the door and pulled it open. "Sure. I've got him safe, officer."

XI

HE HAD read about it in the papers. He had wondered what it felt like. Now he knew. You were quite alone. You weren't like other human beings any more. You were set apart, and people looked curiously at you, as though you were some sort of animal, interesting, amusing, even pitiable, but entirely different. They pushed you about and you were helpless. You couldn't do a thing.

The law—rights of property—the sacred rights. Yes, he understood all that. He had done wrong and now they were going to punish him for it. That was fair enough. But there were other rights, other wrongs. He couldn't have spoken of them. He didn't really know what they were. They lay formless and inarticulate at the bottom of his tired mind.

But he knew that he wasn't good for much—never would be—and that was the great offense.

When they pushed him up into the box at the judge's left hand he said "Yes, Your Honor," "No, Your Honor," in a flat, dead voice. He couldn't have told them how it had really been. If he had said, "We had to have somewheres to be alone and quiet," they'd have sniggered. If he had tried to explain about that obscure exasperation which had so suddenly exploded—how in the firelight he had seen himself as something different—not as the cowering failure but as a man with dignities, and how these dignities had been violated—they'd have laughed louder. Or they'd have become angry. They'd have taken it out of him.

And yet the man in the black robe spoke not unkindly. Once, indeed, when Albert looked up their eyes met, and just for a moment it was as though two travelers on a strange and lonely journey greeted each other.

"So far you paid for the food and fuel with your own money?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"It was just that you wanted to show off a bit to your girl friend."

"No, Your Honor—no, Your Honor, not that."

Words—words that he couldn't find. The judge sighed, fingering his papers. Albert looked over the court. He saw Mr. Cleaver, large and inflexible, the embodiment of the power against which he had offended. He would not look at Albert. His face was set with insulted righteousness. Albert couldn't think any more. He only saw pictures, all sorts of pictures. He saw the towers and minarets and palaces as he had seen them from Mr. Cleaver's window. He saw the moon rising over the water and the maple tree under which they had sat in the summer evenings, and the firelight on Mary's face—all sorts of useless pictures.

There was Mr. Jesse—Mr. Jesse looking very peculiar, as though he had been crying; but resolute, too, as though for the first time in his life he knew why Mr. Jesse had been born. He was talking earnestly to the judge, who bent toward him with attentive deference.

"In the future, Your Honor, I shall make myself responsible—these two poor infants ——"

"I'm glad to hear it, sir."

Suspended sentence. A buzz of voices. For a moment he had been held up for everyone to look at. Now they brushed him aside. It was someone else's turn. He saw Mr. Jesse nodding at him with a sort of crooked-mouthed reassurance. It was Mr. Jesse who had asked, "Where do you really come from and where do you really go, Albert?" And he didn't know. Less than ever.

He wasn't even going to prison or back into what seemed now the safety of the dark basement. Just nowhere in particular. Bawled out, jostled from one job to another, one resting place to another, because there wasn't any place for anyone who wasn't good for anything. Even the cop didn't want him. The cop pushed him gently, but a little impatiently.

"Now then, get a move on. Don't want to live here, do you?"

Then he saw her. She had pushed right forward to the barrier that divided them. The shabby hat was askew, the pinched face was still white with fear. But she was fine. She looked like some small bird, battered by the storm, but full of dauntless gallantry. And she called out to him, not caring that people looked at her, and smiled.

"It's a'right, Binky, you're coming home. We're waiting for you—me and everything always."

Then he knew—not everything, but enough to live by. Just the one thing that mattered. He knew why people stuck it and why, even when they weren't good for much, they still had dignity. The fire burning on their hearth, their faithfulness. That was it—their faithfulness. And he went out to meet her, with his narrow shoulders thrown back and his head up.

I'M A NATURAL-BORN SALESMAN

(Continued from Page 11)

Farmers' Friend Tractor Company would pay for a new radiator I backed up to the truck again, and Mr. Johnson took the chain himself, and by burrowing down in the mud managed to get it fastened around the front axle. Then he climbed back into the seat of the truck and scowled at me very disagreeably. By this time the rain was falling fairly briskly, and this may have had something to do with his ill-humor.

When I started up again everything went well. The motor roared, the cleats on the tracks dug into the mud, and slowly and majestically the tractor moved down the road, dragging the heavy truck through the mud behind it.

At this point I stuck my head out of the tractor cab to acknowledge the cheers of the bystanders, and in so doing I unfortunately knocked off my hat, which was caught by the wind and blown some distance away. At once I jumped out and began chasing it through the mud. The crowd began to shout and yell, but I paid no attention to this noise until I had reached my hat and picked it up—which took me some time, as the hat had blown a good ways, and I could not make any speed through the mud. When at last I looked around I saw that a curious thing had happened.

In getting out of the tractor I had accidentally pulled on one of the handlebars enough to turn the tractor sidewise. And in my natural excitement the hat having cost me $8.98 last week in Memphis—I had forgotten to pull out the clutch. So when I looked up I saw that the tractor, with Mr. Johnson and his truck in tow, was headed right out into the Great Gumbo Swamp. It had already got a good start and it was going strong. As Mr. Johnson seemed to be waving and yelling for help, I ran after him.

But as soon as I got off the road the mud was so deep and soft that I could make no headway at all. Several of the bystanders also attempted to follow, but had to give it up as a bad job. There was nothing to do but let poor Mr. Johnson go dragging off through the swamp.

Although I was really sorry to see Mr. Johnson going off all by himself this way, with no protection from the pouring rain, I could not help feeling a thrill of pride when I saw how the great ten-ton Earthworm tractor was eating up that terrible soft mud.

The wide tracks kept it from sinking in more than a few inches; the cleats gave it good traction; and the motor was so powerful that it pulled that big truck like it was a mere match box, and this in spite of the fact that the truck sank in so deep that it plowed a regular ditch as it went along.

As I am a natural-born salesman and quick to grasp every opportunity, I yelled a little sales talk after Mr. Johnson. "It's all right!" I hollered. "I'm doing this on purpose to show you that the Earthworm can go through any swamp you got!" But I doubt if he heard me; the roar of the tractor motor was too loud. And a moment later the tractor, the truck and Mr. Johnson had disappeared in the canebrake.

While I was considering what to do next, a nice-looking man in a corduroy suit came over to me from one of the groups of bystanders. "This is only an arm of the Great Gumbo Swamp," he said. "If that tractor doesn't mire down, and if it goes straight, it will come out on the levee on the other side, about a mile from here."

"An Earthworm tractor never mires down," I said. "And as long as there is nobody there to pull on the handlebars, it can't help going straight."

"All right," said the man, "if you want to hop in my buggy, I'll drive you back to town and out the levee so we can meet it when it gets there."

"Fine!" I said. "Let's go." I have always been noted for my quick decisions, being similar to Napoleon in this particular. I at once climbed in the buggy with the man in the corduroy suit, and he drove the horse as fast as possible into town and then out the levee, with all the sight-seers plowing along behind, both on foot and in buggies.

When we reached the place where the tractor ought to come out, we stopped and listened. Far out in the swamp we could hear the roar of the tractor motor. It got gradually louder and louder. We waited. It was still raining hard. Suddenly there was a shout from the crowd. The tractor came nosing out of the canebrake, and a moment later it had reached the bottom of

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CAUTION: *Use only Pyrene Fire Extinguishing Liquid (patented) with Pyrene Fire Extinguishers*

The Radio Quality Mark

A WESTON Voltmeter on a set is an excellent indication of quality manufacture. You will find it standard equipment on such sets as—

STROMBERG - CARLSON
FREED - EISEMANN

and others, because their designers know that if their sets are controlled with Weston instruments they will be operated as they were intended and will render perfect satisfaction. The added investment for voltmeter control is the manufacturers' and purchaser's safeguard. Other sets provide for voltmeter control such as—

RADIOLA • • VICTOR
BRUNSWICK • BOSCH

by installing filament jacks for the reception of a voltmeter. No set can give continuous satisfaction and economy of operation without voltmeter control, and Weston instruments have no equal.

Sets are sold today by their performance. Preference is given those best designed for lasting satisfaction. Look for the Weston instrument—it is your assurance of continued performance.

If your set is not equipped with a voltmeter or filament jacks for the reception of a "Pin-Jack" meter you can quickly modernize it with the jacks supplied with each Weston instrument of the "Pin-Jack" type. Write us for the free booklet "Weston Radio Instruments."

Model 506 (below) "Convertible" Pin-Jack Voltmeter. A plug-in type of voltmeter for measuring both filament and battery voltages.

Model 506 2-inch Diameter, Panel Type Voltmeters, Ammeters, Milliammeters

Model 506 "Pin-Jack" Voltmeter. The only high resistance plug-in type of Filament Voltmeter

WESTON ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT CORPORATION
Weston Avenue, Newark, N. J.

STANDARD THE WORLD OVER
WESTON
Pioneers since 1888

the levee, with the big truck and Mr. Johnson dragging along behind. As the tractor was in low gear, I had no trouble in jumping aboard and stopping it; and it is just as well I was there to do this. If I had not stopped it, it would have shot right on over the levee and into the Mississippi River, probably drowning poor Mr. Johnson.

As it was, Mr. Johnson was as wet as a sponge, on account of the heavy rain, and because he had been too cheap to get himself a truck with a cab on it. But he was a long way from being drowned. In fact, he seemed very lively; and as I got down from the tractor he jumped out of the truck and came running at me, waving his arms around, and shouting and yelling, and with a very dirty look on his face. What he had to say to me would fill a small book; in fact, he said so much that I'm afraid I will have to put off telling you about it until my report tomorrow.

It is now midnight and I am very tired, so I will merely inclose my expense account for the day and wish you a pleasant good night. Kindly send check to cover expenses as soon as possible. As you will see, my $100 advance is already gone, and I have had to pay money out of my own pocket.

Cordially yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

EXPENSE ACCOUNT

Railroad fare (Memphis to Cyprus City)	$ 6.10
Pullman ticket	3.20
Gas and oil for tractor	8.50
Labor (putting on cleats, and so on)	9.00
36 doz. eggs @ 50c per doz.	18.00
NOTE: It seems the crates we landed on when we dropped off the freight platform were full of eggs	
1 Plate-glass window	80.00
NOTE: I forgot to say in my report that in the confusion following the break of the fire plug I accidentally sidewiped a drug store with the tractor	
Radiator for truck, and labor to install	46.75
Cleaning hat and pressing trousers	3.50
Total	$175.05
NOTE: I will list the hotel bill, the bill for the fire plug and other expenses when I pay them.	

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: March 18, 1920.
Written from: Delta Hotel, Cyprus City, Miss.
Written by: Alexander Botts.

I will take up the report of my activities at the point where I stopped yesterday when Mr. Johnson had just gotten out of the truck and was coming in my direction. As I stated, he had a good deal to say. Instead of being grateful to me for having given him such a splendid demonstration of the ability of the Earthworm tractor to go through a swamp, and instead of thanking me for saving his life by stopping him just as he was about to shoot over the levee into the Mississippi River, he began using very abusive language, which I will not repeat, except to say that he told me he would not buy my tractor, and that he never wanted to see me or my damn machinery again. He also said he was going to slam me down in the mud and jump on my face, and it took six of the bystanders to hold him and prevent him from doing this. And, although there were six of them, they had a lot of trouble holding him, owing to the fact that he was so wet and slippery from the rain.

As I am a natural-born salesman I saw right away that this was not an auspicious time to give Mr. Johnson any sales talk about tractors. I decided to wait until later, and I walked back to the tractor in a dignified manner, looking back over my shoulder, however, to make sure Mr. Johnson was not getting away from the guys that were holding him.

After they had led Mr. Johnson back to town I made up my mind to be a good sport, and I hauled his truck into town and left it at the garage to be repaired. The rest of the day I spent settling up various expense items—which appeared on my yesterday's expense account—and in writing up my report. When I finally went to bed at midnight, it was with a glow of pride that I thought of the splendid work I had done on the first day of my employment with the great Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, Makers of Earthworm Tractors. Although I had not as yet made any sales, I could congratulate myself on having put on the best tractor demonstration ever seen in Cyprus City, Mississippi.

This morning, after breakfast, I had a visit from the nice-looking man in the corduroy suit who gave me the buggy ride yesterday

"I am a lumber operator," he said, "and I have a lot of cyprus back in the swamps that I have been wanting to get out. I haven't been able to move it because the ground has been so soft. However, since I saw your tractor drag that big heavy truck through the swamp yesterday, I know that it is just what I want. I understand the price is $6000, and if you will let me have the machine right away I will take you over to the bank and give you a certified check for that amount."

"Well," I said, "I was supposed to sell this machine to Mr. Johnson, but as he has had a chance at it and hasn't taken it, I suppose I might as well let you have it."

"I don't see why you gave him first chance," said the man in the corduroy suit. "When your other salesman, Mr. Healy, was down here, I gave him more encouragement than anybody else he talked to. And he said he would ship a tractor down here and put on a demonstration for me."

"What is your name?" I asked.

"William Jackson," he said.

As I have a quick mind I saw at once what had happened. This was the guy I had been supposed to give the demonstration for in the first place, but I had very naturally confused his name with that of Mr. Johnson. There ought to be a law against two men with similar names being in the same business in the same town.

However, it had come out all right. And as I am a natural-born salesman, I decided that the thing to do was to take Mr. Jackson over to the bank right away—which I did. And now the tractor is his.

I inclose the certified check. And I have decided to remain in town several days more on the chance of selling some more machines.

Cordially yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

TELEGRAM

EARTHWORM CITY ILL 1015A MAR 19 1920
ALEXANDER BOTTS
DELTA HOTEL
CYPRUS CITY MISS
YOUR FIRST REPORT AND EXPENSE ACCOUNT RECEIVED STOP YOU ARE FIRED STOP WILL DISCUSS THAT EXPENSE ACCOUNT BY LETTER STOP IF YOU SO MUCH AS TOUCH THAT TRACTOR AGAIN WE WILL PROSECUTE YOU TO THE FULLEST EXTENT OF THE LAW
FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
GILBERT HENDERSON SALES MANAGER

NIGHT LETTER

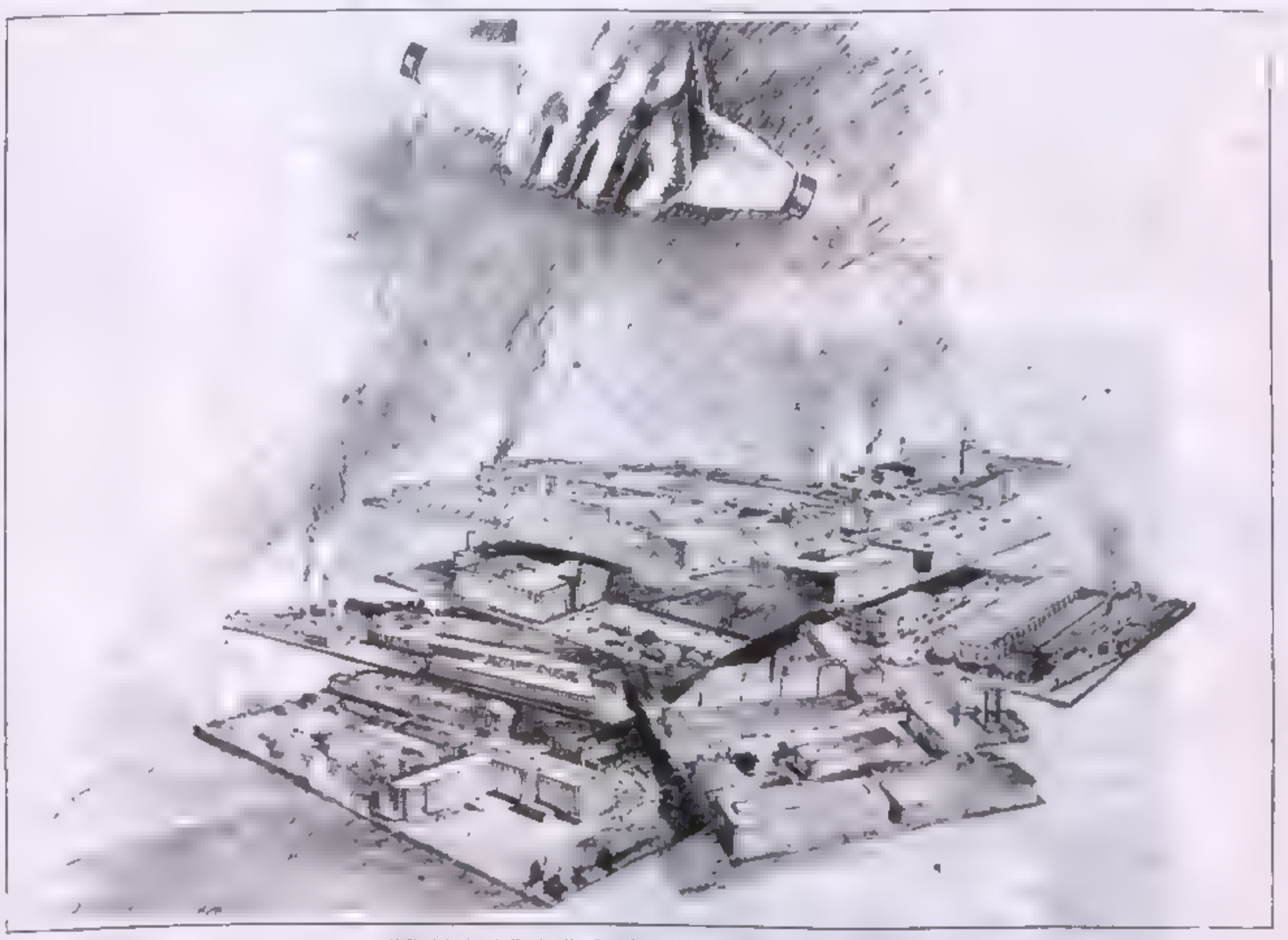
CYPRUS CITY MISS 510P MAR 19 1920
FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR CO
EARTHWORM CITY ILL
YOUR TELEGRAM HERE STOP WAIT TILL YOU GET MY SECOND REPORT STOP AND THAT IS NOT ALL STOP THE WHOLE TOWN IS TALKING ABOUT MY WONDERFUL TRACTOR DEMONSTRATION STOP JOHNSON HAS COME AROUND AND ORDERED TWO TRACTORS STOP THE LEVEE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY OF THIS PLACE HAS ORDERED ONE STOP NEXT WEEK IS TO BE QUOTE USE MORE TRACTORS WEEK UNQUOTE IN CYPRUS CITY STOP MASS MEETING MONDAY TO DECIDE HOW MANY EARTHWORMS THE CITY WILL BUY FOR GRADING ROADS STOP LUMBERMENS MASS MEETING TUESDAY AT WHICH I WILL URGE THEM TO BUY TRACTORS AND JACKSON AND JOHNSON WILL BACK ME UP STOP WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY RESERVED FOR WRITING UP ORDERS FROM LUMBERMEN CONTRACTORS AND OTHERS STOP TELL YOUR CHIEF ENGINEER TO GET READY TO INCREASE PRODUCTION STOP YOU BETTER RECONSIDER YOUR WIRE OF THIS MORNING
ALEXANDER BOTTS

TELEGRAM

EARTHWORM CITY ILL 945A MAR 20 1920
ALEXANDER BOTTS
DELTA HOTEL
CYPRUS CITY MISS
OUR WIRE OF YESTERDAY STANDS STOP YOUR JOB AS SERVICE MECHANIC WITH THIS COMPANY IS GONE FOREVER STOP WE ARE PUTTING YOU ON PAY ROLL AS SALESMAN STOP TWO HUNDRED PER MONTH PLUS EXPENSES PLUS FIVE PER CENT COMMISSION ON ALL SALES
FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
GILBERT HENDERSON SALES MANAGER

LIGHT FROM UNDER A BUSHEL.

This is Number 4 in a series of advertisements about Pacific Mills, published that the millions of people who use our fabrics may know about the company which has served them in the past and expects to play a more conscious part in their lives in the future.



SKETCH OF SIX PACIFIC MILLS PLANTS

It all *hung* on a *Thread*

IN making cloth, when a thread breaks the loom stops. If a way could be found to minimize the breakage, then the output would be increased and costs lowered.

Pacific Mills made this problem the subject of scientific research and succeeded in spinning thread that was more even in size, twist and strength. The results were interesting.

As thread broke less often, the mill operative was able to produce more, which increased wages yet decreased costs. *But*, evener thread made better cloth. Hence, while cutting costs and raising wages, the quality of the product was improved. So what hung on a thread was benefit to mill, worker and consumer.

This is but one example of practical results that Pacific Mills is getting by applying research to all of its activities from buying raw material to marketing the finished fabric. Pacific Mills, 24 Thomas Street, New York

Pacific Fabrics

Mills at: Lawrence, Mass., Lyman, S. C., Columbia, S. C., Dover, N. H.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF TEXTILES

IN YARDAGE AND VARIETY—FINISHED FABRICS OF COTTON, WORSTED AND SILK AND RAYON MIXTURES

PRIMPING THE WELL-KNOWN WORLD

(Continued from Page 34)

brief colloquy that was destined soon to make Paris the capital of Vanity Fair; so I must report the short talk exactly as the same thing would happen today. And aloud Princess Metternich answered:

"Did you make this delicious cake yourself, empress, or is it boughten?"

But the Empress Eugénie was not one to be sidetracked so crudely from a set purpose. She persisted.

"Oh!" snapped the princess at last, but concealing her anger, "get a pencil. Ready? Seh-ash-ah-grr-ell-eh-ess—Sharl—doobl'-veh-oh-grr-teh-ash—Virt. But please keep that under your crown, dear."

For a long time the next day Charley Worth gazed motionless, fish-eyed, at some bolts of stuff that Napoleon III had brought home from his last business trip to Lyons, Charley's ears deaf to Eugénie's directions as to just how she wanted the goods made up. Then Charley broke silence respectfully.

"Listen, empress," he said in effect. "And above all get one thing straight: I'm not arguing with you—I'm telling you!"

In a day all Paris was not only agog but gaga over the story of the way this young Sharl Virt had told the empress herself where she got off. As a quick spreader of news the little Paris midinette, or sewing girl, preceded, perhaps suggested, the radio. And in less than a year Paris, then France, and in time Europe, was asking what Eugénie was wearing that afternoon, before ordering a gown.

Thus began the one-man dictation. Quick, great success attracted others of the gifted, almost invariably Frenchmen. One-man dictation in the long run was to spread to a close corporation of individual dictators, always growing, especially since the Great War, but always jealously prevented from spilling outside the old Paris ramparts. In late years, for a lengthy stretch, the one-man dictatorship was held by a woman, during the period when the great Madame Paquin, long the Mrs. Astor of fashion, held almost undisputed sway; but now the dictatorship is held again by the many; each designer a rival of all the others, each equally authoritative, yet, in a way, all working together. And each day offers less possibility that the one-man or one-woman sway can ever prevail again.

An Evening Gown of Silver Lace and Chiffon

Centuries before Charley Worth came to Paris all of France unsuspectingly had been setting the stage for the present, building the stage props, handing down, above all, from father to son and mother to daughter the guild spirit through untold generations.

The Guild Spirit

Before Peter the Hermit was born, Lyons was clacking its hand looms, developing a weaving art that, even in this steam age, gives old Lyons its proud place as the world's silk-weaving capital. Tucked in a fold of the French Alps, Grenoble was perfecting itself for centuries in a daintiness in the handling of leathers that today leaves Grenoble unsurpassed in the making of women's gloves.

Through the centuries little Oyonnax was learning, offspring from parent, how to fasten precious metal to ivory or turtle shell with an art that today leaves the little French Alpine town first in its only industry. Peasants of the Vosges learned to make buttons for sport coats before ancient lawn tennis was invented, and still make them. On the sunny south slopes of the Roquevignon, down on the Riviera, the girls of Grasse were working in formal fields of mignonette, jasmine, violets, jonquils, lilies and long slopes of tuberoses—patiently dropping fresh-plucked petals each day on little flat pans of grease, month after month—just ninety days of work, not excepting Sundays, and innumerable pounds of petals, fresh every day, on a pan of grease to trap one quick waft of perfume. Who will do that on the slopes of the Ozarks?

With the rise of Sharl Virt rose a new school of artists—serious æsthetes whose pigments were fabrics. Even painters of note, one of them famous today, deigned and still deign to give hours each week to designing patterns for dress goods. And as the industry increased to its present colossal proportions Paris reached farther out into the world for luxe things—flax from the fields beyond Belfast, diamonds from South Africa, furs from the arctics, feathers from the tropics, cut stones from Netherlands' work benches, rouges from China. Then, beginning in the Bourse district at first, but now radiating out to the ramparts, every crazy gray street began to house the skilled artisan, each a specialist who knows just one thing, learned from a parent. Maybe he knows only cut-steel buckles, but he knows buckles perfectly, in the heart-whole medieval guild spirit.

Paris had begun now to live, think, feminine fripperies. Even objects of set, seemingly unchangeable form—watch faces, shoes, stockings—could not stop the new fever for more æsthetic design tinkerings. Take the fundamental lines of the wife's umbrella. As immutable, say you, as Tammany's biannual choice of a candidate for governor.

"But regard!" cried Paris the other day. "The hem of the skirt of m'dame daily climbs up the heeps of m'dame. The spread of the umbrella is too great, the line of the handle too long for the short skirt beneath. Every day of the rain it is that it is that I swoon. Presto!"

And shortly after eight o'clock that same night the Misses Louise and Mildred Higginson, popular high-school girls of Helangone, Alaska, shot their father, ex-Assemblyman W. A. Higginson, when he refused to buy them one of the new short and fat-handled umbrellas, just decreed by radioed ukase from Paris. And I hope they killed him.

But North American femininity, counting from the first day young Charley Worth came to Paris, for a black stretch of exactly forty-seven years showed not the slightest interest in the hullabaloo Charley had started. Then, even after the first show of interest, a new American generation was to be born and grow to young womanhood before America joined the rush and so made it unanimous.

It seems that one day a Parisian, one M'sieu Rouff, back in the early nineties, picked himself out a swell little showroom in the outskirts of Chicago. In brief, the Columbian Exposition was about to open. M'sieu Rouff had arrived as chief ballyhooer for *la couture*, and from the kick-off until the last wail of the last magic flute on the Midway, M'sieu Rouff was right there, doing his stuff.

In this weird, new country, so far uncaptured, there seemed to be a lot of loose money that ought to be changed into francs.

But for still a long time after the ladies from Maine or Montana had raved over the glories of *la couture's* World's Fair exhibition the girls seemed content with mere sighs and remembrances. One day a Chicago department store sent a buyer to Paris. Ten years after the Fair you could still count on your fingers the American merchants regularly sending buyers abroad.

It's the Life!

A few ladies of fashion, almost all from New York and all sinfully wealthy, were beginning to make a habit of the annual shopping trip abroad. Today it's a panic, especially in summer. On the busier parallels of latitude and longitude crossings deep-sea-going cops are stationed to regulate traffic.

American buyers today, from countless small towns as well as all big cities, must be in Paris in February and summer for the two great seasonal semipublic displays of the year. Many buyers come four times a year. A few great American houses, fearful that Paris is acting up anew between acts, send buyers abroad six times a year. Always from June to September the American schoolgirl and schoolmarm all but smother the one-time exclusive American matron of sinful riches. Everybody's doin' it!

February, and from late July through earliest August—these are the times of most ecstatic explosion, with gay parties crackling daily for the visiting buyers every few doors, from the Arc to the Madeleine.

Street entrances are canopied, carpeted. Indoors the bands play. Potted plants wave their fronds. Silver salvers are piled high with dainty sandwiches and melting Swiss pastries. Champagne bubbles freely all afternoon.

Beauteous girls from the Midi—it's the life, men! pirouette, gay splashes of color, through pearly haze of cigarette smoke, and the whole afternoon dances onward to dusk in one glad whirl of shifting, shimmering beauty

"Well!" gasp you, sitting up. "While in Paris next summer I'll look into one of these parties."

Yes, and I suppose the next time you are killing an hour between trains in Rochester, Minnesota, you are going to stroll through the operating rooms, idly watching the Mayo boys doing their stuff. Getting into one of these parties without proper credentials is just as easy as getting a good laugh these days out of the Crown Prince of Germany.

I never knew that a lady could lie the way a certain lovely lady who long graced the Broadway stage lied to get me into one of these parties. Backing me up at the other elbow was M'sieu Larry Hills, noted editor and publisher, resplendent in his full Legion of Honor regalia. The lovely lady, now a well-known writer on fashions in Paris, stood there lying like all get out. She was saying I was a writer. Larry backed up the lie, the Legion ribbon on his coat blushing a deeper crimson.

They were afraid inside, it seems, that instead of a mere writer I was one of these gifted copyists that now swarm through *la couture's* underworld. To flash forth for the first time these girls in the new season's gowns had required far too much heartbreak, planning, upbuilding, secrecy, to risk theft of ideas. During subsequent strictly business, hard-boiled commercial shows on the afternoons to follow the opening varnishing day anyone might drop in—bringing his own champagne and cakes. Not today. Not till the world's buyers had first seen and selected.

But I at last crashed the gate and was inside a luxurious salon of grayish-green loveliness, the walls, floors, furnishings merged to one almost colorless color. A great neurologist, the late Silas Weir Mitchell, may have thought his idea unique when he banned all ornamental designs from the wall papers and furnishings of his sick rooms. No brain effort must be expended by the patient, counting floral designs on the walls. *La couture* long ago had had the same idea as Weir Mitchell. You must see just that one flash of glory—the girl in the gown.

The only disturbing notes were the big white and black placards dangling from the chair backs, the chairs stretching away in long crescent-curved lines and facing a small dais. Each placard, however, soon would be obliterated by a buyer from the house named on his placard.

"Maison Chiswick, Sydney, Australia." "Maison Abromavitz, Point Pleasant, New Jersey." "Chez Clancy, Los Angeles, California." "Chez Busy Bee, Last Path, New Zealand." "Maison Boston Store, Shanghai, China."

Like a luxurious theater, you think, not a dressmaker's, and housing a social function today, with no hint of commerce. But listen. Just back of that far wall are ten floors of glass and concrete—crude, practical as any Iowa plow factory—seething this moment with industry.

Even the far humbler designer has his dozen workrooms, each room alive with two dozen midinettes, stitching, snipping, stitching. The great house we are now in has nearer a thousand midinettes, many more than a thousand employes in all.

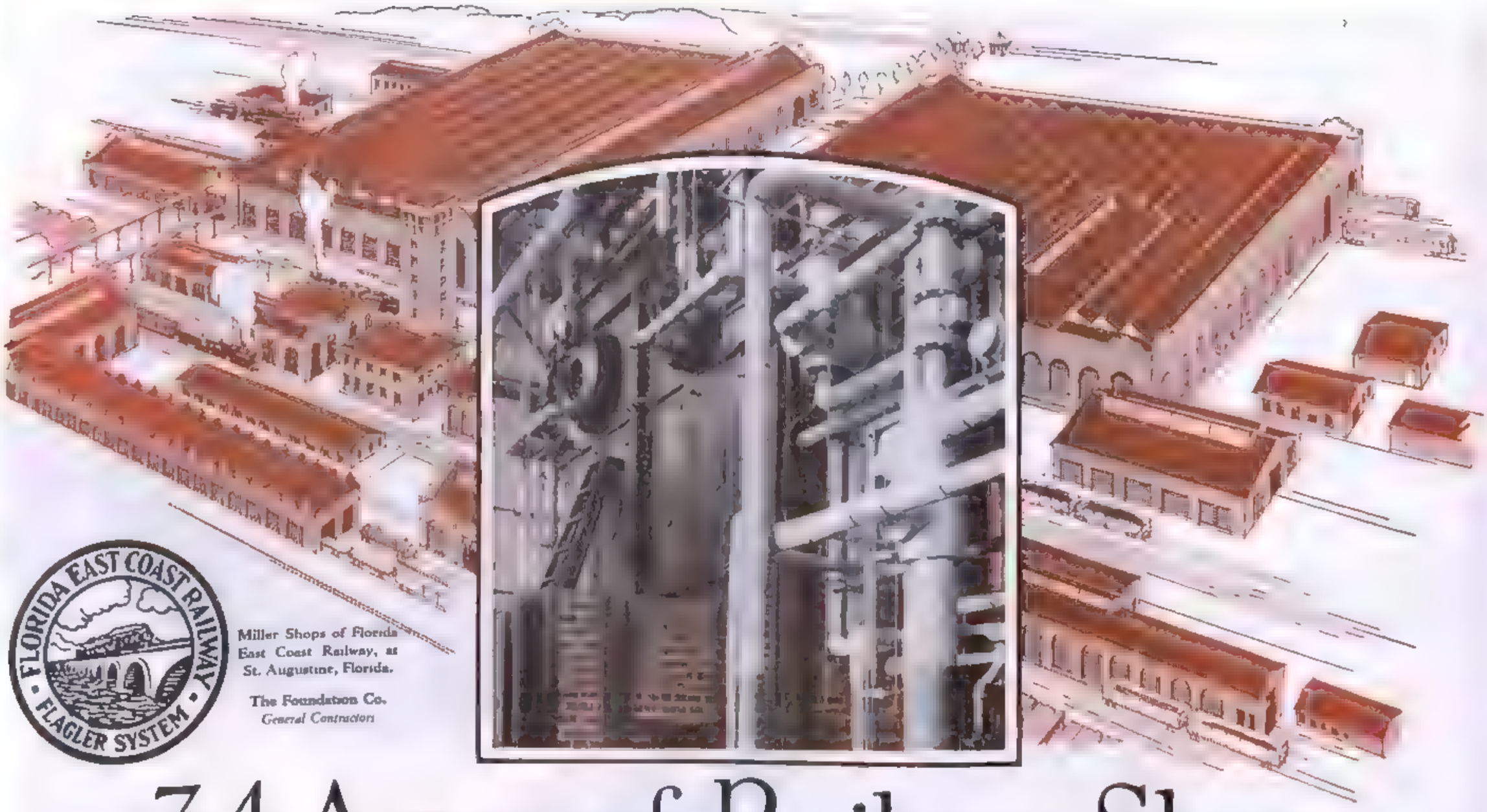
The Girl in the Gown

There are blue-denimed porters, lift men, chauffeurs, white-collared desk workers; even—in this house—the firm's private dentist. There are kitchens, luxurious luncheon rooms for the white-collar lads, simpler dining rooms for the humbler workers, white-capped cooks, waitresses, rooms with gas stoves for economists who prefer to bring the makin's and roll their own luncheons. There is a wine cellar—under French law the servant receives a stated amount of wine a week or the boss gets the bastinado.

Each worker in the great house, from basement stoker to boss, has been sweating on high from early last December to this gray February afternoon of the party, each of the thousand or more contributing his bit toward flashing forth to a waiting world this afternoon just one thing—the girl in the gown. And looming high over all these varied workers, far up in the ethereal, and beyond earthy reach, is one man—sometimes a woman but more often a man—who is supreme—a god.

He is usually the sole owner of the establishment. He is always the sole buyer of materials. He is supreme in the firm's

(Continued on Page 157)



Miller Shops of Florida East Coast Railway, at St. Augustine, Florida.

The Foundation Co.
General Contractors

34 Acres of Railway Shops
piped with Byers for permanence

COLORFUL Spanish architecture; a look of permanence and beauty; acres and acres of red tile roofs and buff stucco walls, reflected in a thousand panes of glass—these are only first impressions as you approach the new Miller Shops on the outskirts of the quaint old city of St. Augustine, Florida.

Created by forward-looking railroad executives and engineers, the Miller Shops stand out as the latest and finest thing in railway repair facilities; the pride of its owners, the Florida East Coast Railway.

In keeping with the essential permanence of the project, is the presence of Byers Pipe throughout, from the central power plant to the remotest little building in the whole plan. Everywhere, the functioning of men, machinery, and equipment is made safe from interruption by arteries of this rust-resisting, dependable

pipe, providing power, heat, water, drainage and other modern essentials.

Made of genuine wrought iron and backed by a century of convincing service records, Byers Pipe was the choice for practically every one of the many extensive pipe systems.

Throughout this pipe are millions of tiny silicate threads—each impervious to corrosion, each a barrier to corrosive attack.

Double life of the installation, at only slightly higher first cost, is the consideration upon which Byers is chosen by experienced engineers and architects everywhere. For power and industrial uses it serves with economy, as well as for the plumbing and heating of every type of building.

Informative Literature and Convincing Service Records sent on request.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY
Established 1864 PITTSBURGH, PA.

BYERS PIPE
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS' PRODUCTS

THERE are more than 50 years of specialized scientific experience behind every S. V. W. product. Each possesses the same superior quality in its field that distinguishes Koverflor.

The great industries of the world use thousands and thousands of gallons of S. V. W. Varnishes, Paints, Enamels, and Allied Specialties.

For all industrial, architectural, and household purposes, S. V. W. Products are recognized as the world-accepted standards.

KOVERFLOR CLEAR

Use Koverflor Clear on every surface where you need a varnish effect of extraordinary durability. It resists and endures water, weather, and wear.

KOVERLAK BRUSHING LACQUER

Koverlak gives brilliant color and a smooth lacquered effect to articles of furniture and decoration. Its distinguishing properties are: No obnoxious odor—no effect on foodstuffs—no special reducers—easily applied—flows best—resistance to water and heat. It dries in thirty minutes after application. Ask your dealer. Sample folder on request.

FLATTINE WASHABLE WALL PAINT

Flattine is a washable oil paint for interior decoration that creates on plaster walls, woodwork and metal the soft, beautiful effects so much favored in modern decoration. It is supplied in beautiful colors and permits the creation of artistic mottled effects in single colors or two-tone combinations. It is easily applied, washable and extraordinarily durable.

ALL OYL ENAMEL

Painters and decorators state that this is the enamel they have always wanted, and Standard Varnish Works has produced it.

They say that it is the easiest brushing, most free flowing, best covering, and best drying enamel they have ever used.

All Oyl Enamel is an exceptionally durable enamel finish of unusual quality. It is the enamel your painter will want to use. It permits the utmost economy of time and effort. It is made of all oil—no resin, gum or varnish enters into its composition. The best pigments are used, giving it greatest hiding powers.

It will be a pleasure to assist you in the selection of paints and varnishes for the work you have under consideration

DARD WORKS

Makers of

S-V-W KOVERFLOR TRADE MARK

THE LIQUID FLOOR COVERING

A Triumph of Super-service

KOVERFLOR has triumphed over seven years of merciless wear and tear, throughout the world.

Trampled by millions of footsteps per day; beaten upon by rain and sun, and the sea; scraped and battered by domestic and commercial life; attacked by oil and grease—KOVERFLOR has met the extraordinary claims made for it—*"A liquid floor covering,"* for hard-used floors, wood or cement, inside or outside; and for other hard-used surfaces—easily applied, like paint.

KOVERFLOR creates a tile-like surface between the floor and the wear. Its super-resistance has saved millions of dollars. Its colors have added beauty and value.

If your dealer hasn't Koverflor, we will send, postpaid, a quart at $1.40, a pint at 75c, or a half-pint at 40c. (Pacific Coast points, quart $1.60, pint 90c, half-pint 50c.) Koverflor comes in Clear, Cream, Spruce, Tile Red, Dutch Blue, Dust, Linoleum Brown, Mahogany, Green, Gray, Light Gray, Russet. State color. Write nearest office. Sample Book on request

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

NEW YORK: 443 Fourth Ave. CHICAGO: 2600 Federal St. SAN FRANCISCO: 562 Howard St.
LOS ANGELES: 116 E. Jefferson St. LONDON BERLIN GOTHENBURG

TOCH BROS.

ESTABLISHED 1848

A DIVISION OF STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

TECHNICAL PAINTS & WATERPROOFING COMPOUNDS

TOCH BROS. has produced, through the specialized research of a distinguished scientific staff, the waterproofing and dampproofing compounds and technical paints that are endorsed by architects and engineers for the protection of structural materials. These internationally famous products, bearing the "R. I. W." trade mark, are Waterproofing Compounds, Dampproof Coatings, Steel Preservative Paints, Concrete and Masonry Finishes.

"R. I. W." TOXEMENT
PATENTED

Toxement, manufactured in powder and paste form, is a specialized product for the integral waterproofing of concrete and Portland cement mortar construction. It properly lubricates the mix and permits the complete hydration of the cement, assuring a thoroughly waterproof mass. Toxement, used in cement construction, particularly foundations, insures dry interiors at nominal cost.

"R. I. W." LIQUID KONKERIT

For the exterior painting of concrete, stucco, brick, and other masonry wall surfaces, where protection and decoration are desired. It neutralizes the action of the alkalis, etc., contained in the masonry. Supplied in desirable colors.

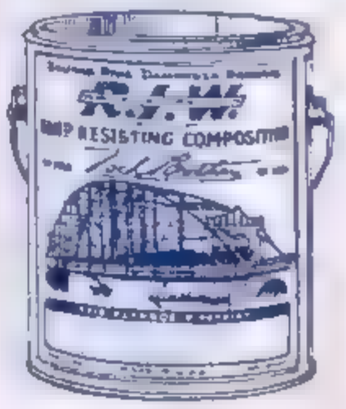
"R. I. W." PLUG-A-LEAK
FOR LEAKY ROOFS

Manufactured in liquid or plastic form for waterproofing roofs, canvas decks, flashings and copings. It is elastic, adheres firmly, and adjusts itself to the expansion and contraction of roofs without cracking, sagging, or peeling. Thus, the "thrift coating", is easily applied, and stops leaks.

"R. I. W." STEEL PRESERVATIVE PAINTS

These special protective coatings comprise the most highly specialized products for the enduring preservation of structural steel and other metal surfaces. They are endorsed by leading authorities, and used by railroads, steamship companies, and manufacturers of structural steel, and on the most monumental buildings throughout the world.

An Engineering Department is maintained for the benefit of our clients. This Department can be of service where special materials are required or where unusual conditions are met. Correspondence and personal inquiry are invited



BEST-WALL

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(Continued from Page 152)

business policies. But he is something else infinitely beyond these sordid, earthy jobs of his. He is what Irving Berlin is to Irv's music-publishing business house and its employes. He is the lad, girls, who tells you what length your skirt is going to be and where you shall wear your waistline this coming summer—and if you don't snap into it when he cracks the whip, whether you live in the Straits Settlements, Camden or the Kirghiz Steppe, you are socially lost, body and soul.

He—hold your breath!—is the firm's sole designer. Sole, remember. Nobody tells him anything. He goes it alone, gambling millions of francs twice a year, locked alone in his *atelier*, that he can bang the bull's-eye of fashion and make the world-wide welkin ring.

How he does it I don't know. Until he had come out of the silences with his newest models his own wife didn't know where she must wear her waistline this summer or whether she was to wear leopard-skin sleeves in July, or no sleeves at all.

I, like so many of my brother primates, had had the notion that all the Parisian designing lads got together twice a year at least and agreed on waistline, length of skirt, basic stream line and similar fundamentals of feminine salvation. Far, far from it. One of these magnifico designing gents would no more think of breathing to a rival designer, previous to today's *répétition-générale*, his private idea of proper skirt length or fashionable color for the coming season than a Broadway bootlegging gentleman would think of mailing his private telephone list to Gen. Lincoln C. Andrews.

Yet every new skirt shown at every rival party today—and there are probably a dozen of them detonating simultaneously in Paris this afternoon—will be within a fraction of an inch of the length of every other skirt on display. Each designer, working secretly, will have hit upon the same shade as the outstanding color of the season to come. More, every milliner in Paris, also going it alone and free of any connection with the gown-building industry, will be playing up that particular color in hats.

How come? Not even the designers themselves could explain clearly to me this interesting and so far unsolved mystery of diversified unity in bringing the intangible thing called "style" to a jell.

Meet the Air!

It just is, that's all. They go everywhere, the great dress designers—to the opera, the races, the theater, gala dinners in the Place Vendôme or at "Monte," stroll the boulevards—always observing, noting, remembering. In early December and in May the fabric weavers come to Paris with their new dress-goods designs and the great man selects bolts of materials lavishly.

Then for two months he locks himself in his *atelier*, inwardly steeped with the general impressions of fashion's trends and subtle changes that each of his masterful rivals has noted.

If baby gets croup during those two actual designing months each season, the great man's wife will have to stoke the midnight benzoin croup kettle alone.

Papa is busy. For two months he is the busiest little papa in Paris. One, two, sometimes three new models he will dash off in a long working day. Each model must be, and is, original and wholly unlike every other model in that particular *atelier* or anywhere else in Paris. Above everything else, each must be different from anything that has ever been seen before in all the world.

And papa bangs the bull's-eye every time—sometimes, yes, with a louder whang with some shots than with others, but always plump in the middle. A feat, that, approaching genius.

Now, on the great afternoon, you can see why the maestro has stationed at the entrance to the grayish-green salon a towering *sendeuse*, or star saleswoman, who impresses one as a lady who packs a wallop.

This Mam'selle Tunney, or whatever her name is, occasionally rescues someone with proper credentials out of the mad whirl of millinery milling round her and admits the saved soul. Mostly she turns the frozen face.

Sorry, m'dame, but one journalist from the Pants-lining News of the World already has been admitted. Who? You are M'dame Weitzenkorn, of Chez Weitzenkorn, Sheecawgo, herself? *Alors*, but tell that to Sweeney! Mam'selle, as for five times I have tell you distinct *depuis* fourteen o'clock, I know five only Eengleesh worda—"beat it" and "meet the air!"

The Cocoon Cast Aside

Fifteen o'clock and the doors close, banged against broken hearts. With no chair in the scheme of things for me, I am apologetically stood against a side wall. Quick-breathing, gray-green little *vendeuses* line themselves along a wall at the rear, digging pink nails in their palms to control themselves from screaming their neuro ecstasy aloud.

One of them casts disturbed, gray-green glances toward my Alice-blue suit, set off with a natty cravat of jade green and raspberry soufflé stripings, tapping her foot. She summons two porters, who place a tall, potted gray-green palm in front of me.

Expectant, seething silence, rigidity. Sudden lights flash on, unexpectedly flooding with artificial daylight the foot-high, gray-green dais, walled on three sides with heavy gray-green velour that artfully smothers all background light—concentrating brightest rays on silks, furs and satins.

A semiconscious *vendeuse* opens a door beside the dais. Through the opening and up on the dais and into the light flood steps the beautiful, black-eyed, flat-breasted, straight-hipped slim princess of the Midi. Gasps!

You said it, senator—Massachusetts, there she stands! Finally fashioned, finished, perfect. All the world had been picked and plucked to make this one perfect thing—long lines of laden camels plodding across blistering deserts, their noses always pointed toward Paris; brown flesh ripped raw by claws in the jungle, as the leopard died to give this inch of spotted trimming on a flounce; old peasant fingers of inimitable Beauvais, supreme in medieval lore, wearing away finger tips by rushlight, carving bone into the buttons that only Beauvais can make; Chink and Jap nursing silkworms on mulberry branches from dawn to dark; *habitants* sloshing across leagues of the frozen Laurentian bush, charted only by trap lines; fishermen, always naked from the waist, riding the storms off Montreux under their ocher lateen sails, bringing tons of fish scales to the only street in little St. Gingolph, where in every house the daughters make artificial pearls for this gown of this afternoon, and for all the world; naked divers for real pearls bursting for a breath one minute, two minutes, far down in the green glooms of the Persian Gulf seas, tearing off potential treasure—untold sweat, suffering, blood, even life itself expended to make possible this girl in the gown at today's party.

As Josephine must have turned when an archbishop had crowned her, the lovely girl from the Midi faces about in the spotlight, clasping at a fastening at her throat. I had thought this ecstatic thing she was wearing—it was something in some sort of color—I forget what—but ravishing—was the reason she was there. It is merely the cocoon. She casts it off, disclosing the real gorgeousness of the butterfly beneath.

Scarcely has she stepped down from the dais, to mingle with us and be priced and plucked at, when a new one, more glorious still, steps into the spotlight. Thus they flash into view, sport dresses, street frocks, evening gowns, at the rate of a new one every hundred and twenty seconds all afternoon.

Even Moe—Chez Gilligan, Medicine Hat—whose grayish-green complexion hints that he had a trying session last night, visiting the trade in the Montmartre cabarets, momentarily forgets, in his excitement, that the free champagne has not yet appeared. The champagne, with a nice regard for the norms of dramatic construction, is being held back for the big wow soon to come.

Little tags dangling from each slim princess bear names corresponding to names printed on the price list resting on Moe's fat knee. Paloma, Maurine, Entre Nous, Wynona, Brielle, Wyncote, Parfait—each model has been named by the same gifted lad who picked names right out of his head for Pullman cars, Troy collars and the Main Line suburbs of Philadelphia.

There is a Belasco pause of maybe a hundred and eighty seconds, before the top-hole creation steps into the spot. The name? Oh, hush! What capital of the macrocosm must be fed on itself?

"Mam'selle New York!"

Silks, satins, feathers, furs, stained glass, a couple of real, natural rainbows caught in two flounces across the midriff, with the gore caught back across the gazazz with natural Little Neck clams, the pazzazza appliquéd below the smock with lighted skyrockets and the *peignoir* trailing off to the basque in double smockings of the finale to the Götterdämmerung with saxophone obbligato. Simply sweet, dearie!

The applause has lasted nineteen minutes as this edition goes to press. New York has just ripped up its state standard and is wildly parading round the hall, screaming savage jeers at the set-faced McAdoo men seated beneath the standard of the imperial state of Georgia. A crash in the press stand, and Herbert Bayard Swope suffers a compound fracture of the fountain pen.

Sheer exhaustion threatens the tumult as this bulldog edition goes to press. Out from a committee room dashes a woman delegate at large from 'Oat-Savvah, blaring The Sidewalks of New York on a magnum of something she calls tchump pan. Renewed cataclysms. Renewed tchump pan.

A party? Dearie, I ain't able to tell you the half of it! But alas, all—all passes. Out into the snowy Paris night at last we trail, emotionally too exhausted to note even the loveliness of the most beautiful city in the world at its loveliest.

My Save-the-Franc Scheme

Paris in its winter ermine! Snow mantling boulevards and crazy roofs and light-strung bridges; the windows of the Rue de la Paix two blinding diamond necklaces; rainbow glints flashing back in return from every snow crystal at our feet. No, you trippers who come here only in summer, you never have even seen Paris.

And in the glad tumult of the party I plumb forgot to ask the great designer to help me put my private scheme for saving the franc over. Basically my idea consisted in persuading *la couture* to get together and, following my new plan, infinitely increase the output in Paris' foremost industry.

Standardize—that was the motto of my secret. Instead of making every evening gown different from every other evening gown in the world, why not agree on one simple black and white model, in the same way that evening dress for men is now standardized? Thus reducing cost of raw materials, reducing labor costs and overhead, and enormously swelling output, as only standardization can swell it.

"In this way, m'sieu," I always begin in my best Detroit manner, "you designing birds can ——"

But usually at this point they have translated back into French, inside their heads, the general idea of my scheme. They will not even listen to more. They give me the kick of the boot.

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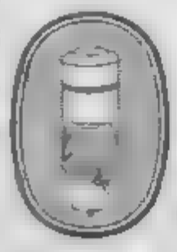

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THREE TIMES AND IN?

(Continued from Page 31)

consent to be a candidate for a third election, I trust he would be rejected on this demonstration of ambitious views."

Alexander Hamilton held an opposite view, and it is a curious point, worthy of note, that Woodrow Wilson agreed almost to the letter with the Hamiltonian theory and argued forcefully against Jefferson, the founder of the Democratic Party. Indeed, there is an interesting parallel in the thought expressed by Washington in 1778, reaffirmed by Hamilton ten years later in the Federalist, and proclaimed anew by Woodrow Wilson in 1913, just a month before his inauguration. What all three objected to was any effort to limit by constitutional amendment the tenure of the presidency, because they thought that this was a question on which American people were perfectly capable of exercising their own good judgment as each case arose.

The only Chief Executive who served one term and was not a candidate for reëlection was President Buchanan. He announced in his inaugural address a determination not to succeed himself. John Adams was defeated for reëlection by Jefferson, and John Quincy Adams was defeated for reëlection by Andrew Jackson. President Van Buren was defeated for reëlection; while Presidents Hayes, Polk and Pierce were not renominated by their own parties.

Six Vice Presidents have succeeded to the presidency by the death of a President and all became candidates for election. Tyler and Andrew Johnson sought the presidential nomination in vain. Fillmore was unable to win the Whig nomination and Arthur was beaten by Blaine. The two other Vice Presidents who were elevated to the presidency were Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge, each of whom won one subsequent election.

Resolutions limiting the presidential term to two or even to one term of six years have cropped out of Congress on many occasions in the past 125 years, yet no proposal to amend the Constitution in this respect has ever been adopted by a two-thirds vote of both Houses for submission to the several states. Resolutions were introduced in 1828, 1829, 1830 and 1832.

President Jackson went so far as to recommend a change. "It would seem," he said in 1833 in his first annual message, "advisable to limit the service of the Chief Magistrate to a single term of four or six years."

The House Opinion

This was followed in 1835 by another proposal in Congress to bring about the amendment of the Constitution. In 1844 and 1846 an amendment to limit the presidency to a term of six years without reeligibility was proposed.

The single term for President was favored in the Greenback Convention of 1876; and, after Rutherford B. Hayes was declared elected President in 1876, bills were introduced in Congress to amend the presidential-election law, and among them was one proposing a term of six years with reëligibility only after a term of years.

"I recommend," said Mr. Hayes in his inaugural address, in March, 1877, "an amendment to the Constitution prescribing a term of six years for the presidential office and forbidding reëlection."

After President Grant had served two terms and four years had intervened, his friends tried in 1880 to secure a third nomination for him, whereupon a resolution was proposed in Congress and passed immediately in the House of Representatives by a vote of 252 to 18, which said:

> Resolved: That in the opinion of this House the precedent established by Washington and other Presidents of the United States in retiring from the presidential office after their second term has become, by universal concurrence, a part of our republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic and fraught with peril to our free institutions.

This resolution was merely the statement of a belief—it was not binding—but it contributed to a public opinion which at the Republican Convention forced the defeat of Grant and a compromise on Garfield.

There have been, of course, changes of opinion on the part of Presidents on the issue of reëlection, which, however, in all fairness, should be regarded as viewpoints expressed on an impersonal instead of a personal basis. Thus Grover Cleveland, in accepting his first nomination, wrote:

"When we consider the allurements of power, the temptation to retain places, and, more than all, the availability the party finds in an incumbent and a horde of office holders . . . we recognize, in the eligibility of the President for reëlection, a most serious danger."

Yet Grover Cleveland was himself a candidate three times in succession.

Hamilton's Foresight

Some of the most pertinent statements which have been made on the subject came from the pens of Presidents after they left the office, when presumably they could view the subject with detachment. Thus, Benjamin Harrison wrote in 1897:

"Some of our leading and most thoughtful public men have challenged the wisdom of the four-year term, and have advocated six years, usually accompanied with a provision of a second term. And unless some method can be devised by which a less considerable part of the four-year term must be given to hearing applicants for office and to making appointments, it would be wise to give the President, by extending the term, a better chance to show what he can do for the country. It must be admitted, also, that the ineligibility to a second term will give to the Executive action greater independence."

Four years after William Howard Taft had retired from the presidency, following an effort to be reëlected, he wrote:

"I am strongly inclined to the view that it would have been a wiser provision, as it was at one time voted in the convention, to make the term of President seven years and render him ineligible thereafter. Such a change would give to the executive greater courage and independence in the discharge of his duties. The absorbing and diverting interest in the reëlection of the incumbent taken by these Federal civil servants who regard their own tenure as dependent upon his would disappear and the efficiency of administration in the last year of a term would be maintained."

What Mr. Taft had in mind was the debate in the Constitutional Convention. The first vote taken was in favor of a single term of seven years without reëligibility. The second vote still favored a single term, but with reëligibility; and on the third vote a resolution was passed by the convention providing for a term of seven years without the possibility of reëlection. After the resolution was referred to a committee of one member from each of the eleven states represented, the resolution was reported back to the convention with a proviso for a term of four years and no mention of reeligibility or reëlection. This course was stoutly defended by Hamilton, whose argument, made in 1788 in the Federalist, reads as if it might have been written today. He said:

"Nothing appears more plausible at first sight, nor more ill-founded upon close inspection, than a scheme which in relation to the present point has had some respectable advocates—I mean that of continuing the chief magistrate in office for a certain time, and the excluding him from it, either for a limited period or forever after. This exclusion, whether temporary or perpetual, would have nearly the same effects, and these effects would be for the most part rather pernicious than salutary.

Continued on Page 161

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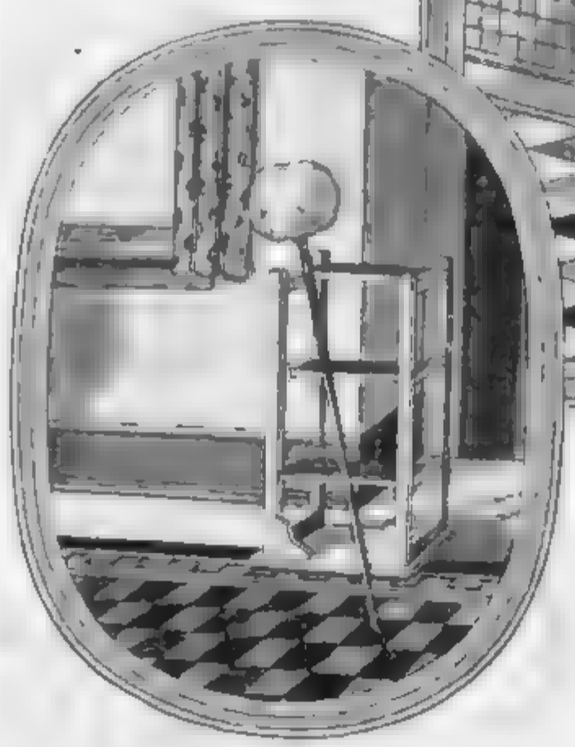

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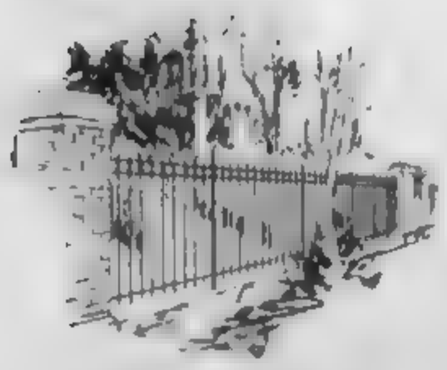

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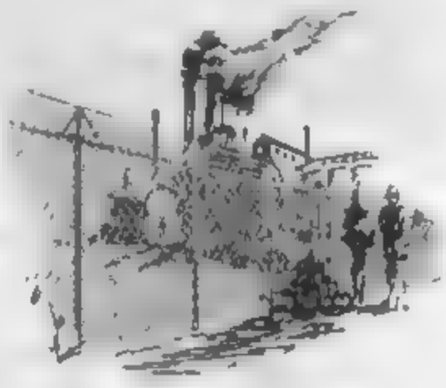

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CYCLONE PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

(Continued from Page 158)

"One ill effect of the exclusion would be a diminution of the inducements to good behavior. There are few men who would not feel much less zeal in the discharge of a duty, when they were conscious that the advantages of the station with which it was connected must be relinquished at a determinate period, than when they were permitted to entertain a hope of obtaining, by meriting a continuance of them. This position will not be disputed so long as it is admitted that the desire of reward is one of the strongest incentives of human conduct; or that the best security for the fidelity of mankind is to make their interest coincide with their duty. Even the love of fame, the ruling passion of the noblest minds, which would prompt a man to plan and undertake extensive and arduous enterprises for the public benefit, requiring considerable time to mature and perfect them, if he could flatter himself with the prospect of being allowed to finish what he had begun, would, on the contrary, deter him from the undertaking, when he foresaw that he must quit the scene before he could accomplish the work, and must commit that, together with his own reputation, to hands which might be unequal or unfriendly to the task. The most to be expected from the generality of men, in such a situation, is the negative merit of not doing harm, instead of the positive merit of doing good."

Hamilton felt that since "the desire of reward is one of the strongest incentives of human conduct," a president should have constantly before him the opportunity of winning the reward of continuous service. He added that "the nation might otherwise be deprived of the advantage of the experience gained by the chief magistrate in the exercise of his office." He continued:

"Can it be wise to put this desirable and essential quality under the ban of the Constitution, and to declare that the moment it is acquired its possessor shall be compelled to abandon the station in which it was acquired, and to which it is adapted? This, nevertheless, is the precise import of all those regulations which exclude men from serving their country, by the choice of their fellow citizens, after they have by a course of service fitted themselves for doing it with a greater degree of utility."

An Excess of Refinement

"A fourth ill effect of the exclusion would be the banishing of men from stations in which, in certain emergencies of the state, their presence might be of the greatest moment to the public interest or safety. There is no nation which has not, at one period or another, experienced an absolute necessity of the services of particular men in particular situations; perhaps it would not be too strong to say, to the preservation of its political existence. How unwise, therefore, must be every such self-denying ordinance as serves to prohibit a nation from making use of its own citizens in the manner best suited to its exigencies and circumstances! Without supposing the personal essentiality of the men, it is evidence that a change of the chief magistrate, at the breaking out of a war, or at any similar crisis, for another, even of equal merit, would at all times be detrimental to the community, inasmuch as it would substitute inexperience for experience and would tend to unhinge and set afloat the already settled train of the administration. . . .

"There is an excess of refinement in the idea of disabling the people to continue in office men who had entitled themselves, in their opinion, to approbation and confidence."

Compare the foregoing words with the speeches of two men of our time—Senator Borah, of Idaho, and the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts. Mr. Borah said in the Senate in August, 1912:

"If the simple but searching question were asked, are the people of the United States capable of terminating a man's public service at a time when such services for the public good should be terminated, it would likely be answered in the affirmative. To answer in the negative would be to challenge the capacity of the people to select their representatives at all. It requires no greater capacity upon the part of the voter to select or reject for a second term or a third term than for the first. In fact, the voter has a much better opportunity to pass judgment in an intelligent way, for the record is open before him. . . .

"The most powerful factor in public service to a right-minded man is the desire to so perform his work as to command the approval and judgment of his fellows. He wants that expression in a definite and concrete way, and for that he toils, and it does not make any difference how noble may be his purpose, this feeling is never absent. Why divorce the public servant from this influence? Why put him in a position where this stimulus is removed? Why deny him the opportunity to know whether his people approve or disapprove? . . .

"I repeat that I want the chief magistrate to feel and to know that there is a power which can intelligently commend and reward him if he does well, and a power which will inevitably condemn him if he does ill."

Mr. Borah went on to say that if the presidential term were limited to six years a President might well become an autocrat, because he knew he could not be reelected and there might be no restraint upon him.

Presidential Patronage

In another respect the Idaho senator expressed the same thought which was outlined by Washington and Hamilton. "It seems to me," said Mr. Borah, "that it is neither necessary nor expedient to establish a fundamental law that the people shall not be permitted to exercise their judgment as to who shall be their chief magistrate at a particular time or in a particular emergency. . . . If some great crisis is at hand, as when war is upon us, or if we are confronted with civic problems involving no less than the happiness of the whole people and the continuance of liberty, and the extended service of some individual who has earned the confidence and love of his countrymen seems desirable, can we not safely submit this question also to the voters, and having submitted it, who shall be found as a believer in our form of government to challenge that verdict? Shall the people under such circumstances and in such a crisis find that a ban has been placed upon their ability for fear that the people would be unable to distinguish between a usurper and a patriot?"

It was in the early part of 1913 that the United States Senate debated a proposal made by the Democrats that a single term of six years be embodied in a constitutional amendment. Senator Lodge, after listening to the arguments to the effect that a President seeking renomination is able to manipulate the party machinery by means of presidential appointments, answered:

"As to the point of patronage not being used to promote his own renomination or reëlection, if a President is debarred from using the power of his great office to secure his own renomination or his own reëlection, surely he will be desirous to have a successor who shall be in sympathy with his views, who will be willing to carry out the policies which he has been unable to complete; he will desire that his own party shall remain in power; for a President without a party and without party principles would not be a desirable President. Therefore, it does not seem to me that we really gain anything in that direction, and, although superficially the argument resting on the case of the presidential power appears to have much weight, it seems to me in its essence to have very little. . . .

"I think it is very dangerous to declare constitutionally that a man who has once been President of the United States shall never be President again. . . .

"I think we can safely let this matter remain where it is. I have no fear that we

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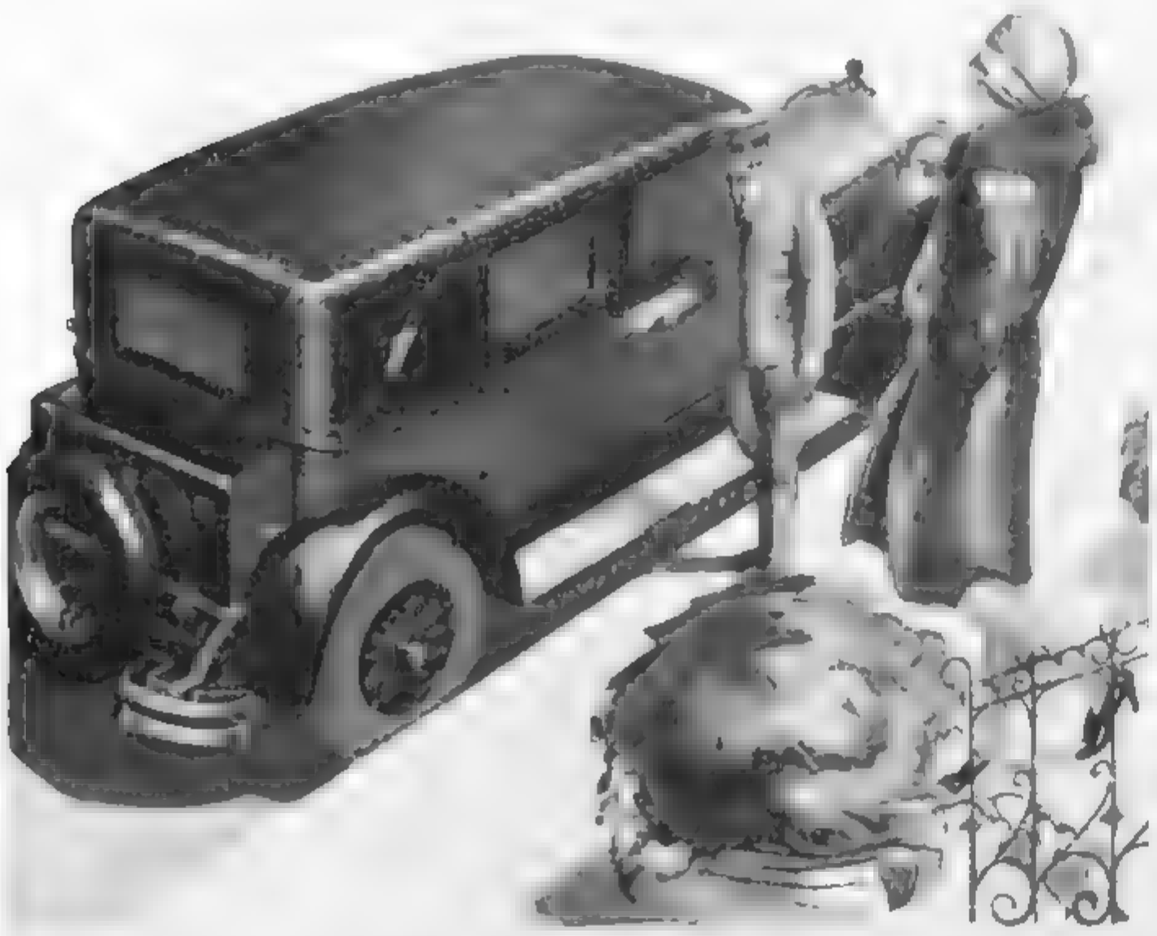

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shall have any perpetual President. I have too much confidence in the American people and in their good sense for that. I have no fear that they cannot be fully trusted with the power to say whether a man shall serve a second time or a third time if he seeks it, and I think we are running a very great risk in taking up this limitation as to eligibility for a second term."

At the very time of this debate Woodrow Wilson, President-elect, wrote a letter from Trenton to Representative A. Mitchell Palmer, outlining frankly his views on re-election. The letter was not made public until early in 1916, so it had no influence upon the debate at the time, but the views of Mr. Wilson were, nevertheless, very much along the lines of those of Senator Lodge. Mr. Wilson wrote:

"The argument is not that it is clearly known now just how long each President should remain in office. Four years is too long a term for a President who is not the true spokesman of the people, who is imposed upon and does not lead. It is too short a term for a President who is doing, or attempting a great work of reform, and who has not had time to finish it.

"To change the term to six years would be to increase the likelihood of its being too long, without any assurance that it would, in happy cases, be long enough. A fixed constitutional limitation to a single term of office is highly arbitrary and unsatisfactory from every point of view.

"The argument for it rests upon temporary conditions which can easily be removed by law. Presidents, it is said, are effective for one-half of their term only, because they devote their attention during the last two years of the term to building up the influences, and above all, the organization, by which they hope and purpose to secure a second nomination and election.

"It is their illicit power, not their legitimate influence with the country, that the advocates of a constitutional change profess to be afraid of, and I heartily sympathize with them. It is intolerable that any President should be permitted to determine who should succeed him—himself or another—by patronage or coercion, or by any sort of control of the machinery by which delegates to the nominating convention are chosen."

Wilson's Early Opinion

Mr. Wilson advocated changes in the election laws so as to deprive Presidents of any power to manipulate conventions. He did not favor any constitutional change in the term of office. He added:

"It must be clear to everybody who has studied our political development at all that the character of the presidency is passing through a transitional stage. We know what the office is now and what use must be made of it; but we do not know what it is going to work out into; and until we do know, we shall not know what constitutional change, if any is needed, it would be best to make."

If there were to be any limitation at all Mr. Wilson favored two terms, but "as things stand now, the people might more likely be cheated than served by further limitation of the President's eligibility.

"No one," he said, "will fear a President except those whom he can make fear the elections. We singularly belie our own principles by seeking to determine by fixed constitutional provision what the people shall determine for themselves and are perfectly competent to determine for themselves. We cast a doubt upon the whole theory of popular government.

"I believe that we should fatally embarrass ourselves if we made the constitutional change proposed. If we want our Presidents to fight our battles for us, we should give them the means, the legitimate means, the means their opponents will always have. Strip them of everything else but the right to appeal to the people, but leave them that; suffer them to be leaders; absolutely prevent them from being bosses."

If it be suggested that this view was expressed by Mr. Wilson at a time when he had already been elected for one term and he might have been thinking of the effect on his own future, we may turn back to 1885, when the same Woodrow Wilson wrote, in his book Congressional Government, the following paragraph:

"Efficiency is the only just foundation for confidence in a public officer, under republican institutions no less than under monarchies; and short terms which cut off the efficient as surely and inexorably as the inefficient are quite as repugnant to republican as to monarchical rules of wisdom. Unhappily, however, this is not American doctrine. A President is dismissed almost as soon as he has learned the duties of his office."

Roosevelt's Great Mistake

Probably the greatest mistake in politics which Theodore Roosevelt made was his announcement on the night he was elected in 1904 that he would not be a candidate for another term. He was at the height of his popularity. He was in a position to dictate, in 1908, his successor, William Howard Taft. Were it not for his own self-denial, he might have broken the third-term precedent. Here is what he said on that memorable election night:

"I am deeply sensible of the honor done me by the American people in thus expressing their confidence in what I have done and have tried to do. I appreciate to the full the solemn responsibility this confidence imposes upon me, and I shall do all that in my power lies not to forfeit it. On the fourth of March next I shall have served three and one-half years, and this three and one-half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination."

Eight years later Mr. Roosevelt sought the Republican nomination at Chicago and led a third party in an effort to win the presidency. He said that it was ridiculous to construe his statement of 1904 as meaning anything but a declination to be a candidate for a consecutive third term in 1908 and that nothing in his earlier statement had precluded him from seeking a nomination after the four-year interval.

It will be incidentally noted that Mr. Roosevelt speaks of the "substance and not the form" and that he himself construed three and a half years as meaning virtually four.

In the case of Calvin Coolidge the question which the Republican Party will be asked to decide, and possibly the American people, if he is nominated again, is whether nineteen months constitutes a first term. Running through all the quotations on the subject in American history there is a definite tendency on the part of those Presidents who have opposed the limitation by constitutional amendment to believe that efficiency should be the sole standard of judgment. The uniform objection raised seems to have been against the idea of a man being elected more than twice or for a tenure of twelve years, and this, of course, is not what the friends of Mr. Coolidge have in mind. They consider that the first nineteen months constituted an unexpired term in which there was a pledge to fulfill the policies of the late President Harding; and that when Mr. Coolidge went before the American people in 1924 he won his first election and the right to seek a second election in 1928.

Assuming, therefore, that the precedent which has been established in American history is against a man seeking an election more than twice, Mr. Coolidge would not be breaking that particular precedent, though he would, of course, actually hold office longer than any other Chief Executive, for he might conceivably have a consecutive term of nine years and seven months.

(Continued on Page 165

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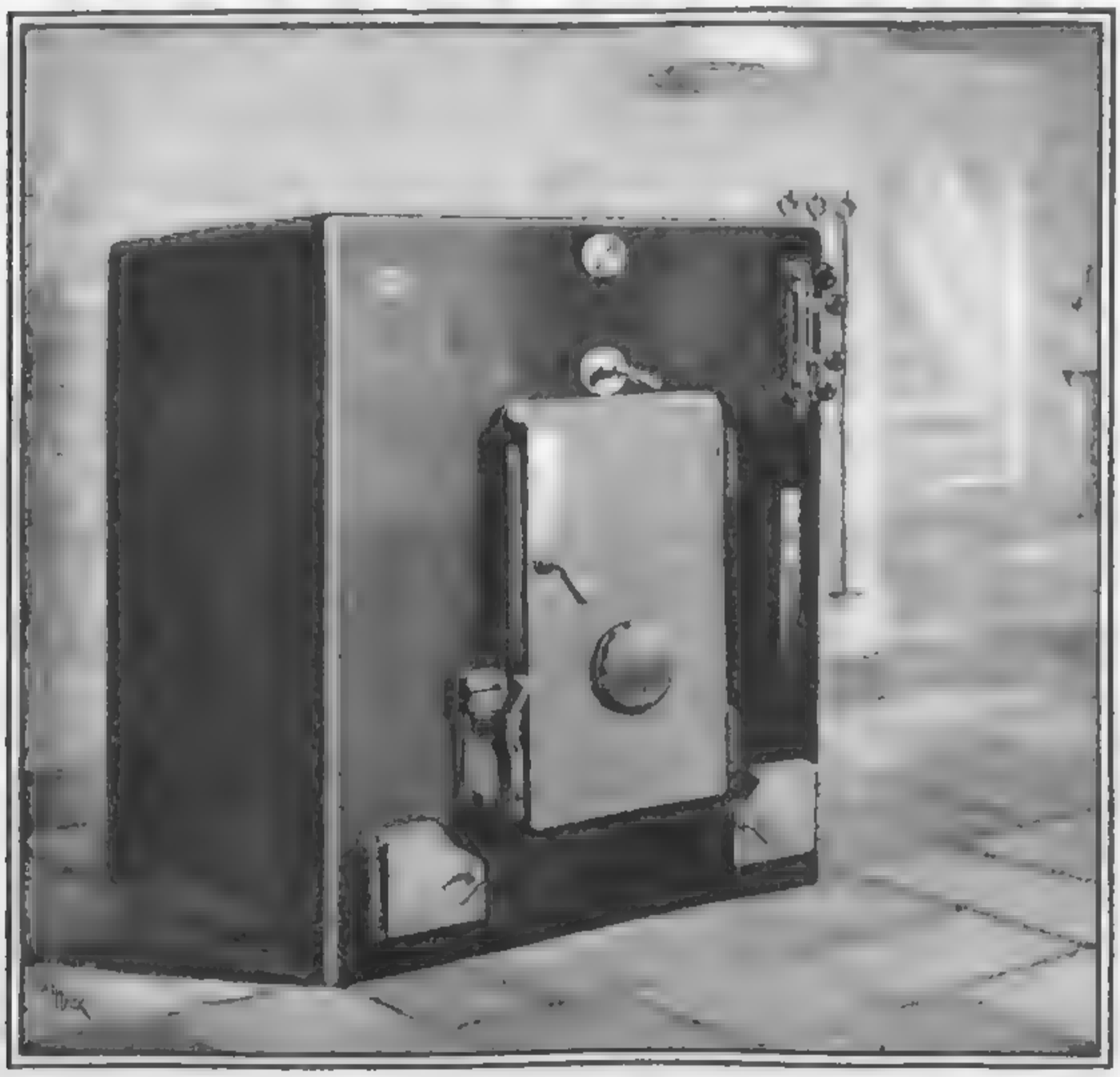

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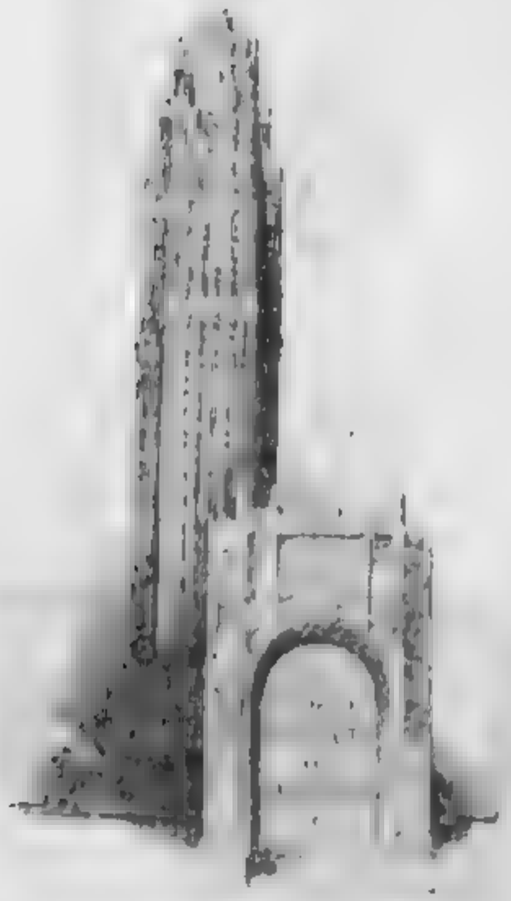

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(Continued from Page 162)

The question again turns on efficiency. Shall Mr. Coolidge be permitted to serve at least eight years? Those who are arguing against a third term would really curtail his tenure at five and a half years, thus prohibiting him from enjoying a privilege which has been opened to other Presidents—namely, to seek election twice. So, the so-called third-term problem comes down to this: The opponents of Mr. Coolidge will use it as an excuse to prevent his renomination in the Republican Convention next year. If Mr. Coolidge at the time of the convention has lost his hold on the American people, the excuse will grow into a reason and he will not be renominated. If, on the other hand, the Coolidge strength continues undiminished the third-term argument will vanish before the delegates who are convinced that the opportunity of the Republican Party to win is wrapped up in the achievements of Calvin Coolidge.

Of course, there is one way by which Mr. Coolidge might confound his critics and at the same time stick to the letter of the eight-year idea. Having taken the oath of office on August 3, 1923, he might announce that if elected next year he would resign on August 3, 1931. This would turn the scramble away from him, and give all the candidates a chance to fight it out for the vice presidency, knowing, indeed, that whoever was selected would have the chance to be President for nineteen months.

Supposing, for example, Mr. Coolidge has as his running mate for Vice President in 1928 a man like Herbert Hoover. It is well known that had Mr. Coolidge lifted a finger at the last national convention in Cleveland he might have brought about Mr Hoover's nomination for the vice presidency If the public knew in advance that Mr. Coolidge would serve not more than eight years they would be much interested in just who is elected Vice President. In fact, while it is not at all probable that such a thing would happen, the Constitution does permit that a President may be elected from one political party and the Vice President from another In early American history this actually happened. If such a statement were made by Mr. Coolidge—namely, that he would not remain in office more than eight years he might remove a barrier to his nomination. At the same time, he would not be bound to resign, though a moral pledge to do so would doubtless be fulfilled by a man of his character. This plan has recently been discussed in Washington, more, however, as a means of preventing the third-term issue from gaining too much headway so early in the game than as a probable course of action.

A Limitation on Congress?

The power of a President in influencing Congress depends to no small extent on whether the legislative branch expects the same Chief Executive to remain in office. Uncertainty is a weapon in the hands of the Executive: whereas, in the closing days of a second term the knowledge that a President will soon be out of office has often turned attention from him toward his successor.

During the last session of Congress an effort was made to pass a resolution which would have declared it to be the sense of both Houses that a third term for Mr. Coolidge was not in line with precedent. Congress has a great deal to do with the selection of delegates, because senators and representatives usually are leaders in local politics. But the truth is, Congress is not really much agitated about the subject at all. The friends of the candidates who seek to depose Mr. Coolidge are the ones who engineer resolutions at this time. It is significant that while the argument against a third term is that Presidents will use their power to continue themselves in office, no resolutions have been presented in recent years to limit the term of members of the Senate and the House to two terms.

It will be conceded by members of Congress of all political parties that reelection is one of the best ways to develop efficiency in that legislative body. Again and again on the stump senators and representatives appeal to their constituents to send them back to Congress because they have the experience and the knowledge which new men would not have. Some men have served consecutive terms for thirty to fifty years, and no movement has been begun, either to investigate the method by which such reelections have been achieved or by law to provide against constant electioneering on the part of those already in office.

The presidency has grown to be the most powerful office in the world, and notwithstanding the fact that America has no system of recall, such as is to be found in parliamentary governments, the Chief Executive finds himself responsive to the public will. The powers under the Constitution are so distributed that the Congress can check an arbitrary-minded President. If this is not effective the exhortations of the party leaders, who look beyond a single presidential term, are usually impressive. Any man who has been elevated to the presidency by a political party cannot but have in him a sense of gratitude to those who have campaigned for him and made possible his nomination and election. He owes it to them, even though he knows he is serving his last term, to make such a record as to make it possible for the same political party to win in the subsequent election. There again has a check been provided against autocratic rulers.

A Sense of Appreciation

The American people are competent judges of how long they shall keep their public servants in office. Some Presidents have been elected by a good majority, only to be defeated subsequently by a majority even larger. There is a quick sense of appreciation of a good President, just as there is an unfortunate tendency to lose confidence if a popular Chief Executive should blunder in a matter of major importance. It might be contended that no President who really seeks a renomination can be prevented from winning it just because he has appointed enough officeholders who control delegates to the national convention. But though these same delegates may all be friendly to a President when originally selected, they are likely, in an assembled convention, to be open to persuasion if the incumbent shall have made a record which plainly indicates doubt as to his political capacity to win the final election.

If, therefore, the Republican Party is wrong in thinking that Calvin Coolidge deserves another nomination, the American people have an opportunity to correct that error in the election. It all depends on what the people want of Washington in this era of economic reconstruction. Mr. Coolidge is the exponent of particular policies. Should the preponderance of opinion in the Republican Party favor a continuance of those policies, he is the only exponent of those policies until someone shall appear who more efficiently exemplifies Republican doctrine. There are divisions in the Republican Party just now—those who would nominate a man who conforms to the economic policy typified by the McNary-Haugen Bill. There are those who believe the Republican candidate should be chosen from among the Eastern wets. All these elements have a natural right to be heard in the Republican Convention and to collect their delegates to press their viewpoints in the form of definite movements for a particular candidate or candidates. So the ultimate query which the convention will have to decide, after all, is whether Calvin Coolidge represents what the majority of Republicans want or whether somebody else in the Republican Party represents those desires better than does Mr. Coolidge. Once this point is decided, the question of permitting Mr. Coolidge to seek a second election, or of ruling that he has already had two terms, will be of secondary importance.

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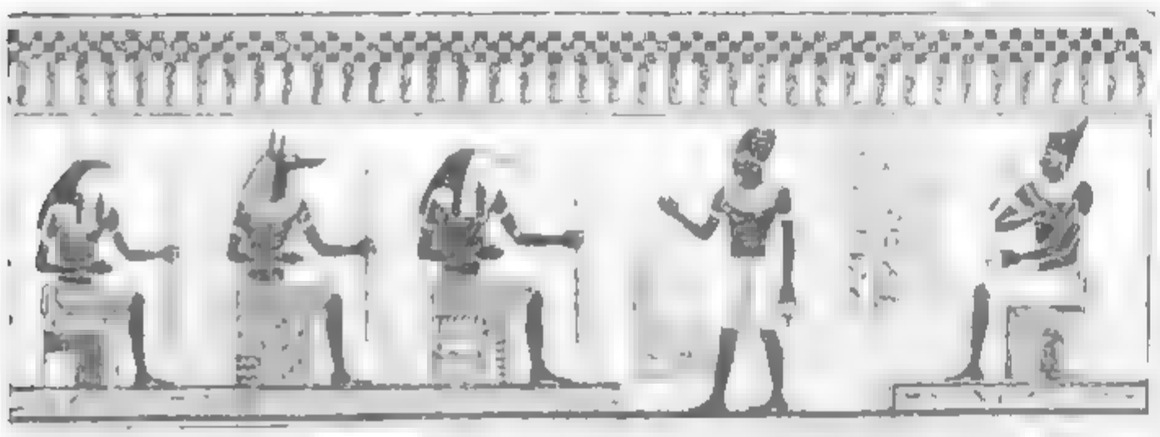

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SOCIETY TIGHTWADS

(Continued from Page 9)

Here is another interesting phase of stinginess. I have seen this happen so many, many times to women who have married multimillionaires. At first, after marrying a great fortune, they are as freehanded as sailors. But then, say, the husband dies or a divorce is threatening, so that hanging onto the money becomes the wife's own responsibility. Then such women become frantically, insanely tight.

For example: A blooming young woman, very poor, married an old man worth millions.

As long as her husband lived this woman's attitude was: "Dash the expense!" But as soon as he died it was interesting to see the change. Although the machinery of the household would remain just as elaborate and opulent as ever, almost every day she would call up the chef and say nervously:

"Now, I don't think we'll have that sirloin steak I told you to have. But get some chuck steak or pot roast." No longer fresh vegetables or out-of-season fruits. Unless she was giving a party for some special purpose—for the purpose, say, of getting into society—which possessed her like a demon, poor woman—unless she was giving a party, her food, elaborately served, was just as lowbrow as food can be.

I have never known a stingy person who was nice, who was one of those people the thought of whom makes your heart expand with warmth and affection. Again I must say that I am not inveighing against those people who are sensibly economical and thrifty. When a man or woman says, "No, I can't afford that. It's only a dollar, but a dollar is important to me," that is all right. The quality of being unashamed transfigures almost anything into something all right, even charming.

But a stingy person tries to pretend that the expense is nothing; that isn't what interests him. Oh, no! Yet his worry over the slipping away of nickels is so intense in him that it makes your flesh creep. When there is a restaurant check to be paid, when you invite a tightwad to have a soda with you, click, click, you intuitively feel the cerebrations going on in his anxious brain as to which of you will have to give up the mazuma for the indulgence.

"I don't want to embarrass them by taking them to the Ritz," the very rich girl rationalizes her economy, "so I will just take them down to that interesting little place under the Elevated, with the sawdust on the floor."

"I don't want people to get to care for me only for my money," says the very rich snob, who as often as not is the richest debutante of the season. So she always makes it a point to go Dutch.

When Economy Is Poor Policy

But I wonder if such people realize what bad economy their stinginess is. For example, there is a young woman, unmarried, appallingly rich in her own name. She was visiting some young married people, old friends, whom she found very attractive—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Jones. Tom Jones is a bond salesman on a small salary. He supports his wife and a baby and they live in New York in a rather dark, hand-painted apartment. They are poor, but so gay, handsome, generous, full of fun that anyone would like to visit them, and they have scores of friends.

Well, this rich maiden at last decided, after a month's visit, that she was terribly indebted to them.

"I want to give you a party," she protested. "Yes, I do. I'm going to! I really am!"

So this is what she did: She invited two other people, to whom she was also indebted. First, dinner at the Plaza. But there wasn't enough to eat. That is, it was apparent that everything had been ordered with the idea of cutting down the overhead. There weren't enough vegetables to be passed twice. There were only two very homy courses—soup, and then meat and potatoes. After that the rich maiden said:

"Now I didn't order any dessert. Does anybody want dessert?" Nobody did. Everybody had that queasy feeling, that breath-holding embarrassment that you experience only in the presence of a tightwad.

Then to the theater. A box had been bought. But in order to save ten dollars—or less—the rich maiden had bought only the seats that were necessary for her party. One seat in the box was left over. So, as it happened, a fat lady—a stranger—occupied this—a rather cholerie fat lady. And because the others all had better seats than she did, it made her mad, and she kept pressing her large-corseted person against those to whom this big treat was being given, and making irascible mutterings.

"This was such bad economy, I think," Tom Jones said to me. He couldn't help mulling it over; the thing interested him so much. Because, heaven knows, he has to economize. "Much better not to have given the party at all. For then she would still have her thirty dollars in the bank. On the other hand, if she had only spent fifteen dollars more, then we all would have felt rewarded and grateful. But by saving that ten or fifteen smackers, now we've all got it in for her!"

The Psychological Side

These society tightwads probably do not know the uncomplimentary interpretation that psychologists make of their penuriousness. Stinginess is probably due to some serious inferiority. The strong, the smart, the attractive people, those who are brave and who have an abundant flow of good will, are always generous, due perhaps to an unconscious knowledge that if their money goes, either they are charming or smart enough to make some more, or they are brave enough to endure privation. The valiant are never stingy. Among several of the Indian tribes where courage is the greatest of virtues, the word for "courage" and "generosity" is the same.

Then, according to Dr. Alfred Adler, who, like Freud and Jung, is an eminent psychoanalyst, miserliness is a manifestation of what he calls the "masculine protest." That is, we all have a craving to be successful, powerful in some way. So those who are unpowerful in their charm, their intelligence, their goodness of heart, their sex, often compensate for it by a passion for hanging onto their money. Money makes them feel powerful. "I've got a million dollars in the bank," says the disagreeable and unlovely man whom nobody likes, and it makes him feel a lot better.

This helps explain why so many of the wives of rich self-made men are tightwads. Their husbands are aware of too much ability and power within themselves to be concerned about saving money. "There's more where that came from." But the wives of brilliantly capable men realize in their unconscious that if it were not for their husbands' millions they are not smart enough to make forty dollars a week. And in the same way, the less able and intelligent sons and daughters of brilliant financiers become tightwads out of a living horror that the fortune will slip through their hands—through hands that are capable only of clutching and not of creating.

Certainly, great self-made men are apt to be generous. In this connection I always think of the time that a footman in the Fifth Avenue house of Henry C. Frick was dusting and he knocked a small vase from a table. It was smashed into a thousand pieces. It was extremely valuable. Mr. Frick not only did not discharge the footman but he didn't scold him. He just looked perplexed and sad and told the poor young man that he must be more careful.

(Continued on Page 168

Boston's new Hotel Statler stands on Arlington St. at Park Square 200 yards from Boston Common and overlooking the Public Garden. This is the very heart of the new uptown, convenient to theatres and shops

You would expect rates to be high, in a house of such comfort and beauty But more than 60% of its 1300 rooms are priced at $3.50 to $5, for one person. For two, rates are from $5.50; twin-bed rooms from $6.50

1300 Rooms HOTEL STATLER, BOSTON *1300 Baths*

Introducing many service and equipment features new to New England

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Here's something new for you: Radio reception in every room of the new Boston Statler, with your choice of two programs which are tuned in for you by the hotel's main receiving room. And quite as unusual as the installation itself is the fact that you are *not* charged for this special comfort-feature.

That is typical of the Statler way in hotel-keeping. Into these rooms are built more than just the essential comforts, yet do not cost you more than in other hotels of the first class. Note the rates, above.

And *every* room has also its own private bath, circulating ice-water, bed-head reading lamp, full-length mirror and the conveniences typical of all the other Statler hotels. An excellent Library is provided, with no charge for use of the books. A morning paper is delivered free to every guest-room.

The new house gives you a chance for choice, too, in the kind of restaurant-service you want at the moment—from the formal Main Dining Room to speedy and economical Lunch-Room service. Its banquet and convention halls provide every feature for satisfactory handling of gatherings large or small—even for provision for removal of large windows, that an automobile may be swung into the Ball Room.

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"Statler Service" is a very special sort of hotel service, beginning with the fact that every employee is instructed to "treat the guest as you'd want him to treat you if your positions were reversed." And every employee's basic working principle is to "fully satisfy the guest whom you are serving—or, if you can't do so, turn the matter over to your superior at once." Out of those simple and practical service-methods grow the extra courtesy, interest and helpfulness of "Statler Service."

E M Statler

The Statler Office Building, adjoining the hotel, offers ideal headquarters for the New England territory. Rental Managers: W H. Ballard Company, Boston.

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EVERY room in these hotels, whatever its price, has private bath, circulating ice-water, bed-head reading lamp, and other unusual conveniences. A morning paper is delivered free to every guest-room Club breakfasts—of à la carte excellence Each hotel has a cafeteria or lunch-counter, or both, besides its regular dining rooms. All articles at news-stands are sold at street-store prices

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SAFETY WINDSHIELD WIPER BLADE

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(Continued from Page 166)

On the other hand, some of our largest fortunes have been accumulated by men who undoubtedly were possessed by this neurotic greed for money. Perhaps that is why so many of our American aristocrats are tight—namely, because they are the descendants of such. In the Middle Ages an aristocrat was a person who happened to be descended from forbears who were excessively brave, who were great fighters and conquerors. Today an aristocrat, generally speaking, is one who is descended from men who had an abnormal interest in money. No wonder many of them as charmers are not so much.

I recall an eminent family that illustrates this point. The man, the head of the family, had a distinguished name. He was descended from a long line of New York millionaires. The wife was a member of a family that was equally distinguished. But her family were not rich at all. Her father and grandfathers were all brilliant. This woman inherited the intelligence and force and imagination of her family. She was not a tightwad. Well, between these two, man and wife, every night of their lives there was a small irritating set-to—the result of their conflicting natures. Whenever they went in to dinner—and no matter if there were Vanderbilts, Astors, Belmonts and Harrimans present—this silent and massive multimillionaire would hang behind in the drawing-room and switch off the lights

All Kinds of Millionaires

"He's putting out the lights!" his wife would exclaim to me. . . . "Don't fail to turn them all out," she would call back at him derisively, "for you'll save at least three cents!"

He continued to hang behind and turn out electric lights all his life.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish also illustrates my point. Before her marriage she was Marian Anthon, a member of an excellent New York family who were not rich at all, but whose members were distinguished professional men and scholars. Mrs. Fish, who had more courage and dash than any woman I have ever known, and who had such an extraordinary, debonair, derisive fearlessness—since she had these things she was as generous as anyone in the world. Moreover, she was generous where it did not show. This is a test. A tightwad is generous only where it shows. A tightwad will travel miles to be in on the thanks. Thanks he must have every now and then in order to convince himself that his impotency, or timidity, or cold-heartedness, is not true.

Another thing that distinguished Mrs. Fish was that she paid her bills. And she paid them every single month. She was just as considerate of her creditors as if she were a housewife of moderate means. For the rich—that is, the haughty society rich—are so commonly slow pay.

Just to give one example. When I was at Mrs. Fish's a caterer who did a lot of business with us told me how a grand family had owed him $6000 for six years. He couldn't get it. He thought he would have to sue them. I advised him to. So finally he did hire a lawyer. Then the grand family paid him. He called me up to tell me the extraordinary news.

I suppose one explanation is that if you are born into fabulous wealth, ministered to from infancy by a dozen timidly obsequious servants, your consideration for others is atrophied before you are a year old. Such a person never learns how it feels to be snapped at by an employer; how it feels to be an ordinary citizen, always worried and hard pressed for time and money.

I have often heard great doctors, whose time and work are important to hundreds of hospital and dispensary patients, tell how the society matron "flew into a tantrum because I couldn't arrange to come in the half hour between her masseuse and her hairdresser. Well, it won't do her any harm. She's in perfect health, anyway."

It makes you think of poor Frederick the Great, who never took a bath for forty years. Yet no one dared try to make him ashamed of himself; poor Frederick the Great who ate so many eel pies that it killed him. Yet he was so inured to criticism that whenever a doctor advised him against eel pies Frederick would fire him for being absolutely no good.

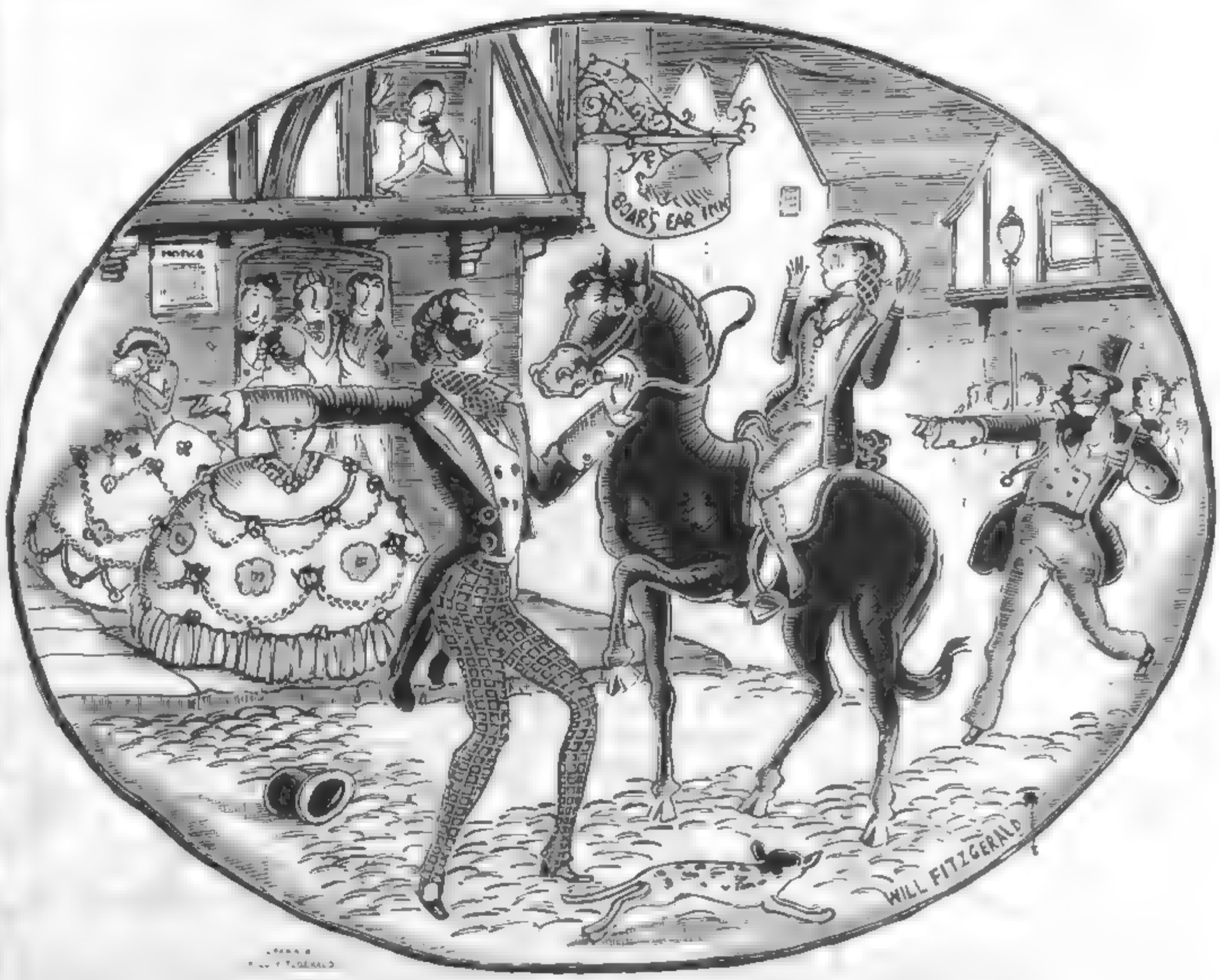
Now in this article I am inveighing only against those snobbish, useless and disagreeable rich whose most important activity is to balance themselves uneasily at the top of the social ladder. Of course many of our richest families have just as much humanity, good manners, consideration, kindness, generosity as anybody. Then there are many who, though multimillionaires, use their money and brains for the good of the country and the development of industry, while in their personal and family lives, they are like the nicest American families—sensible, economical, honorable and just. Such are the Rockefellers and Morgans and many, many others.

What is a Dime?

But it occurs to me that even between such and the rest of us there is a perplexing mental chasm. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., for the past several years, has been in the habit of giving dimes away on his birthday. Now, everybody, except a few sour radicals, feels that Rockefeller is a great, great man—a man of a century. And all written accounts of him convince us that he is a man of wonderful philosophical modesty and nobility and good will and kindness.

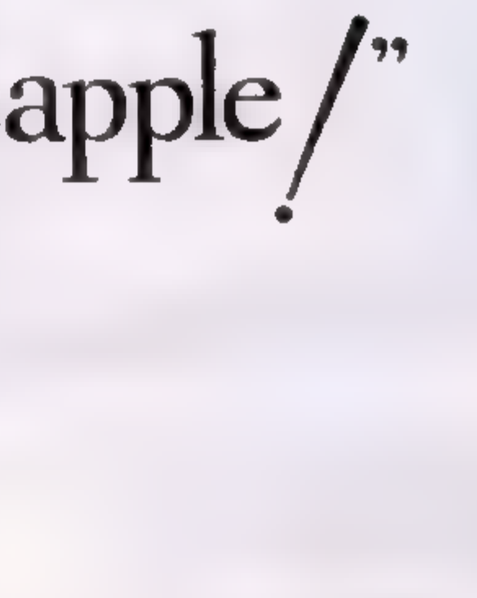
Yet to us nonmillionaires this giving away of dimes is very puzzling. It must be that Mr. Rockefeller does not know that ordinary people without millions have contempt for dimes. Perhaps he thinks there is a lesson in it and that we should learn to respect dimes.

But we never will. To the great mass of nonmillionaires, to think a dime is anything is a manifestation of self-preservation—the most unattractive of instincts. And therein I know that the American poor and people of moderate means are really so superior in charm and dash to our greatest swells. For certainly it is much more aristocratic to let the small change slide and to starve to death in a gallant manner, if need be.



If They Had Tried It in the Old Days: Riding Astride Clad in Breeches!

"You can thank "Jim" Dole for canned Hawaiian Pineapple!"



HERE is a romantic story. It tells of a young New Englander who went to Honolulu back in 1899—with little money and no very definite plans — tasted ripe Hawaiian Pineapple for the first time, and—but read it for yourself. In its pages you will learn how James D. Dole created the Hawaiian Pineapple industry and in doing so built the company that supplies one of every three cans of Hawaiian Pineapple served on the American table.

It is a fascinating booklet containing thirty new recipes by three famous food authorities. There is a copy for you if you will just drop a note or card to Hawaiian Pineapple Company, *Dept. B*, 215 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

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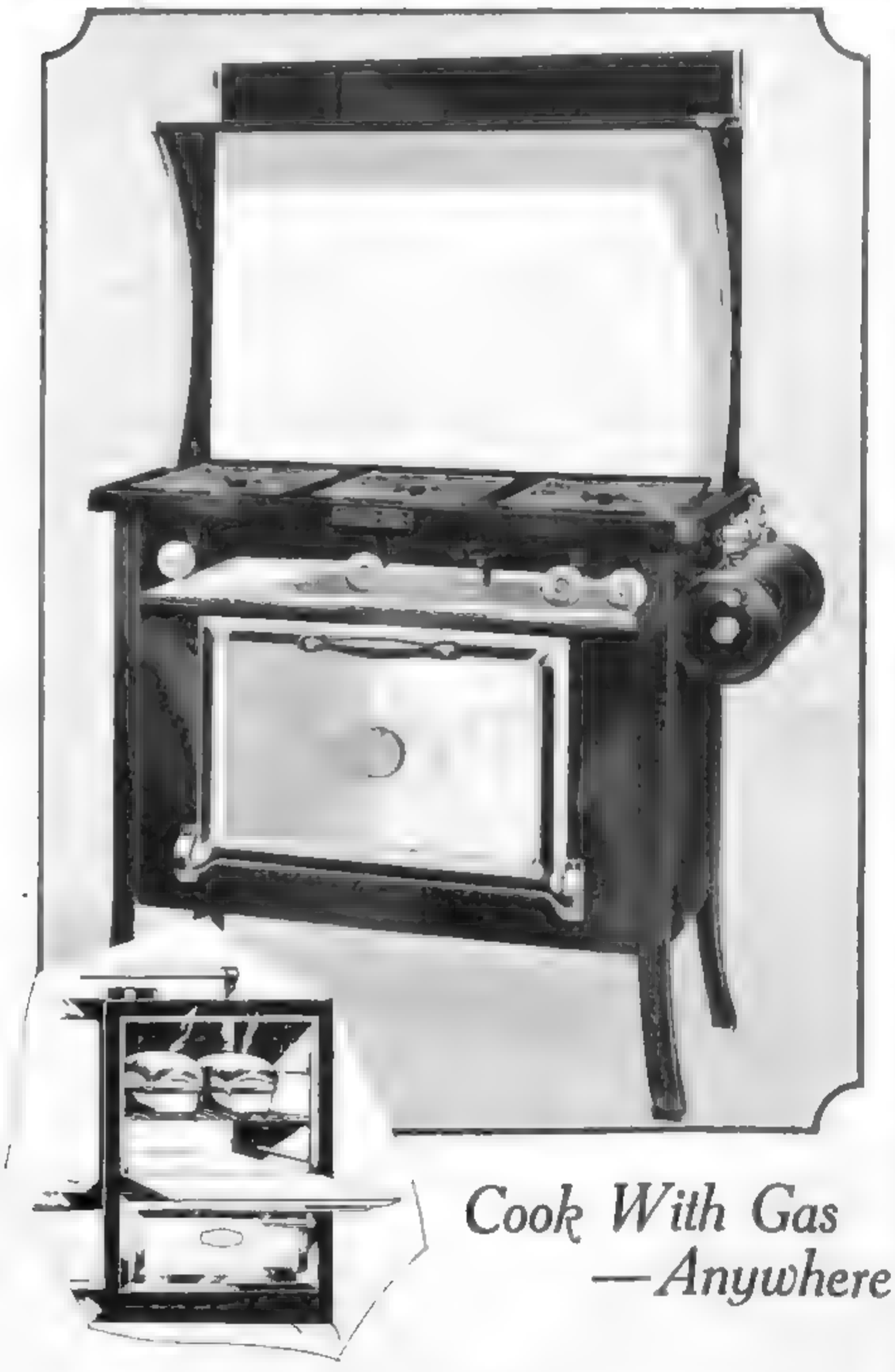

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Kitchenkooks are made in 16 popular models—from the beautiful white porcelain range, with built-in oven and broiler, to the two-burner plate. No. 855, shown above, is a medium priced three-burner stove with built-in oven.

Write for name of nearest dealer, and folder describing this stove and 15 other popular models.

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Send me full particulars about Albert Lea Kitchenkooks, and name of nearest dealer

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THE REVOLT OF PETER PURDY

(Continued from Page 38

leader, "no man holds our party's glorious past in greater reverence than do I, and that past is secure. No man is greater in his loyalty to the principles on which that party was founded, and which still endure. No man can challenge my record as a partisan, and no man can point to a moment in my public life when I have not stood, unswervingly and unfalteringly, in times of triumph and in times of defeat, in good report and in ill, in defense and in support to the limit of my abilities and strength, by the hallowed standard to which I now again dedicate my faith, my hope, my fealty and my devoted service.

"That is where I stand; but, standing there as I do, I do not fail to recognize, as do many of my colleagues, that all of us are recreant to our obligations as patriots first and partisans second, if we do not take heed of the changed conditions that confront our beloved country and realize that what is politically stagnant, what is politically stationary, is dead, or dying. Is it not true that our present programs comport closely to the conservatism that links us to the past rather than march in step with the drum tap of progress that predicates the future? Our task is not to maintain traditions, but to meet these new conditions in our considerations of economics, of transportation and distribution, of business, of foreign affairs, of the relations between employer and employed, of the imposts we lay upon the people and the benefits of true democratic government we give them in return.

"The test of a triumphant democracy is the measure of true equality its citizens secure under the government they erect and maintain.

"What I demand is that true progress shall be based on an adequate consideration and recognition of present conditions, that shall be in consonance with the needs of the people, shall relieve them of their oppressions, maintain them in their prosperities, make for the betterment of their lives and the lives of their children, and at the same time be actuated by and based upon a real conception of present-day problems; not founded upon the illusions of theory on the one hand, nor submerged in hidebound precedent and conservatism on the other.

"I am for progress that is rational, reform that is justifiable, advance that is consistent, regardless of party expediencies or programs. Partisan that I am, I hold high above the obligations of party the sacred duty of preserving for them forever the equalities and protections and rights granted by the Constitution to the people—the common people, of whom, thank God, it is my most exalted privilege and my proudest boast, I am one."

The senator delivered his peroration with considerable declamatory effect. He stood for a moment, after his closing sentence, and then with a gesture toward Paxton that seemed to mean "That's for you; what do you think of it?" he sat down heavily in his chair.

Instantly the galleries buzzed with comment and conjecture. Neighbors interpreted to neighbors. Senators whispered among themselves. The spectators began to leave. The press gallery emptied miraculously.

The correspondents discussed the speech, the morning-paper men with leisure and lengthy consideration, but the afternoon-paper men in jerky sentences as they framed bulletins for the wires. The consensus of opinion was that, though Purdy did not say so, he undoubtedly gave warning that he was opposed to such special-interest measures as the Railroad Bill and would vote against it.

The impression on the floor also was that Purdy, though not saying so, would vote against the bill, which, specifically, did not come under his definition of a party policy that would relieve the people of their oppressions. The organization senators emphasized this impression by their attitudes after Purdy had finished. None came to congratulate him save Meech, but there was a rush of insurgents and of the opposition. They counted Purdy as definitely within their ranks.

"Magnificent!" exclaimed Drechester, pumping Purdy's limp hand up and down. "Splendid! A clarion call to progress! I congratulate you!"

"A great speech," said Gilian, with his best simulation of deep feeling. "It throws down the gage of progress before the forces of privilege. My congratulations."

Thus it went for a few minutes, entirely extraneous to the business of the Senate, for that body as soon as Purdy had concluded, had continued, unimpressed, in its routine and without delay. Purdy received the congratulations indifferently. Two thoughts were in his mind. He was wondering how Paxton would take the speech and he was wishing he had something to eat.

XV

ENOS BREWER waited in the Senate lobby until Senator Purdy came out, and walked over to the Senate Office Building with him.

"Well, Enos," Purdy asked him, "how was it?"

"Great!" Brewer told him. "It got over big. It has everybody guessing. It scared the old gang, and it pleased Drechester and his outfit without committing you to anything much, except in a general way."

"What will the newspapers say?"

"Oh, they'll play it up as a sure sign of defeat for Paxton, and that will be water on our wheel."

"I didn't go too far, did I?"

"Not a bit. You can vote for the bill, or vote against it, and still be inside the party."

Discussing the speech in all its angles, they continued their talk in the senator's private office for a time, and then Purdy said, "Enos, please get me a cab. I am going home. I'm tired. I'm hungry. I haven't had a bite of decent food in a month. This diet may be going to cure me, but it's darned likely to kill me in the process."

"Pshaw, senator, it's doing you good," encouraged Brewer. "You've lost some flesh and you're looking much better."

"I wish I could think so. Seems to me I'd give everything I've got for a beefsteak."

"You'll get back to beefsteak pretty soon. You're doing fine now."

"Enos," asked Purdy, with earnestness that would have been comic if it had not been obesely pathetic, "were you ever hungry?"

"Sure."

"I mean actually hungry, not just wanting a meal. Did you ever hanker after food so that the thought of it gave you acute distress? Did your whole body ever demand the sustenance it had been used to for fifty years, and have you insulted that demand with spinach and sawdust? Have you dreamed of the glory of roast beef and awakened to the misery of boiled cod?"

"Well, I suppose ——"

"You haven't. Don't talk to me of being hungry then. You are a mere amateur in the subject. . . . Did you order my cab?"

"It's outside."

"Thanks. I'm going home to nurse my woes and to try to deceive my appetite that is shouting for real food with some miserable substitutes. I never knew before that honest food could be counterfeited so easily and so expertly. This stuff I am getting looks like food, has every outward appearance of food; but take it from me, it is the rankest of imitations. Good night."

"Do you want to see the proofs of the speech before it goes in the Congressional Record?"

(Continued on Page 173

CHOOSE A CANADIAN NATIONAL VACATION THIS YEAR

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Guarded by Nature's Grim Grenadiers

The Snow Capped Peaks of the Canadian Rockies

PLAN to visit the Canadian Rockies this summer. See the towering snow-capped peaks, ghost-like glaciers, yawning canyons, rushing rivers and primeval forests of this mountain wonderland. And the finest of all this rugged splendor is found in that 4400 square miles which is Jasper National Park.

Visit this vacation paradise, making your headquarters at Jasper Park Lodge. Here—climb with Swiss guides, hike, ride, golf, swim or rest; and in the evenings join in the social life of the Lodge. Rates $7.50 a day up, American Plan. Accommodation for 425 guests. Open from May 21st to September 30th.

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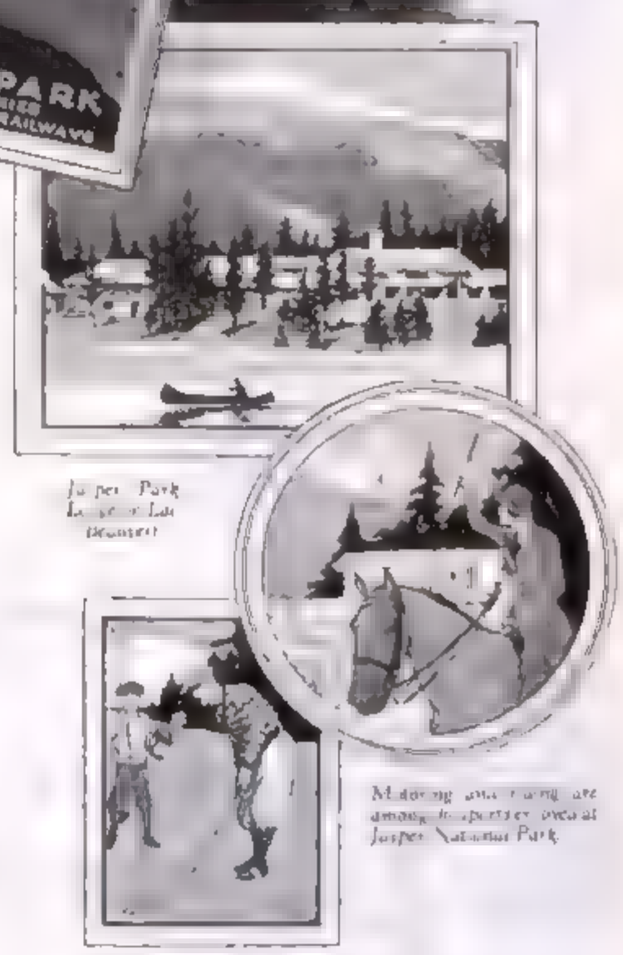
22,548 miles of track, fleets of coastal and ocean steamers, hotels, telegraphs, express—all operated by one huge organization—Canadian National Railways, the largest railway system in America.



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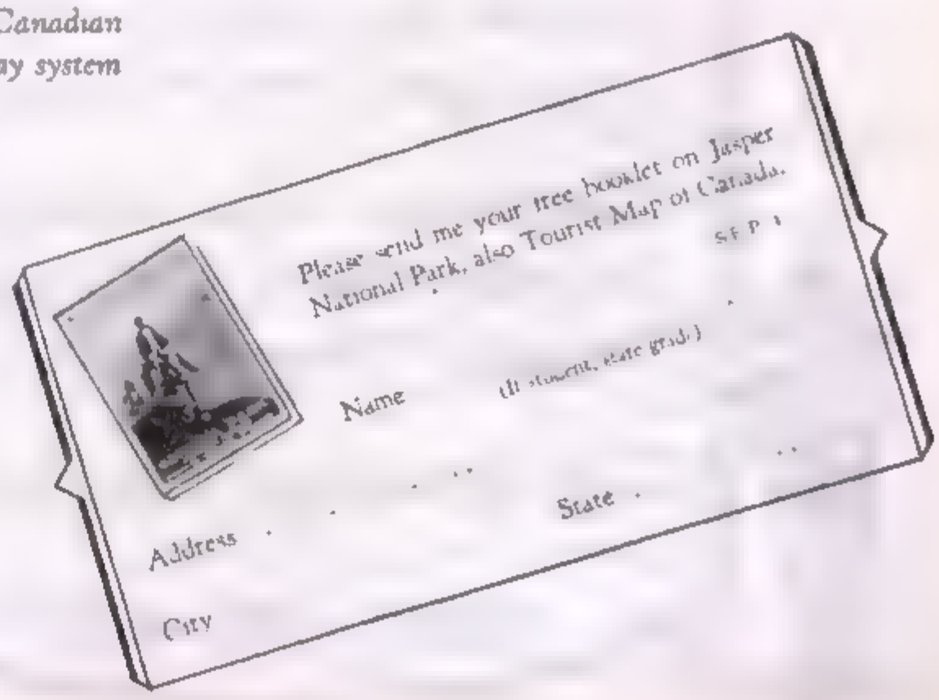

Little Bo Spear has lost her deer—
Where do you think she'll find them?
There they wander, in the Mint field yonder
Wagging their tails behind them!

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Get Wrigley's Double Mint. Easy to remember: hard to forget once you've tried it.

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The *satisfying* confection.

H 19

"After every meal"

(Continued from Page 170

"No; you attend to that. Anything you do to it will be all right. I don't want to see anything but a platter of mutton chops, and I'm forbidden to see that. I am a sad and disconsolate wanderer in this vale of tears; but, Enos ——"

"Yes, sir."

"I shall not always be thus. Some day, Enos, I shall sit down and eat a whole baked ham."

"Better not," warned Brewer.

"Some day, Enos," the senator repeated as he left the room, "some glorious day — with champagne sauce, Enos, with champagne sauce."

Paxton, Cranmish, Ashby and Petlow met at Paxton's house that night to discuss the situation and to try to find a solution for it. Paxton brought a stenographic copy of Purdy's speech, and Cranmish, who was not at the Senate that afternoon, read it as the others talked.

"Tripe!" was Cranmish's comment after he had read a few pages. He threw the manuscript on the table disgustedly. "Just plain tripe. It's a farrago of all the progressive hokum we've been hearing for years. It's only an alibi for a run-out on us on Saturday."

"You haven't read the entire speech or you wouldn't say that," said Paxton. "There is considerable seasoning in it, a handful of chili peppers and a liberal—too liberal—dash of tabasco."

"Show me," demanded Cranmish.

Paxton took the copy of the speech and turned to next to the last page.

"Listen," he said, and read: "'Our task is not to maintain traditions, but to meet these new conditions in our considerations of economics, of transportation and distribution' —— Need I proceed?"

"That's enough," Cranmish answered. "I didn't get that far."

"That means us," said Paxton. "That refers, in language that is simple and direct, to our Railroad Bill. That is the red light on the switch."

"He's going to vote against us."

"He is, unless we can stop him between now and Saturday."

"What is Meech doing?"

"Nothing, apparently; at least, nothing has shown yet."

"Hell hath no fury like a politician sidetracked," said Cranmish.

"You men have got this all wrong," broke in Ashby, his big voice silencing the talk of the others. "You think Purdy is going to vote against the Railroad Bill because he wants to get even with us for cutting him out of that chairmanship, or because Drechester and Gihan and their gang have won him over to their fake crusade for the people; or both. Now the fact is that Purdy is acting this way because he is sore at all the world on account of that horrible diet he is on. He's using that chairmanship for an excuse and playing up to these pharisaical progressives for an alibi. He's hungry. That's what is the matter with that senator of the United States, and nothing else."

"Then for heaven's sake, let's feed him!" exclaimed Petlow.

"How?" asked Paxton.

"I don't know. Any way. If we can't seduce him by using any of the obvious temptations, let's abduct him and force a few pounds of meat into him."

"Nothing would suit me better than to truss that statesman up like a Strasburg goose and stuff him with food until his eyes popped out," said Paxton; "but it can't be done. We've got to get him some other way. I'm going to make a last desperate endeavor tomorrow to bring him back to reason."

XVI

PAXTON telephoned to Senator Purdy's house early next morning and called Purdy to the telephone.

"Good morning, Peter," he greeted Purdy, in his suavest manner. "I hope I haven't disturbed you, but it is most important for me to have a little talk with you immediately. May I?"

"What about?" asked Purdy irritably. He had risen from the gloomy contemplation of unbuttered toast and unsweetened prunes to answer the call.

"I can explain that better when I see you. It won't take long."

Senator Purdy, although deploring and deprecating his breakfast, was rather pleased with himself at the moment. He had seen the local morning papers and was elated over the sensation he had made. He was the overshadowing news feature of the day. "Purdy Bolts R. R. Bill!" screamed at the world in large black type across the top of the first page of the opposition paper. "Purdy Asks Party Reform" was the equally black and big-typed but less definite manner in which his party paper put it. He felt important. He felt much superior to the reactionary Paxton. He felt himself a conspicuous national figure.

"I am sorry, senator," he said rather pompously, "but my time is fully taken up this morning."

"Well, make it this afternoon then, or tonight."

Purdy considered a moment. He knew, of course, that Paxton wanted to coax him back into line. He felt that he might as well get that phase of it over. This was the first time Paxton ever had come to him in this manner. Fine opportunity to declare himself. So he reconsidered.

"Can you come right over here?"

"Certainly."

"All right, I'll wait for you."

There was no blander, more diplomatic, more tactful or more adaptable man in public life than Senator Paxton when it came to dealing with recalcitrant party members whose services were needed; but he made a social and political error that morning. He did not relish his job; was annoyed over it. It was repugnant to him to be obliged to plead with a private in the ranks like Purdy. He was accustomed to telling Purdy and his like what to do rather than asking them to do. To be sure, he was exceedingly skillful in accommodating his leadership to the circumstances of rebellion, insurgency, protest and insubordination. He had manifestations of such sort to deal with frequently. But not from the Purdys of the Senate; not from the disciplined underlings.

He was shown to the library. Purdy hoisted his great bulk out of an enormous chair to greet him.

"How do you do, senator? I am glad to see you."

That was ominous. Purdy, in such intimate circumstances, had formerly called Paxton Bill. That was a Purdy perquisite, tolerated by Paxton in return for obedience. It was evidence of Paxton's democracy as a leader and of the equality of his follower.

Paxton had brought his hat and stick up with him. He laid these on a table, and then, almost automatically, reached into his pocket and took out two cigars. He offered a cigar to Purdy.

"Will you smoke, senator?"

"No," almost snarled Purdy.

Unthinking, Paxton, perishing for a smoke himself, needing the support of tobacco in this emergency, asked, "You don't mind if I do?"

"No." The tone of the consent was portentous, but Paxton was unheeding. He lighted his cigar.

It was a good cigar, an excellent cigar, a perfect cigar. Paxton, the cigar burning evenly, drew long and lovingly at it, filled his mouth with the sustaining smoke and, having savored it and felt the exaltation of it, let the smoke slip slowly through his lips with great and evidenced satisfaction. The aroma of the burning tobacco came to Purdy, cigarless for a month, and enveloped him. It tantalized him, tormented him, maddened him.

"What can I do for you?" he asked brusquely.

Paxton began to talk. He went over the political situation, deprecated what had happened to Purdy, pointed out the absolute necessity for that action, showed how the fortunes of the party were bound up in the Railroad Bill, how defeat would be disaster to all their plans and probably would mean the loss of the presidency in the forthcoming campaign, and finished with a hint that was, in effect, a promise that Purdy could have anything he wanted if he would vote for the bill.

All this time Paxton puffed at his cigar. All this time Purdy sat and suffered the agonies of a prohibited smoker who smells the fragrance of good tobacco burning and cannot burn any of it himself; agonies that may seem trivial to those who have not experienced them, but that are torturing to those who have endured them in similar circumstances.

"There, Peter," Paxton concluded, "that is my case. That is all I have to say. On the basis of our long association, our party welfare, our presidential prospects, and because I firmly believe the Railroad Bill is a measure that will be of immense advantage both to the owners and operators of the railroads, and to the people, I ask you to vote for this bill on Saturday. Will you?"

"That is a matter that is entirely my own affair," Purdy answered stiffly. "I do not concede your right to ask me such a question. My course will be guided by what I consider the best interests of the people."

"Is that all you will say?"

"That is all it is necessary for me to say."

"Think it over, Peter. This is a serious matter for you and for us. Don't bolt your party at a critical time like this."

"What right have you to come here and call me a bolter?" exploded Purdy. "And why shouldn't I bolt if I want to? I tell you, Paxton, that my vote on the Railroad Bill is a matter that concerns me and my own convictions. I am a senator in my own right, not by any authority delegated by you or any of your associates. I'll vote as I damned please. Is that plain enough?"

"Perfectly," said Paxton urbanely. "My poor mind comprehends it precisely, and there seems to be no reason for me to impose myself further on your busy morning. I can only say I am deeply, sincerely sorry that you are leaving your old and good friends in the lurch this way. Good morning, senator."

Purdy rose but made no reply. Paxton stood for a moment, waiting. Then he took his hat and cane, bowed ceremoniously, said good morning again, and went down the stairs and out into the street.

Senator Purdy, sniffing at the air still redolent with the aroma of Paxton's cigar, dropped into his big chair and glared at the center figure in the rug, his hands fallen between his knees, a monumental figure of dejection.

"Heluva nerve," he muttered, "coming here and puffing cigar smoke all over the place."

The perfume of the Havana lingered. He sniffed once—twice. Then he said miserably, "It was a good cigar, too—a mighty good cigar. Oh, damn everything an inch high!"

XVII

AFTER a time Senator Purdy pulled himself up from his chair and went to the telephone.

He called his office and asked for Brewer.

"Enos," he inquired listlessly, "what's doing this morning?"

"Nothing much. A bunch of newspaper correspondents have been here, and Drechester and Gilian called up."

"Is that all?"

"Yes; except that Senator Meech came around to see you last night."

"What did he want?"

"I can't talk about that over the phone."

"Come up to the house, then, when you can. I'm not going to the Senate."

When Brewer arrived at the senator's house he found the senator sitting at his library desk, apparently engaged with some official papers, but in reality without the slightest interest in those papers, and with his thoughts miles away from them.

"Good morning, senator," said Brewer. "Anything happened since I talked to you on the phone?"

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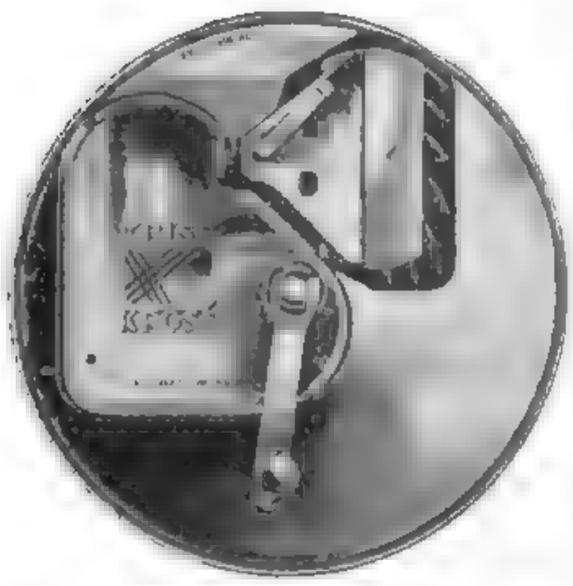

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"Oh, there have been half a dozen correspondents here, and a lot of telephone calls."

"Tell them anything?"

"Told them I have nothing to add to my speech."

"Hope you didn't tell them you have nothing to subtract from it."

"Why?"

"Because that was what Senator Meech was in to see me about last night."

"What was?"

"Leaving a few words out of the speech as it appears in the Record this morning."

"It was, eh?" asked Purdy, beginning to take an interest in the conversation. "So Brother Alonzo wanted to take something out, did he? What was it?"

"He thought the words 'transportation and distribution' could be eliminated with benefit to all concerned."

Purdy considered this for a few moments. His mind moved slowly in assimilating the idea, and as Brewer sat expectant of comment, the senator sparred for time with that universal conversational stop-gap, "Is that so?"

"Yes," Brewer answered, and waited.

Purdy had not put those words in the speech. Brewer did that. Purdy had pronounced them in the Senate without any thought as to their specific significance. Now he began to realize they did have a particular purpose.

"What did Meech say?" he asked.

"He said a lot of things, but the most important was that if those words were printed in the official text of the speech they would almost obligate you to vote against the Railroad Bill; but if they were omitted, you remain a free agent to vote for or against as you choose."

"Some sense to that. What else did he say?"

"He said that if they were cut out it would make his job of getting adequate redress for you for their chairmanship action much easier, and if they stayed in it would make that job impossible, provided you do what the words imply—vote against the bill."

"Say anything definite about what he has in mind?"

"Nothing but that he is on the job and hopes for success."

"Well, Meech is a pretty handy citizen. Did you take them out?"

"Sure. That's what I put them in for."

Purdy chuckled a fat, throaty chuckle and lapsed to the unsenatorial vernacular of the folks back home.

"I'm pretty well fixed, ain't I?"

"You sure are," Brewer told him, and that thought was the senator's cheerful companion for the remainder of the day.

All that afternoon and night, and all day Friday and until nearly midnight, the Railroad Bill ding-donged its way toward triumph or defeat.

XVIII

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that everybody in the Senate, even to the pages, knew that not a vote could be changed by oratory, debate, discussion, denunciation or praise, the senators rose one after another and set forth their opinions about the bill, the opposition, one another and many other subjects, ranging from the impeccability of the Constitution to the need for better ventilation in the Senate Chamber. And Paxton on the one side, and Drechester and Gilian on the other, placed all sorts of traps for Peter Purdy, strung nets, put out birdlime, dug pitfalls, set snares and experimented with lures. He was the crux of the situation. It was his important, his triumphant moment. He was a consequential person.

Purdy, shepherded by the watchful Brewer, eluded every wile. He kept to himself largely, resisted the approaches of emissaries from Paxton bearing inducements of all sorts, and gave no satisfaction to the insurgents. He told them all that when he voted, his vote would speak for itself. Until that time he had no communications to make. For a fat man, very hungry and miserable physically, playing an unaccustomed rôle, harassed by the regularities of his forty years in politics, fighting a partisan devotion that was a second nature to him, out of political place anywhere but in the organization, and extremely uncomfortable in his isolated position, he presented an amazingly stubborn, unresponsive and unyielding front.

There were compensations—and recoils. His prominence in the newspapers held over until Friday morning. He was again the first-page feature in the Washington dispatches. His position was described as the enigmatic key to the situation. His picture was printed. His reticence was discussed and interpreted. His reasons were authoritatively explained. His personality was described, with illustrative anecdotes, mostly apocryphal, and with pen picturing largely out of drawing. But there was no statement from Purdy; no announcement of intentions. He gave no interviews.

"They're pestering me to death," he complained to Brewer. "I've got a notion to tell them I am going to vote against the bill and get rid of them."

"Don't do that," urged Brewer. "What's the use? You've got them all guessing. Why should you tell anybody how you are going to vote? Let them rave. It isn't doing you any harm, and it may do you a lot of good. You haven't heard from Meech yet. Stick it out, boss. Don't quit now. It's only another twenty-four hours."

"All right," consented Purdy. "I'll stick; but I wish Meech would show up."

"He'll be around," Brewer assured him. "Plenty of time for that. Why don't you go home and take a rest?"

"Home!" Purdy repeated irritably. "That's a fine idea! What have I got to go home for except a couple of baked bananas and a piece of cheese?"

"Better do it, boss. Tomorrow will be a big day. I'll get you a cab."

Protesting, Senator Purdy went home, ate his meager meal with many sighs and lamentations, and remained in seclusion, expecting Meech. Meech did not come. Purdy debated whether he should call Meech on the telephone. He was much perturbed and strongly impelled to call him. But he did not. He rose several times to take the receiver off the hook, but did not take it off. Each time he argued himself out of his weakness and scolded himself for it. He went to bed at eleven o'clock, depressed in mind and body. It was no joke for him to bolt his party. And, he feared, it might be a joke on him if he didn't.

The Senate adjourned at half after eleven that night until nine o'clock the next morning. As Paxton and his associates came through the big bronze doors of the Senate wing of the Capitol that face the plaza where they had their cars, Meech came silently into view.

"Hello, Lon," Paxton called. "Where've you been?"

"Oh, fussing around."

"Any news?"

"Not yet."

"Not yet? For heaven's sake, Lon, what do you mean? We can't wait much longer."

"Well," Meech replied mildly, "you've got to give me time."

"Time? Why, we vote tomorrow at eleven!"

"I know, William, I know. That's almost half a day from now. Don't be precipitous about this. And don't worry."

The manner of Meech was fatherly, almost pontifical. He smiled reassuringly at the harassed leader.

"Don't worry, is it?" Paxton exploded. "Don't worry! Oh, of course not! We're all, including you, going to be drawn and quartered tomorrow, but we mustn't worry about it. Lon, you exasperate me."

"I hope not, William; I hope not. I don't intend to." He put his hand on Paxton's arm. "William," he said, "I've got one more card to play. It may be an ace, or it may be a deuce. But until I play it we haven't lost."

Paxton came back to his normal poise.

"Lon," he asked, "do me a favor, will you?"

"Certainly, William. What is it?"

"Shuffle the cards yourself."

The Saturday morning papers had all the details of the closing hours of the debate, brief excerpts of the speeches, descriptive stories of the crowds and excitement, interviews with Paxton claiming a sure triumph for the Railroad Bill, and with Drechester, Gilian and Olmstead, leader of the opposition, making equally definite claims for its defeat. There was still much speculation about Purdy's position, but no word from Purdy himself. He was listed on both sides. Eleven o'clock would tell the story. All those writing about it for the press said that the vote would be closer than any vote deciding the fate of a similarly important measure for a political generation.

There were people seeking admission to the galleries at the Capitol so early as seven o'clock, and the galleries were filled at nine—jammed. The presiding officer called the Senate to order precisely at nine. Almost every senator due to be there was in his place, and stood uneasily while the chaplain invoked guidance for them. The prayer over, the senators sat down and began to fiddle with papers and to talk to one another, causing the usual rustle preliminary to the morning hour in the Senate. Outwardly there seemed nothing but routine in progress; but every senator was tense with expectation, and most of them tense with anxiety. It had been a long, hard fight; not in its interior demonstrations on the floor of the Senate during the debate, but behind that oratorical fog. No one was quite confident of the outcome.

The press gallery was filled. The correspondents, looking down on the floor, saw that Paxton was there, with Petlow, Ashby and Cranmish near by. They saw that Drechester and Gilian had their squad on hand, and that the opposition was solidly in its seats. Here and there was a vacant desk, of senators who were paired and would not vote.

These were following impressions. Each correspondent, as he came in, looked first at Purdy's seat. There was where the news centered. The seat was empty.

"Purdy's not here!"

Fifty writing men said that—to the men next to them, to themselves, to nobody in particular. Purdy was not there. The afternoon-paper men hurriedly wrote bulletins saying that when the Senate convened Senator Purdy was not in his seat. That started the day's story well for them.

"Maybe he's going to duck," suggested the irreverent younger men.

"More likely he's going to make a grandstand entrance," growled the cynical older men, who knew the ways of senators temporarily in the limelight.

"Where's Purdy?" every senator asked every other senator. None knew. None could guess, but all did.

The Senate began its session. The show opened, but the principal actor was not on the stage. Indeed, scouts returning to Paxton and Drechester said he was not in the wings or in the theater, so far as they could discover.

Paxton beckoned to Pliny Peters, who stood by the wall, behind the senator's seat.

"Call up Senator Purdy's house and find out what time he left for the Capitol," he directed. Peters slipped away to telephone.

"Left the house at 8:45," Peters reported.

"See if Brewer knows where he is."

A few minutes later, after more telephoning, Peters returned and told his chief, "Can't get Brewer. He isn't in his office or at his house."

The galleries had discovered by this time that Senator Purdy was not in his seat and were buzzing with the exciting news. All sorts of spectator-pleasing conjectures for his absence were advanced by the onlookers, from kidnaping to indigestion, but finally centered on the thrilling surmise that the senator had been abducted, either by Paxton or by Drechester and Gilian, and was being tortured into submission to the desires of one or the other of his abductors.

(Continued on Page 177)

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(Continued from Page 174)

Opinion was sharply divided. Those in the galleries who favored the bill thought Drechester had snatched the absent senator away from his hearth fires, and those who opposed the bill were certain that Paxton was the guilty one. All agreed that Purdy was probably being coerced at the very moment, but there was wide divergence over the manner of coercion. It was a dominating conclusion that Paxton would be more refined in his methods than Drechester, but either one would be severe enough, with so much at stake. General sympathy was expressed for Senator Purdy. He undoubtedly was suffering terribly.

"What do you think about it, Bill?" Petlow asked Paxton. "Do you think he'll be here?"

"I don't know," Paxton answered despondently. "It's beyond me. Everything is up to Meech now."

"Where is Meech?"

"I don't know that either. He's paired with Tavistock, you know, and it doesn't make any difference whether he's here or not so far as the vote is concerned."

"We might telephone his house," suggested Petlow.

"That won't do any good, and would probably annoy him if he's at work with Purdy. He'll get here by eleven o'clock, with Purdy, or he won't. It's on the knees of the gods."

"Do you think he'll win him back?"

"I have my doubts," Paxton answered, and his gloom was written large upon him.

XIX

IF SENATOR PURDY had been asked at seven o'clock on Saturday morning how he slept the night before, he would have said he didn't sleep a wink; didn't close his eyes all night long, after the manner of all who, usually sleeping well, undergo a period of wakefulness. The facts were that the senator, after rolling about in his bed, amid enormous creakings therefrom, for two or three hours, went to sleep and awoke at half-past five.

His mental state, while in bed, was a reflex from these rollings. When he ponderously turned to his left side his heart protested because of his bulk, and he was uneasy and somewhat shortened of breath. When he laboriously hoisted himself over to his right side he was more comfortable. Thus, while on his left side, all the old bitterness and protest and sense of humiliation possessed him, and he swore valiantly to himself that he would go to the Senate, fling a negative vote in the face of Paxton and his crowd and defy them.

Then he turned over. His heart ceased pounding in his pillowed ear. His breathing grew easier and his mood calmer. He reflected on his long association with Paxton, his unswerving party loyalty, his regularity, and the forty years' record of it. He was an organization man—nothing else; always had been and always would be. Probably the best thing for him to do was to vote for the bill, and trust to Paxton and Meech to recompense him for the wrong they had done him.

Meech? What about Meech? He said he would have something to propose. Purdy laboriously shifted to his left side again and considered Meech. Well, Meech had better be pretty quick about any proposition he had to make. It must be a good one.

He rolled to his back, thinking to ease himself by getting to the more comfortable right side, but stopped midway. The bed coverings billowed up over him with a tent-like effect, giving him greater freedom of breathing. He moved about, settling himself into ease, clasped his hands over his paunch and reviewed the whole affair, casting up the advantages of an affirmative vote as against those of a negative vote, balancing the two votes one against the other, without coming to a decision. Then he went to sleep.

He was awake at half-past five and stayed in bed until seven, wondering what he would better do, and alternately deciding for Paxton and against him. At seven he rose, convinced he had been awake all night and dejected beyond measure. He had only four hours to decide in, and he couldn't decide. He pottered about his dressing, taking a long time with his shaving and awkwardly essaying the exercises the doctor had prescribed for him as preliminary to his bath. He loathed those exercises, but he went through them as well as he could. Fancy a man as big as he was lying on his back and raising his legs up in the air! It was ridiculous, absurd, humiliating!

He went to his breakfast and his very soul revolted. Two pieces of dry and tasteless toast, unbuttered; a few prunes, one egg, lightly poached, a cup of imitation coffee; without cream; not even a cigar to follow it. He forced himself to eat some of the nauseating stuff, and as he ate his resentment against all the world flared again. It wasn't right. What had he ever done to deserve such treatment? Why had he been pitchforked into a place like this? But he'd show them! He'd assert himself! No fear of that!

He looked at the newspapers, with his name still in big black type on their first pages, and threw them on the floor. Oh, it was damnable! It was atrocious! The universe was in conspiracy against him. But he'd declare himself. "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"—what was that quotation? Anyhow, he was the target for more slings and arrows than Xenophon's army. But he'd be a man, a senator. "Pledged but to truth, to liberty and law ——"

Then the telephone bell jangled.

"Now what?" He took down the receiver. "Hello! Who is it?"

"Good morning, Peter," came over the wire. "It's Meech. How are you this morning?"

"So-so," he replied, and waited.

"Peter," Meech continued, "do you recall our conversation of the other night?"

"Perfectly."

"And you remember you said you would have a talk with me before voting this morning?"

"Yes."

"Well, Peter, it will be a very great favor to me if you will talk with me now."

"What time?" asked Purdy, pleased that Meech finally had appeared, but determined not to show his gratification.

"I was thinking," Meech replied, "that if you could drop in at my house we could be undisturbed. I would come to your house, but unfortunately I was late in rising and have not breakfasted yet. Will you?"

Purdy thought a moment. He might as well. Meech's house was on his way to the Capitol. No harm in it that he could see.

"All right," he said. "When shall I come?"

"Come right away, if you will be so kind, Peter."

"All right," Purdy assented. "I'll be there in a quarter of an hour."

"Thank you, Peter. I'll be waiting."

The senator walked to Meech's house, steeling himself as he went against the ingratiating Meech. He would accept nothing halfway, nothing indefinite, nothing tentative. He'd demand his pound of flesh. Meech couldn't put over anything on him. And, firm in these resolutions, he rang the bell at the Meech door.

Senator Meech opened the door himself.

"Good morning, Peter," he said warmly, holding out his hand. "I'm glad to see you. It was mighty kind of you to come over here. I wouldn't have asked you to if I could have made any other arrangement more suitable to your convenience. I appreciate your coming very much."

Thus purring, Meech led Purdy into the house, took his hat and, with his arm in Purdy's reluctant arm, steered him into the living room adjoining the dining room. There was an arched space between these rooms; and Peter, looking about, while listening to the gentle patter of Meech's conversation, saw that a breakfast table was laid, all white with its linen and glittering with its china and silver. He shuddered at the sight, shuddered at it and resented it. Who was Meech that he could eat a human breakfast, a man's breakfast, while he ate dust and débris?

Meech talked lightly of all sorts of topics; the weather, the politics of England, the state of Germany, the plight of our own farmers—a dozen things. Peter listened abstractedly. He was thinking about that breakfast table.

Presently a smiling negro servant came in and said, "Senator, suh, your breakfast is ready."

Meech rose and turned to Purdy. "Have you breakfasted, senator?" he asked.

"Yes," Purdy told him, and groaned: "that is, I have eaten."

"Come out and sit with me, will you? Our time is rather limited." Purdy drew away. Meech put a hand on Purdy's shoulder. "Please," he said. "It will be so much more comfortable to talk that way."

"Oh, all right," Purdy assented grudgingly; and Meech, arm again in Purdy's arm, led him to the table and placed a chair for him. It was a large and comfortable chair; and, so skillfully that Purdy did not realize it, the famished senator was seated across the small table from the chair that stood for Meech.

Purdy sat down heavily and looked about. He noted that a cut-glass dish of strawberries stood before Meech—strawberries! They glowed maddeningly in their crystal holder; great, ripe, luscious strawberries, and Purdy loved them. He had not had a strawberry that spring, not one.

Meech sat down and began to prepare his berries, while Purdy stared at him with lustful and envious eyes. Meech sprinkled them with sugar and poured cream over them—cream—thick, delicious cream—not the thin, milky stuff of commerce—and took a spoon.

"I suppose, Peter," he said, "that diet of yours is not the most enjoyable experience in the world."

"It's hell!" Purdy, unable to keep his eyes from a longing contemplation of Meech's strawberries, his mouth almost drooling, wailed his answer from his heart.

"I fancied it was rather meager. All sorts of restrictions, I imagine. Still, there are some concessions, I suppose. For instance, fruit isn't banned, is it?"

"Some kinds are," Purdy told him.

"Strawberries?"

"Yes; and I love them."

"It seems to me," continued Meech, holding a particularly red and juicy strawberry on his spoon so Purdy could observe it fully, "that these doctors rather exceed their authority in many of their diet regimens. Take fruit, for instance. You can't make me think that fruit, of all sorts, isn't one of the most beneficial foods of mankind. A dish of strawberries like this can hurt no one. They are ripe, of exceptional flavor, juicy and delicious. A good deal of this diet theory is tommyrot. In my opinion a dish of these would do you good. May I offer you some?"

Purdy's mind framed a protest, but his appetite demanded, screamed for compliance. Before he had mastered his insistent physical yearning by the rigors of his mental discipline, Meech had tinkled a bell; and instantly the servant had appeared with a dish of the berries on a silver tray, with sugar and cream, and placed all expertly before Purdy. He deftly produced the necessary silver, unfolded a napkin and handed it to the senator, who sat, captivated and unresisting, with his eyes fixed on the ripely red fruit.

"Try one or two," Meech suggested. "They are the finest berries that grow along the Eastern Branch, not picked green in the South and sent here, but ripened on the vine in the sun, and especially selected. I am a connoisseur in strawberries, and have had mine from a certain plot for years. A few won't hurt you."

Purdy hesitated, his eyes riveted on the berries, his lips twitching, his mouth drooling.

"Just one," urged Meech. "They are wonderfully good."

Vainly struggling against the impulse, his mind warning him, commanding him

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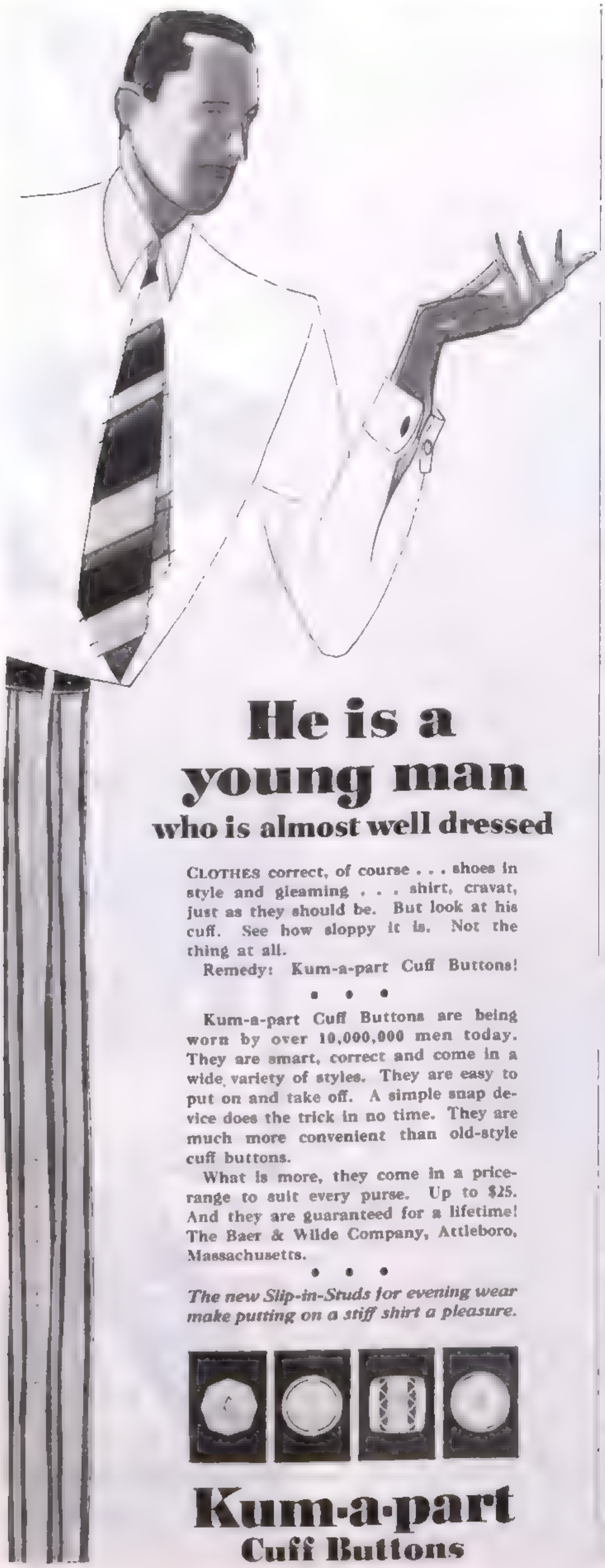

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not to fall, but his palate beseeching him to take just one, merely for a taste, Purdy lifted a berry on a spoon—a big, red, juicy berry—sprinkled some sugar on it and put it between his lips.

Meech, who had been watching him closely, nodded to the servant, who was standing by, and the servant disappeared, leaving wide open the door that shut the serving room from the dining room and thus establishing direct and unimpeded connection with the kitchen.

Senator Purdy took two bites to his berry. The taste of it gave him the greatest thrill he had had since that doctor barred him from all joy of living. It lingered on his tongue, gladdened his palate and gave joy to his soul. He took another and savored that. Then he sprinkled sugar over his remaining berries, covered them with cream and, bending to his happiness, ate rapidly, greedily. As he finished, Meech rang a bell and the servant came with another dish of berries.

"Have some more," Meech urged.

Embarked on his defiance of his diet, Purdy gladly accepted the second dish, but ate those more slowly, while Meech chatted on topics entirely ungermane to the Railroad Bill. Meantime there came stealing into the room an aroma that caused Purdy almost convulsively to draw in great breaths of it through his twitching nostrils—the enrapturing aroma of ham frying in the skillet, and the fascinating crackle and sizzle of it as it sputtered in the pan.

Purdy finished his second dish of berries and scooped up the last remaining drops of the juice-reddened cream. His spirits had risen. He began to feel human again.

"I shouldn't have done that," he said rather contritely. "It's against all orders, but I couldn't resist them. Is that ham I smell?"

"Yes, it's ham," Meech answered. "I am a great believer in the real American breakfast, and do not hold with these cereal and other substitutes for the food that made this nation what it is. It's ham, senator, and eggs, the breakfast that built this republic. I have it often. And it is real hickory-smoked, sugar-cured ham, made by a man I know who cures only a limited number each season and gives each ham the loving and tender care that perfect hams require. It's real American farm ham, cured by one artist and cooked by another."

"It certainly smells good," said Purdy, and licked his lips.

"It is as good as it smells. We'll have some."

He tinkled his bell. The servant brought in a great tray. A platter of ham was on the tray, the broad, perfectly cooked, thick slices sputtering in the red gravy and ringed about with whites and yellows of delicately fried eggs. There was a plate of small, hot, golden-brown beaten biscuits, a dish of country-fried potatoes; and as Purdy's eyes greedily ranged over this glorious array he saw, with a start of joy, two plates of corn cakes, swimming in butter, and a jug of maple sirup.

Meech served Purdy expeditiously. He gave him a full slice of ham, two eggs and a heap of potatoes. The servant put the plate in front of Purdy, setting beside it the corn cakes and the sirup jug and the biscuits.

He vanished and came back with a steaming coffeepot and poured Purdy a cup of coffee. Coffee! The perfume of it was delightful. Purdy had not smelled or tasted real coffee for ages, it seemed to him. He never had smelled any with the ravishing fragrance of this.

The mingled aromas of the ham, the cakes and the coffee intoxicated the thrice-hungry Purdy. He leaned over his plate and inhaled the redolence of the ham; he looked gloatingly at the corn cakes, piled high in a luscious column before him, and his lingering and happy gaze rested on the cup of coffee. Here was surcease. Here was rapture. Here was food—real, honest food.

"Well," he said, his voice husky with anticipation, with gustatory emotion, "here goes. I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

"It will do you good," cajoled Meech. "Won't hurt you in the least. How can it? It's the best food in the world. It's the food we were brought up on, Peter. It's the food my father ate, and your father, and it's the food the folks back home eat now. Millions of Americans are eating, or have eaten, ham and eggs this morning. It's our kind, Peter, the food of our tribe. Have at it."

Purdy did not need this encouragement. He dropped three lumps of sugar in his coffee, watched the bubbles rise for a moment and then poured in some cream. He lifted the cup and took a mouthful. The taste of it thrilled him. Coffee! Once more he had tasted coffee! He had thought he would never taste it again. He broke open a biscuit, buttered that and gulped it, and then turned his glad attention to the ham, the eggs and the cakes.

Meech went through the motions of eating while Purdy gorged. He talked on interesting Washington topics, told a story or two about an ambassador who was in social comic relief at the time, gossiped of the White House, recalled some news from the Mississippi Valley that had come in a letter the day before; and when Purdy had finished, helped him to another bit of ham and an egg. The servant swept away the plate whereon Purdy had demolished the corn cakes and brought back a fresh supply. He replenished the hot biscuits with hotter ones and he filled Purdy's cup with coffee when it became empty.

As Purdy ate a great joy came over him; a glorious peace fell upon him. He felt himself responding. The blood tingled within him. A warm and happy feeling permeated him. His vast carcass absorbed the food as the dry and thirsty ground absorbs the rain. It heartened and appeased him. It translated him to the cheerful status of his halcyon gormandizing days.

Satiated, he leaned back in his chair and beamed at Meech.

"By Jiminy, Lon," he said, "that's the best meal I ever had!"

"I'm very glad, Peter," Meech replied. "It gives me great pleasure to have you here." He turned to the servant. "Jim," he said, "get the senator another cup of coffee, and fetch the cigars."

Utterly at peace with all the world, in an ecstatic fog, Purdy heard the word "cigars."

"Cigars," he mumbled. "Going to have cigars too."

The servant brought a tray with a big box of cigars on it, long, richly brown, oily Havanas, and a lighter. Purdy roused from his haze, selected a cigar, lovingly pinched off the tip and lighted it with exceeding care. He drew in a great mouthful of smoke, tasted it, rolled it about over his tongue, and then grudgingly let it slip through his pursed lips, sniffing at the aroma of it. He removed the cigar from his lips, regarded it with reverence and filled his mouth with smoke again. He acted as if he were performing a rite. Absorbed, content, warmed and fortified in every fiber of his great bulk, Purdy sat with half-closed eyes, watching the smoke as it curled about him. Meech looked surreptitiously at his watch. It was half-past ten.

"Now or never," Meech thought. Carefully, phrasing it with cautious effort, Meech framed in his mind a sentence wherewith to introduce the Railroad Bill. Purdy sat somnolent across from him, smoking slowly.

"Peter ——" Meech began.

Purdy roused with a jerk. He blinked at Meech for a moment; and then, before Meech had opportunity to continue, he asked, "Lon, what's all this rot about me and the Railroad Bill? Where do these fellows get that sort of stuff anyhow? Who started this story that I am going to vote against the bill, and Paxton and you and Cranmish and all my old friends and pals? Why, Lon, you know as well as I do that I never ran out on the party or the organization in my life! And I'm too old to begin now. It's all rot, I tell you—all rot!"

Continued on Page 180

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By an exclusive process, Spalding successfully vulcanizes the Kro-Flite Cover. The result is that this cover, like rubber itself, is shock-absorbing rather than shock-resisting. It has an unusual resiliency. And because it is both resilient and *tough*, a high-powered center can be used which gives the ball *greater* distance, and a sweeter feel off the face of the club. It never feels *woodeny*, yet it has the toughest cover ever made. And this cover is controlled by Spalding patents

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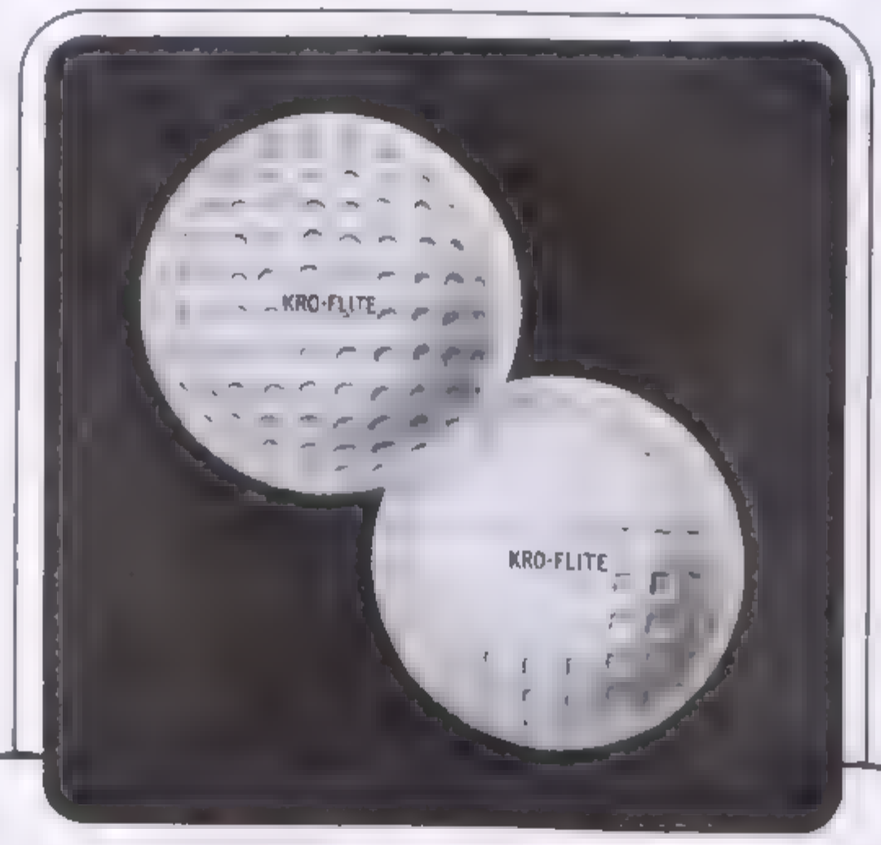

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(Continued from Page 178)

Meech drew a quick breath. His food had done the work, without pleadings from him, but he was too wise to show his elation. Adeptly taking his cue, he said, in his most sympathetic manner, "That's what I thought, Peter. I didn't believe a word of it."

"No occasion to, Lon; no occasion to. I'm glad to hear you say that. You're one of my oldest friends, and you never misunderstood, of course. Lot of these other fellows don't know me the way you do, do they, Lon? Never had any idea of voting against the bill. You never believed I had, did you, Lon?"

"Certainly not, Peter. Shall we be going now?"

"Going? Where?"

"They'll begin voting pretty soon."

"Oh, yes. I feel so good I forgot this was the day. Sure we'll go. Come on."

Purdy pulled himself to his feet; and Meech, arm in arm with him, and assuring Purdy that there never was the remotest doubt in the Meech mind that Purdy would line up with his friends when the real test came, escorted the fed and benignant senator to a car that was waiting at the curb.

"Hurry!" Meech instructed the driver. "We've got to get to the Capitol as soon as possible. Go the back way. Drive like the devil and don't worry about traffic officers if they try to stop you. I'll explain to them later."

He helped Purdy into the car and Purdy sank back into the heavily cushioned corner, blandly regarding the chauffeur's uniformed back. The car jumped forward. It slid down Sixteenth Street, cut around Lafayette Square, tore between the White House offices and the State Department, rounded the Monument at fifty miles an hour, dashed past the Smithsonian and the Fish Commission, mounted the B Street hill like a racer and turned into the plaza by the Senate wing.

Purdy sat in his corner, beaming happily. He took tiny puffs at his cigar as if he never would have another and it was his part to conserve this one with the utmost frugality. As the car stopped under the Senate portico Meech looked at his watch. It was 11:10.

xx

MEANTIME the Senate had gone about its business of disposing of the preliminaries incident to the vote on the bill. Nearly every senator present had a supply of tally sheets, and so had each man in the press gallery. It was expected that some of the amendments would furnish a test vote, but it so happened that none did. Several of the amendments were agreeable to both sides, and the others were so radical, as proposed by Drechester and his followers, that the conservative members of the opposition, of whom there were many, joined with Paxton in their defeat.

Paxton sat at his desk, absently putting down the figures forty-two and forty-two and adding them to the inevitable and devastating sum of eighty-four. After he had done this a dozen times, he varied his formula by adding one to the upper forty-two, making it forty-three, and getting a satisfactory eighty-five. At intervals he sent Pliny Peters out to see if he could get word of Purdy or of Meech. Nothing could be learned at Purdy's house, and Meech's house didn't answer, principally for the reason that Meech had plugged the telephone before Purdy came in. He preferred to win or fail without issuing bulletins on his progress, as he knew he must if he answered the telephone.

"Where do you suppose they are?" Paxton asked Cranmish a dozen times, and Ashby and Petlow.

The questions drew blanks. These distinguished statesmen were in total ignorance and in blue funks. Even the jocular Cranmish was subdued.

"What makes you think they are together?" asked Ashby.

"Must be," Paxton answered. "Meech may fall down on his job, but he won't fail to get to Purdy. You can bet on that."

The galleries buzzed. There were visible signs of interest and excitement in the usually blasé press gallery. The afternoon-paper men were hurriedly writing bulletins, rushing out to fill them and hurrying back. The morning-paper men sat at superior ease and framed the opening paragraph of their stories. Everything hinged on Purdy. His seat was still vacant. By this time the galleries were sure he had been murdered and his body thrown in the Potomac. It was a gruesome thought and they reveled in it.

Drechester and Gilian were as nervous as Paxton. Their scouting parties had failed to discover any trace of Purdy. They ran back and forth to hold excited conferences with Olmstead, the opposition leader. The situation tensed as eleven o'clock drew near. Everybody in the place feared the worst. There wasn't a ray of hope within the four walls of the Senate Chamber.

Five minutes to eleven and no Purdy. Three minutes and no Purdy. Eleven o'clock, and still no Purdy. Bang! went the gavel of the presiding officer, who announced that the time had arrived for taking the vote on Senate Bill 264. The bells jangled everywhere, notifying any absent senator that the voting was about to begin. The rear spaces of the Senate were jammed with House members, there to see the final act of the drama. The galleries stilled in eager anticipation of the final thrill.

"The clerk will call the roll," ordered the president pro tem.

There was an instant hush. Every person in the chamber sat quiet.

The clerk gave a final pat to his tally sheet, cleared his throat, and called:

"Mr. Acker."

"Aye."

"Mr. Allworthy."

"No."

The call proceeded alphabetically, and the division shifted from the favoring of Paxton to the support of the opposition and back again. It was a close vote, and each man was voting as he had been tabbed in the forecasts. There were no last-minute changes. If a senator did not answer to his name the clerk called his name a second time before passing on. He went through the M's, the N's, the O's and came to the P's.

"Mr. Perrill."

"No."

"Mr. Purdy."

Such small rustling and whispering as there were ceased with the call of Purdy's name. Everybody listened with strained attention.

There was no reply.

"Mr. Purdy," the clerk called again, and again there was no reply.

"Mr. Rothbottam."

"Aye."

"Mr. Rushton."

As that name was called, the swinging doors at the far end of the center aisle of the chamber—the door that faces the rostrum of the presiding officer—were shoved violently against the House members who were standing in rows at the rear watching the vote. The visiting statesmen parted and Senator Purdy pushed in. There was a flurry among the House members, who recognized him, and Paxton and Drechester looked toward the disturbance.

What they saw was Purdy elbowing his way through the crowd until he reached a clear space at the head of the aisle. He had half of a cigar clutched in his right hand. His face was red and happy. He gazed benignantly around the chamber, and the clerk called, "Mr. Rushton," again.

There was a buzz of "There he is!" "There's Purdy!" And every spectator craned to see the bulky senator, who stood awaiting the end of the roll call.

Paxton started up, but sat down again. Drechester moved a little toward the massive figure, but stopped.

The clerk droned along with the roll call, and stopped after calling the final name—"Mr. Yellowby."

Computations were made before the call was over. The vote was forty-two to forty-two. But here was Purdy, bringing with him victory for one side and defeat for the other.

Purdy, warmed and glowing from his meal, his lips still savoring his tobacco, his great face flaming, swinging from side to side, like a huge elephant contented after he is fed, waited until the roll call was ended.

Then, drawing a deep breath, he shouted, "Mr. President!"

"Mr. Purdy," called the clerk.

"Aye!" boomed Purdy. "Aye!"

Half the people in the galleries rose excitedly and all clapped their hands clamorously. The president pro tem, being of the Paxton party, smiled indulgently at this and did not try to quell the applause. Cranmish threw his arms around Paxton and hugged him. The afternoon-newspaper men in the press gallery fought their way madly to the telegraph wires. Drechester, pale and sweating, pulled at his mustache and glared at Purdy. Gilian leaned forward in his seat almost in collapse. Ashby, Petlow and the Paxton men shook hands with one another and clapped shoulders and were entirely unsenatorial in their satisfactions.

Bang! went the gavel. Bang! Bang!

"The Senate will be in order!" commanded the chair. "The galleries must maintain quiet!"

The hubbub continued. The president pro tem used his gavel again, beating a heavy tattoo on his desk. Finally there was a semblance of quiet.

"Are there any other senators present who have not voted and who desire to record their votes?" asked the presiding officer.

There were none, and a final bang of his gavel signified that the vote was closed.

Paxton, Cranmish, Petlow and most of the majority senators rushed to congratulate Purdy and to thank him, but when they reached the head of the center aisle, where he had stood when his "Aye!" brought victory to his party, Purdy had disappeared.

They found him in the majority cloakroom, swaying happily in the middle of the floor and carefully relighting his cigar.

(THE END)

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EVERYBODY'S CAPITAL

(Continued from Page 27)

from the nation's foremost authorities on city planning and landscape architecture. In a quarter of a century, Congress has made it possible for six of these fifty-three park areas to be acquired for parks. Asking for fifty-three and getting six might reasonably be compared to asking for bread and getting an empty tin can that has held fish.

The city of Paris, back in 1853, spent $265,000,000 on Baron Georges Eugène Haussmann's plans to open up the city to light and air and create beautiful parks and boulevards and diagonal short cuts through the city. The city of London, having been guided by selfish interests, and having refused, after the great London fire of 1666, to adopt Sir Christopher Wren's plans for providing London with parks and radiating streets and open vistas, has been obliged to spend more than $125,000,000 to buy land that will permit only two new streets to be cut through the city, and many other millions in tearing down buildings and making the thoroughfares.

A Penny a Year for Parks

Chicago's plans for her civic center, her lake front and her park development are stupendous in their magnitude. Boston willingly spends $33,000,000 on her perfect system of public parks. St. Louis can spend many millions in creating a system of inner and outer parks. Cleveland, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle and many other American cities are ready and willing to spend the money that will give imperishable beauty to their citizens and the descendants of their citizens; and only Washington, capital of the nation, seat of a government that affects the lives of 115,000,000 Americans, civic symbol of the forty-eight states of the Union, is prevented from having what she needs.

Effort after effort has been made, during the quarter century, to obtain speedier action from Congress. The Fine Arts Commission was formed in 1910 to uphold the McMillan plan. Three architects, a sculptor, a painter, a landscape architect and a writer comprised this commission, and donated their services to the Government, according to the invariable custom of the representatives of the planning professions who have attempted to prevent Washington from being entirely wrecked by bad taste.

One of the most binding of the unwritten laws of Congress is that no architect or city planner shall be allowed to receive money for assisting in the beautification of Washington. Congress has no insurmountable objections to a landscape architect or a distinguished engineer working eighteen hours a day for the good of Washington, and entirely ignoring his private practice in order to do it; but if he should accidentally accept money for his work, Congress would refuse to listen to him. Why should this be? Nobody knows.

The Fine Arts Commission worked persistently to have the fifty-three parks acquired. Still later, due to the persistent protests of the American Civic Association over the neglect of the Federal city, the National Capital Park Commission was formed to acquire parks for Washington, and was authorized by Congress to use annually, for the purchase of parks, one cent for each inhabitant of the United States. In other words, the National Capital Park Commission was going to receive from Congress $1,050,000 a year for the purchase of parks by the city of Washington, since the population of the United States, by the last official census, was 105,000,000. That is to say, it was going to receive it if it could get it.

The National Capital Park Commission was made more powerful in 1926 by being made into the National Capital Park and Planning Commission, to which four of the most able and distinguished city planners in the country—Frederick Law Olmsted, Frederic A. Delano, J. C. Nichols and Milton B. Medary, Jr.—give their services.

These organizations also fought diligently for the acquisition of all the parks recommended by the McMillan Commission of 1901, and the result of their fighting was to get from Congress less than half the amount of money that they were supposed to get for the purchase of parks.

Congress supposedly had to appropriate $1,050,000 for park purchase in the year 1924–1925, and the same amount for each of the next three years. What it actually did was to appropriate $600,000 for 1924–1925 and $600,000 for 1925–1926. Considering the amount of park purchasing that needs to be done, these appropriations bear a vague resemblance to giving somebody thirty cents with which to buy a steam yacht.

The appropriations beyond 1926 are tied up by a provision that will make it difficult to secure new park areas.

A Prohibitive Provision

Not only did Congress fail to disgorge the necessary amount, but it also placed a curse on the amount that it did disgorge. This curse was in the form of a provision that the National Capital Park and Planning Commission could not pay more than 125 per cent of the assessed valuation for any piece of property. Since property in Washington, as in most other places where real estate is at all active, is assessed at well below its market value, the chances of buying land for park or school purposes at 125 per cent of its assessed valuation are about as favorable as the chances of a bantam rooster to lay an ostrich egg. Consequently very little money appropriated by Congress for the purchase of parks under this provision can be used for the purchase of parks; and since the way to purchase parks is to purchase parks, the business of park purchasing in Washington is almost as inactive as bustle manufacturing.

Congress has not only withheld the financial assistance that will insure a balanced and orderly Washington in the years to come, but it has made no move to prevent the desecration of the outer portions of the city.

(Continued on Page 185)

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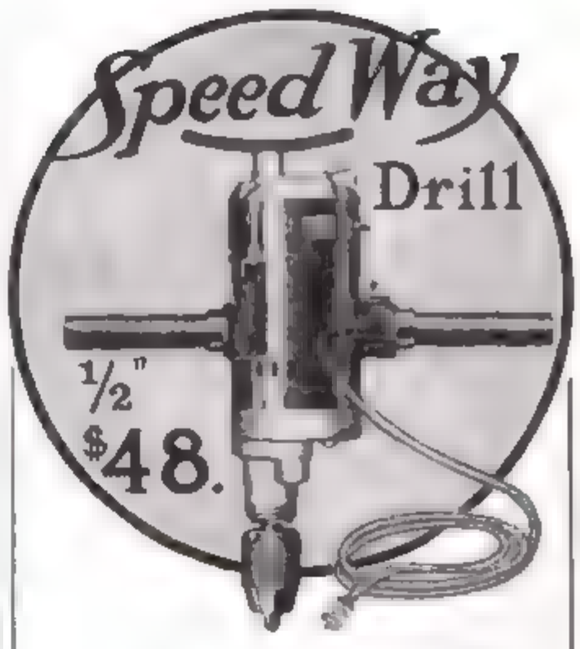

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Simplicity and *Strathmore* Expressive Papers

Bonds, Writings Books, Covers

(Continued from Page 183)

The National Commission of Fine Arts, in its last report, comments on this state of affairs in the repressed and conservative manner that is usually followed by government agencies.

"The unprecedented growth of population, both temporary and permanent," says this report, in speaking of Washington, "has forced the building of thousands of ill-designed and ill-built small houses as well as hundreds of apartment buildings which have changed essentially and for the worse the character of the finest avenues in the city. Apparently diminution of such building is in the far-distant future."

When one drives out any of the broad avenues that lead from the White House to the beautiful hills that surround Washington, he comes in a few minutes' time to a scene of landscape destruction. Not long ago these hills were covered with trees. Today they have been stripped of their trees, and steam shovels have gnawed and sliced at the hill slopes until they have been flattened to raw and treeless plains—plains of clay and rocky subsoil in which no shrub or flower can find enough nourishment to live. The picturesque ravines and the pleasant little valleys have been filled with the chewings from the hill slopes so that there may be nothing to break the drab monotony of the plains.

Off in the distance, on each side of the broad avenues that lead out of Washington, stretch row after row, block after block, acre after acre of uniform houses—little brick cubicles with exactly the same number of windows and exactly the same number of bricks in them, and exactly the same amount of stained glass placed in exactly the same spot in the front door; coveys of red brick houses with white columns; litters of yellow brick houses with gray columns; flocks and herds and droves and hives and broods and farrows of pink brick houses and brown brick houses and gray brick houses and roan-colored brick houses, each one like every other house in its particular herd or covey.

The Architects' Council

Week by week and month by month the steam shovels gnaw and chew farther and farther into the verdure-clad hills and the smiling fields on the edges of Washington; and in their barren, treeless, shrubless, grassless wake crawl the unending swarms of uniform block houses, like phalanxes of giant brick locusts that eat up beauty and are turned to stone in their tracks for their sins.

The swarms have swept over and eaten up section after section of suburban Washington that the McMillan Commission of 1901 urged Congress to purchase for park purposes. Now, in those sections, there is nothing left for park purposes.

With each passing month the swarms push closer and closer to other park areas that were recommended as parks more than a quarter of a century ago, and the value of the land goes higher and higher. Why didn't Congress buy the land a quarter of a century ago? Why doesn't Congress buy it today? Nobody knows.

The architects of Washington have tried to remedy the block, or row, house situation by forming an Architects' Advisory Council.

Architects who have ability as designers are listed on a jury panel, and each week one man is drawn. There are three men on the council, and each man serves three weeks. A man is dropped each week and a new man drawn in his place so that a certain continuity of thought may run through the council's operations.

This Architects' Advisory Council meets each Thursday and passes judgment on all plans submitted to the Zoning Commission for a building permit. If a plan that is submitted seems to them to be ugly or out of place or out of harmony with its surroundings, they report to that effect to the owner, builder and architect, and suggest how the plans can be improved.

And here is a very interesting feature of the capital city which the President of the United States thinks—as do most people—should be "adorned with the best there is in architecture," so that it may "stir the patriotic pride" of every American:

There is no law requiring buildings in Washington to be designed by a licensed or registered architect or engineer. Anyone is free to design any residence or hotel or apartment house or office building, and any builder can build any of them beside or across from the White House or the Capitol or any of the many beautiful public buildings that the city boasts; yet there is no possible manner, under the present system of control, despite the optimistic words of the President, in which such undesirable building could be stopped.

Advice but No Control

And it should be remarked in passing that almost anyone could design block houses that are as decorative and as calculated to stir an American's public pride as the majority of those that huddle around the great avenues of Washington. It is possible to build block houses of some distinction, originality and beauty, as has been proved in Washington by the demonstration houses built by the Washington Star, and by individuals in the sections known as Burleith and Foxhall Village. It is even possible to build them as cheaply as it is to build the examples that are eyesores in most American cities.

The Architects' Advisory Council, however, has no control over the builders of the most undesirable type of block houses or apartment houses that can be built. Its members can protest and make suggestions, after which the builder can look haughtily at them and say: "I do not wish to change these plans, and you cannot make me. It is my constitutional prerogative to build anything that I wish to build on any land that I control."

Zoning laws in cities are only about twenty-five years old; and zoning laws are based on the modern idea that no man should be allowed to have the right to construct any building that lowers the value or the safety of his neighbors' buildings. Zoning laws have been declared unconstitutional in some states; but late in November, 1926, the Supreme Court of the United States upheld zoning in the Euclid case, and thus administered a severe jolt to the hard-boiled builders who were guffawing so heartily at the very idea of zoning.

Zoning laws say to property owners, among other things: "You shall not build glue factories or garages or bathhouses or other nuisances in residential districts"; and this, according to the Supreme Court, is all right. Yet Washington apartment-house owners and block-house builders and contractors can draw themselves up defiantly and say: "You cannot supervise the architecture of anything that I build. Such supervision would be unconstitutional. If I wish to build something that will ruin the looks of the Capitol, I can do it and nobody can stop me. If I want to wreck the square in front of the White House with an ugly building, nobody can make me put up a beautiful building. If I want to build eyesores opposite Washington parks and throughout Washington's suburbs, nobody can make me build decent-looking houses."

Mr. Justice Sutherland, in delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court in the Euclid case, stated that the question of whether the erection of a building of a particular kind or for a particular use can be forbidden "is to be determined, not by an abstract consideration of the building or of the thing considered apart, but by considering it in connection with the circumstances and the locality."

Considering that every good real-estate development exercises careful supervision over its architecture, and that a city like Philadelphia exercises architectural supervision over buildings erected on public squares, and considering further that the

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city of Washington belongs to all the people of the nation and their children rather than to the humans who dwell in it at the moment, one doesn't have to be psychic to see that Congress, if it were at all eager to do so, could easily make an admirable start toward protecting Washington against future architectural monstrosities.

There was great jubilation toward the end of 1926 because of the magnificent generosity of Congress in authorizing the expenditure of $50,000,000 for the purchase of the great triangle of land whose hypotenuse takes in the entire south side of Pennsylvania Avenue, and the erection thereon of a number of monumental buildings in which various activities of the Government can at last be housed in a fitting manner. The acquisition of this land and the erection of beautiful buildings on it will wipe out half the great Pennsylvania Avenue eyesore. These buildings, when they are completed, should be highly impresive, and a credit to Congress, to the nation and to the people of the United States.

They should be; but whether they will be or will not be is a matter that can only be foretold by an eminent forecaster of events, like the Cumsean Sibyl or Madame de Thebes.

An Amazing Indictment

If the people of the United States are awake to their responsibilities concerning Washington, they can force into the mind of Congress a laudable ambition to make sure that the buildings are what they ought to be—stately, beautiful and well arranged. If they are not awake to their responsibilities, it is entirely within the bounds of possibility that Congress will permit the new buildings to take care of themselves.

The deplorable condition that finally forced Congress to agree to the expenditure of $50,000,000 for land and buildings on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue, however, provides an interesting example of the failure of Congress, over a period of many years, to provide adequately for the needs of Washington—Washington, where every American, to use again the words of President Coolidge, "should find a city of stately proportion, symmetrically laid out and adorned with the best that there is in architecture."

The Public Buildings Commission, when it made its 1925 report, was comprised of such farseeing senators, representatives and civilians as Senator Reed Smoot, chairman; Senator Claude A. Swanson, Representative Richard N. Elliott, Representative Fritz G. Lanham; David Lynn, supervising architect of the Capitol; James A. Wetmore, acting supervising architect of the Treasury; Hugh W. Colton, secretary; and Major U. S. Grant, 3d, director of public buildings and public parks. Their report states the case in the following words:

"A very careful and extensive survey of the Government's workshop forces has confirmed this amazing indictment—that the biggest business in the world, the business of the United States Government, is conducted under housing conditions that no private business concern would tolerate.

"Not only are conditions such that an accidental fire or a hurricane might unavoidably become a catastrophe, killing many persons and destroying essential records that cannot be reproduced and the loss of which would intolerably embarrass the Government's business; but at present, when every effort is necessary to bring the annual cost of the necessary Federal administration to a minimum, economical organization and methods are made impossible by the way the departments are scattered and the entirely unsuitable conditions under which a large proportion of their employes have to work. The waste due to these indirect causes undoubtedly exceeds the direct loss of $912,248.24 paid each year in rents. . . .

"The following facts sufficiently show the urgency of the situation:

"1. The Government is paying a rent bill of $912,248.24 a year in this city, and occupies 53 rented buildings, not counting the 34 substations of the post office, 8 of which are in government-owned buildings.

"2. Though the aschives of a nation are the basis of its history, and though the nation might become liable for claims totaling many billions of dollars in the event that some of its valuable original papers were destroyed, many of these records are stacked on open wooden shelves in what are known to be fire traps.

"3. Thousands of government employes are working daily in buildings of the flimsiest construction, dried by age to a tinderlike combustibility, which have deteriorated until there is not only a very grave fire peril but likelihood of collapse in a high wind because of rotted underpinning: while still more employes strain their eyes and otherwise undermine their health by working in cellars and improperly lighted or poorly ventilated makeshift offices.

"4. Economy and efficiency, which should be a strict rule and slogan in the Federal service, are conspicuously flaunted by wide scattering of the working forces; and businesslike administration is made extremely difficult, if not impossible.

"5. Certain departments are scattered in many buildings—the Department of Agriculture in 45, the Treasury Department in 32, the Department of Commerce in 33, and the General Accounting Office in 21—and some of the units in these buildings are miles from their administrative headquarters.

"6. As the work of various units expands, they have to be given additional space wherever space can be found, with a constant moving and shifting to accommodate the various activities as well as possible for the time being under existing and vexatious circumstances. This has resulted in the Government's work being scrambled in many buildings.

"7. The Government still occupies, with congestion of employes and most valuable business and historical documents, 13 temporary war shacks, which five years ago were officially reported to Congress to be unsafe in structure and a real fire menace. Right now new underpinning, at excessive cost, is being placed under one of these buildings.

"8. Carpenter shops, paint shops, machine shops, electrical shops, blacksmith shops and shipping rooms are in frame buildings; inflammable paints and oils, piles of lumber, exposed wiring, forges, motors, planing mills, sawmills and other varieties of electrical machinery multiply the fire peril. . . ."

Some Buildings Required

"At least seven new buildings are imperatively needed immediately, as is shown hereafter in detail, for the Internal Revenue Bureau, for the Department of Agriculture, for the Department of Justice, for the General Accounting Office, for the National Archives, for the Department of Commerce and for the General Supply Committee.

"However, the list of new government-owned buildings which are already sadly needed is not by any means completed with the seven principal structures that have been specifically discussed. They merely come first in order of urgency. Other buildings are required for proper accommodations of the Department of Labor, for the Interstate Commerce Commission, for the Civil Service Commission, and other independent establishments, like the Federal Trade Commission, the Shipping Board, the Bureau of Efficiency, the Board of Tax Appeals, and so on. Additions are needed to the Government Printing Office and other establishments. There is scarcely a department of the Government in Washington which is adequately and satisfactorily housed, and this condition of affairs is steadily going from bad to worse. New Federal activities are constantly being created and new duties being assigned to

(Continued on Page 189)

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(Continued from Page 186)

the existing agencies, each of which requires an increase in personnel and space.

"This commission has struggled along for a period of years with utterly inadequate facilities in which to house the government departments, and has on numerous occasions presented to Congress the urgent need of a building program in order that the Government's business may be transacted in an economical manner, with due regard to the health and efficiency of its employes and to the proper safeguarding of the public records in the different establishments."

So Congress, after years of struggle, talk and toil, finally appropriated the money to buy the land on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue and erect a portion of the buildings so urgently needed by the Government.

Almost any person of normal intelligence, on hearing this cheering information, would at once ask, "And what has been done about the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue?"

The answer to this question is: Nothing.

Down the broad length of Pennsylvania Avenue pass all the Presidents on their first jaunt to the White House, and on their final journey to the Capitol, as well as all the great processions that naturally fall to the lot of the capital city of a great nation. Though Congress is willing to invest $50,000,000 in a long-overdue program of beautification, that body contents itself with beautifying only one side of it.

The idea is somewhat similar to that which might actuate a man who returns to civilization from a long sojourn in a distant and benighted land, ragged, unwashed, unshaven and unshorn, and bathes one side of his body, has the hair trimmed from one half of his head, and leaves the entire eastern portion of his face obscured by a tangled mass of whiskers.

The north side of Pennsylvania Avenue is left unpurchased, unconsidered, uncontrolled—except as to height—to face the gleaming façades of the marble buildings that will, in theory, represent the ideals of America and stir the patriotic pride of all Americans.

Nothing in the entire city of Washington apparently is sufficiently sacred to be protected against the invasion of tastelessness, inappropriateness and mediocrity.

The White House, for example, fronts on Lafayette Square, which may be regarded as the veritable heart of the nation. If any spot in Washington calls for a beautiful setting, it is the White House; and everybody who needs an explanation as to why the White House should have a beautiful setting would also need an explanation as to why the tourist traffic to Europe can't be handled in buckboards.

Obliged in Vain

The McMillan Commission, back in 1901, urged Congress to purchase the land fronting on Lafayette Square so that the White House could be protected and so that the Government might own land that would be tremendously valuable to it as sites for government buildings that were urgently needed even then, and that have become even more urgently needed with every year that passed.

Congress would not buy the land. Architects, engineers, landscape architects and men of vision in every profession urged that it be bought, but Congress did nothing, and did it with the utmost concentration and enthusiasm.

The McMillan Commission laid out a plan for Lafayette Square that called for surrounding it on the three sides other than the White House side with beautiful monumental buildings built of white marble. Along one side was to run the white marble Treasury Annex in three sections. One of these sections has actually been built.

Directly opposite the White House the United States Chamber of Commerce purchased land and planned to erect a building. The Fine Arts Commission and various prominent architects persuaded the heads of the Chamber of Commerce to erect a monumental white marble building that would harmonize with the Treasury Annex and the other buildings that one day—it was hoped—would front on the White House. Congress, however, still sat back lethargically and refused to purchase the rest of Lafayette Square.

During the war the Government pushed up the Veterans' Bureau building on one corner of the square. Some years later a prominent real-estate operator bought a piece of land on it and prepared to erect a hotel. The American Institute of Architects and other people interested in the beauty of Washington went to him and begged him to wait so that they could get Congress to buy the land. He very obligingly waited for a year—and Congress did nothing.

The White House needed to be protected—yes. Beauty was desirable—yes. The land was admirably adapted for a government building—yes. Why then didn't Congress buy it?

Majesty and Efficiency

The same situation exists as regards the land fronting on the United States Capitol. Eventually, in the more or less distant future, the Government must have this land for government buildings—for a Supreme Court Building and for additional Senate and House Office Buildings and other necessary structures. For years the McMillan Commission, the Fine Arts Commission, the American Institute of Architects and various other agencies have entreated Congress to buy up this land. Each year it has risen in value; and Congress has steadily failed to take action in the matter. The people who own the property can build anything they please on it so long as it complies with the zoning laws.

It is unfortunate but true that the average citizen of Washington cannot be depended on to support President Coolidge or anyone else who hopes to adorn Washington with the best that there is in architecture. Almost no agency on earth, apparently, is capable of putting over the idea that the back of a building, with proper planning, can be made as beautiful as the front. As a result, Washington is cluttered with row houses and blocks of houses whose rear elevations are sufficiently hideous to drive any beauty lover to drown his anguish in hair tonic.

Such matters are strikingly noticeable in Washington because of the houses that back up to the leafy beauty of Rock Creek Park. The visitor to Washington may or may not be filled with patriotic pride when he stands on the beautiful Q Street Bridge and gazes across the tree-filled canyon of Rock Creek to the clothesalines, the scantling stairways and the raw brick backs of the expensive homes that front on Massachusetts Avenue—homes that turn their backs on and bar their windows against the beauty of the park, and offer ugliness to the public when they could as easily have offered symmetry and harmony of design.

One may find the opinion that the factory form of architecture for public buildings, as exemplified in the Veterans' Bureau and the Interior Department Building, is highly desirable because it represents efficiency and economy in building. Such opinion finds it impossible to think of government buildings as expressions of the Government that uses them, and to realize that the same buildings, if made dignified and imposing at a slightly increased cost, would for generations to come represent the majesty and power of a great nation, not only to the American people but to the world.

One frequently finds property owners throwing every possible obstruction in the way of the acquisition of land by the city of Washington for park or playground purposes. Congressman Zihlman, chairman of the House District Committee and an earnest worker for the beautification of Washington, exposed these practices in a letter to Major U. S. Grant, 3d, executive officer

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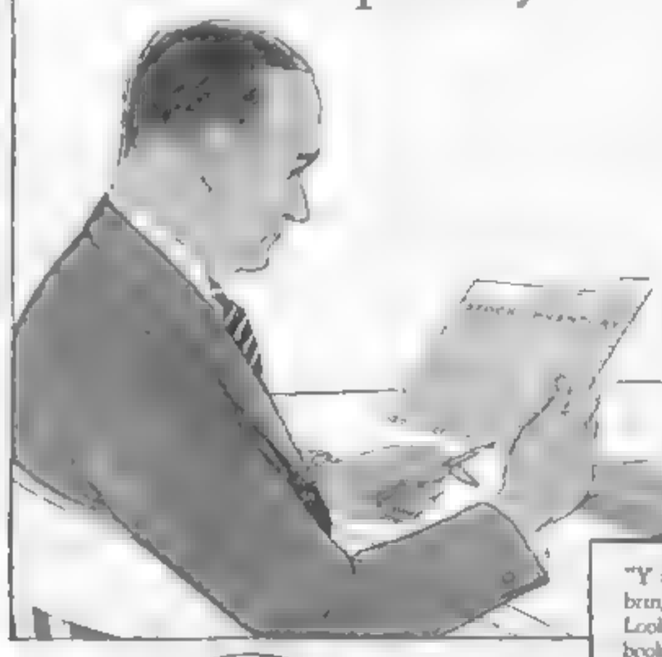

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of the National Capital Park and Planning Commission. Congressman Zihlman wished a law amended so that when a piece of vacant property was condemned by the city for park or playground purposes, the owner could be immediately stopped from doing anything to the land.

"In one such case," wrote Mr. Zihlman, "the owner hastened to contract for the construction of a large building and for the removal of large quantities of material to the site, and to excavate and build a foundation with the utmost speed to avoid the taking of the land for playground purposes. The result was that these activities so greatly increased the cost of acquisition that the project had to be abandoned, and thus far it has been impossible to provide a playground anywhere near this location.

"In another instance the owner is opposed to the taking of the land for playground purposes and he has very seriously threatened the cutting of a very beautiful forest located at the center of an existing parkway, more than half a mile long, and constructing about fifty row houses on the site. In the judgment of the Park and Parkway Commission, the result would be most deplorable, and such experiences should be prevented if it can be done in a legal way."

Here and there individuals are waking up to the fact that row houses do not have to be ugly, mediocre or monotonous, and that if they are not, they are more profitable than ugly houses. Here and there someone is realizing that a real-estate development makes more money for him if, instead of leveling and filling his land and putting in checkerboard streets, he carries it out along attractive lines, builds his roads to conform to the topography of the country, and saves every tree that can possibly be saved.

Until the millennium arrives, however—and that date is generally figured to be several years beyond the date when the Southern States vote solidly for a Republican President—there will always be people who will continue to hack down trees, shave down the rolling countryside to a sickening and monotonous level, and gobble up one by one the park spaces that might provide a modicum of beauty in the future.

The McMillan Commission wanted to make parks out of all the old Civil War forts that ringed the city and connect them with a broad and beautiful drive. The steam shovel and the row house have wrecked this scheme forever.

The Washington Celebration

The McMillan Commission had planned a parkway connection between the northeastern and northwestern sections of the city, passing through the highest point in the district. But the land around the highest point was leveled down and planed off, and houses were tumbled helter-skelter into the devastated regions, and now the parkway connection between these two sections is also lost forever.

The only agency that can stop such building and preserve Washington for the people of America, to whom it belongs, is Congress; and Congress will act when it is instructed in no uncertain terms by the people, to whom it also belongs.

In 1932, one reads in the papers, there is to be a great celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington, and streams of pilgrims will pour into the national capital in unprecedented numbers. Various organizations have submitted to Congress various schemes for commemorating this date; but none of them seemed to remember that George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Pierre Charles L'Enfant, in 1791, evolved a plan for a great Mall to connect the Capitol of the United States and the home of the President. Today the Mall, as envisioned by Washington as a thing of beauty and a source of pride to every American, is a strip of disorderly mediocrity. It might not be a bad idea if Congress, 141 years after the creation of the Washington-L'Enfant plan, could celebrate Washington's two hundredth birthday by showing the people of the United States that a few of Washington's ideals have not been forgotten.

Various projects in the United States, during its one hundred and fifty years of life have attained more or less publicity as being the plaything of politics; but of all the toys with which American politics has amused itself since its days of swaddling clothes, Washington, the capital city of every citizen of the nation, has been the concentrated essence of all the playthings that could possibly take the mind of politics from its business.

The Plaything of Politics

It has been a combination of the battered old rocking horse with its ear chewed off, the little toy dog all covered with dust, the snare drum with the head kicked in, the round rubber football that was blown up through a key, the box of building blocks with most of the initials missing, and the dented tin horn with the red worsted tassel.

If the people of the United States want to attach a sentimental meaning to the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington, they might even go so far as to redeem their Capital City, which belongs to them and to nobody else, from inexperienced hands and deliver it into the hands of those by whom George Washington intended it to be built and beautified—the hands of men of ability, genius and vision.

Washington belongs to the children of America—the voters of tomorrow; even the children can ask embarrassing questions of the politicians concerning the stupidity that has been shown in the building and the development of their city.

Washington belongs to the voters; they can cause agitation and heartburnings among politicians by demanding an explanation of the failure to make the city what it should be.

Washington belongs to the press of the nation; and through a few pregnant and heartily administered jabs in its columns, Congress can be aroused to a realization of its duties toward the city and the people to whom it belongs.

The capital of the nation is everybody's capital; and when this fact is understood, Washington will cease to be a plaything of politics and a subject for experimental theories and will become what it should become—"a city of stately proportion, symmetrically laid out and adorned with the best that there is in architecture."

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Roberts

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Deep sleep can come only with complete physical comfort. Then both body and mind can utterly relax. There is new energy for the day's work or play.

You have slept in beds that made you toss and turn before you found your angle of repose. You have had to adjust your body to ridges and sags and bumps and holes, before you found sufficient comfort for sleep.

This bedspring makes the *bed fit your body.* You find perfect rest wherever you lie on it! Bodily and mental relaxation comes immediately.

How Comfort is Built-in

The De Luxe bedspring is no ordinary coil spring. The Rome Companies make all kinds of ordinary coil springs—good ones, too. But they and they only make the De Luxe, and it has many superiorities in design, materials and construction.

Extra long conical coils are tied at the top by helical springs made of oil-tempered steel. A *positive* wire tie in the center holds the cones absolutely vertical and prevents side sway. Look straight down these cones in any De Luxe spring, old or new, and see how true they are. Compare them with the cones in any other spring and you will understand why the De Luxe holds its shape through the years while offering a resilient, flexible surface that moulds itself perfectly to the contours of the body.

With this construction the De Luxe spring equalizes weights. Two persons, no matter what the difference in their weights, can sleep together in complete comfort without disturbing each other.

An exclusive feature of the De Luxe spring is the patented S-hook fastener. This hook ties the helical springs to the coils. So border wires on De Luxe springs stay straight and true. The tension of the helicals cannot pull the tops of the coils out of shape. This S-hook also makes a noiseless spring, because there is no rubbing of metal on metal on De Luxe coils.

THE furniture or department stores where you usually trade sell De Luxe springs. For your protection ask for them by name. There are scores of bedsprings on the market, made in every conceivable type of construction. We ourselves make many different types of springs. But the comfort and lifetime wear that a De Luxe spring gives are found only in bedsprings that bear the De Luxe label.

We have made the De Luxe spring for people who want *comfortable* beds with springs that last a lifetime. Seventeen years of continuous production have convinced us of the wisdom of this policy. Hundreds of thousands of families endorse this policy every year by purchasing De Luxe bedsprings.

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Getting On in the World

What to Do?

SIX days a week women young and old come to my office seeking work. They have totaled thousands in the years that have passed. For many I have found employment readily for the simple reason that experience or training has equipped them for the positions which employers have given me to fill.

Others, however, present a very definite problem to themselves and to me, the biggest problem I encounter in my work, that of the untrained woman approaching middle age, faced with the necessity of earning a living.

Unable to find a place in commerce or industry among the thousands of younger women equipped by modern business education to handle present-day methods, she must cash in on what talent she was born with and which life so far has enabled her to develop.

I remember one woman who said to me six months ago, "I'm getting desperate. I must find work anything at all. When mother died I looked forward to getting out into the business world after the years I had spent taking care of her, but I am beginning to realize there is no place there for the older woman."

"What had you in mind?" I asked, and I knew what she'd tell me.

"Oh, anything at all just so I can earn a living. I prefer office work though. I've always wanted to work in an office. I like meeting people. I could take charge of something—supervise a group of girls. I could even manage a small business ——" Yet ten minutes' talk brought out the fact that she knew more about dietetics than some trained technicians of my acquaintance. A position was open in the diet kitchen of one of the big hospitals and before nightfall she had secured it. She is now in charge of the sick-room cooking at a local institution. I often get a call from her for help of various kinds, and we laugh together at her attempt to break into business.

The Eight-Hour Day

I know of hundreds of such cases, of women possessing little beyond grit, courage and common sense, who, finding themselves alone late in life, have taken stock of their natural talents and inclinations, used them as a foundation on which to build, and found or created a market for what they had to sell.

The sister of a well-known doctor developed a unique service which became a success almost overnight. During her brother's lifetime she had frequently handled his telephone appointments and scheduled his day's itinerary. Finding herself at his death almost without funds, she established an office to which any doctor who has no regular staff may telephone particulars each morning of his exact location at stated hours during the day, and rest assured that messages or emergency calls will follow him or be taken care of.

A mother of four grown children, bereft of what had seemed a permanent source of income, opened a mother-and-baby service, providing every necessity—even companionship or advice when needed at any hour of the day or night—for timid young mothers-to-be, and incidentally giving work to several women who otherwise would have found it hard to make a living.

Another woman, alone after years of harassing housekeeping for her brother's big family, opened a domestic occupational bureau. In talking over her project with me she recalled the frantic hours she had spent when a maid or cook or laundress had quit without warning, and had realized what independence both mistress and maid would enjoy could an eight-hour day govern domestic help as it does the help of the business world.

Her idea has worked out splendidly. A telephone call a day ahead of time results in a competent all-around houseworker, character and training vouched for, presenting herself to the employer next morning, equipped and prepared for eight good solid hours of work with a forty-five minute lay-off for lunch, at a prearranged standard rate.

An Increasing Demand

Business ventures, too, I have seen come into existence under the urge of necessity, and develop into real, permanent successes. Among them are tea rooms and gift shops, embroidery and wool shops, a school-lunch service, a business women's lunch room, a boarding house for college girls, an agency for listing and renting houses, rooms and apartments, a shopping service for invalids and out-of-town people, chaperoning children to school, corset, gown and specialty shops, children's dress shops, hairdressing and beauty parlors, floral and interior decorators, lamp-shade and other art-and-craft studios, music teaching, dancing teaching, private tutoring and kindergarten work, proofreading, amanuensis, and so on. These are all individual enterprises, developed by women, successful fruitage of necessity, desire and courage.

One has no shop or office, but has assembled a clientele for whom she opens and closes town and country houses with the seasonal exodus. Another plans, purchases, makes up and hangs window and other draperies.

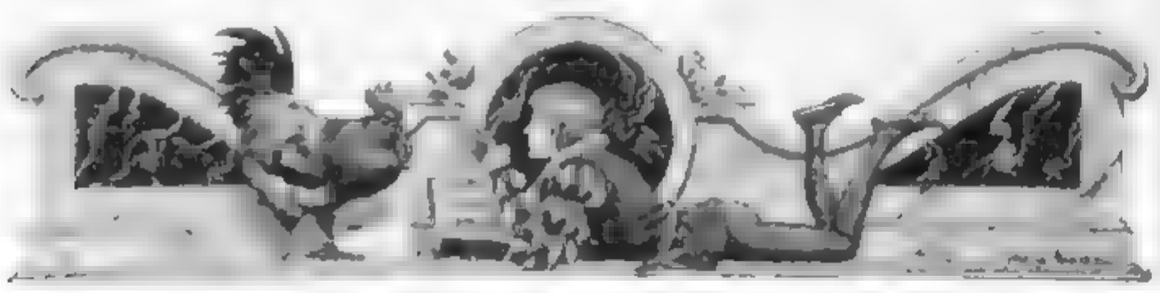
One teaches nervous women to drive a car, for an automobile firm; another instructs in golf and swimming and coaches in athletics. One uses her own car to drive a blind welfare worker over her territory. Another has an exclusive business among women who are taking on more avoirdupois than is welcome, employing original methods to keep them in trim.

Hotels and clubs are always looking for women workers, hostesses, reception clerks, floor clerks, telephone operators and linen-room workers. Hospitals call constantly for nurses, dietitians, seamstresses, ward and clerical help. Institutions all over the country, for the halt, the lame and the blind, the deaf, the feeble-minded, the homeless and the friendless, are ever seeking women workers.

Social-service departments are maintained by most of the hospitals and charitable institutions, and many a sorrow-ridden woman has found peace and refuge from her own grief in ministering to the wants of others burdened with sickness and sorrow.

The problem of the untrained woman, driven by necessity late in life to joining the ranks of the breadwinners is, like all human problems, an individual one, though happily the present day with its ever-increasing call for women workers is bringing the solution nearer, and giving to many the opportunity to blaze their way to happiness and success.

—MARGARET E. NORRELL.



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THE MEXICO OF THE FUTURE

(Continued from Page 42)

states specifically that "no law may be made retroactive." More than 90 per cent of the petroleum areas in dispute were acquired before 1917.

In 1923, when the then president, Obregón, was seeking recognition by the United States, he declared that Article 27 of the constitution, which is the nationalization section, "will not have any retroactive effects." This was a confirmation of the view of the supreme court in the Texas case, in which an American oil company got a decision against retroaction.

These official admissions naturally led the United States to believe that the Mexicans meant what they said, and Washington entered into a parley with Mexico in 1923. The Mexican commissioners signed an agreement that the letter and spirit of the Obregón and supreme court declarations would be respected. Subsequently Obregón formally ratified the assurance given on behalf of the government by his commissioners. In consequence we recognized the Obregón administration.

Obregón made no attempt to put fangs into the constitution, perhaps because he is a capitalist and a large landowner. When Calles came into power in 1924 he started a carnival of drastic legislation, including the petroleum law which brought about the present impasse. Not only is the oil measure retroactive and confiscatory but it is allied with a group of kindred statutes which disregard private property rights.

The Shortest Presidential Term

Hence, in dealing with the Mexicans you are up against the subtleties of a curious mind. It has a different code and likewise a different commercial standard from our own. Indirection is the invariable keynote. This is particularly true of the ruling class today, and the one to which we must ultimately look for a sane settlement of the issues that brought the two nations almost to a parting of the ways.

This leads to the question: Are the Mexicans capable of self-government? A large number of the foreigners who have lived in the country maintain that they are not. You have only to look at the rough-and-tumble scramble that has been made of the presidential office to realize that this point is well taken. Seventy-three presidents in 100 years is the record for the almost lightning-change process. Incidentally, one of the chief executives—Porfirio Diaz—served nearly thirty-four years. The successions therefore have been thick and fast.

During the last sixteen years there have been exactly twelve presidents. The detailed story of what has happened since 1911 constitutes a striking commentary on Mexican politics, and especially the travesty that has been made of national government.

After Diaz was forced to leave the country on May 31, 1911, because of the Madero and other revolutionary movements, Francisco Leon de la Barra was made president *ad interim* pending an election. He was in office from the day of the Diaz departure until November 6, 1911. Madero was elected on October first of that year and took the oath of office on November sixth. He had scarcely assumed the sash of power before five revolutions broke out. They were instigated by Zapata in Morelos, General Bernardo Reyes in Nuevo León, Amelio Vázquez Gomez in the north, Pascual Orozco in Chihuahua, and Felix Diaz, a nephew of the exiled dictator, in Vera Cruz.

Diaz was captured and imprisoned in Mexico City. After his liberation by partisans of the reactionary cause he attacked the National Palace and inaugurated what is known in Mexican history as the *decena trágica*—the tragic ten days—when the capital was crisscrossed by artillery fire and hundreds of people killed. Following this engagement, Madero and José María Pino Suárez, the vice president, were arrested and forced to resign. Five days later they were done to death.

On the night that this foul deed was perpetrated Pedro Lascuráin was elected provisional president by Congress. His only official act was the appointment of General Victoriano Huerta as Minister of *Gobernación*, which means that Huerta became Minister of State. Lascuráin resigned immediately afterward. He occupied the presidential post forty-six minutes.

Huerta now became president. In March, 1913, Venustiano Carranza launched a revolt against him in Coahuila, of which he, Carranza, had been governor under Madero. Representatives of ten states signed the so-called Plan de Guadalupe supporting Carranza as the supreme chief of the constitutional army. It was just about this time that Villa became active in Durango, Chihuahua and Coahuila. Subsequently General Obregón joined the revolutionary movement in Sinaloa.

These revolutions comprised only part of Huerta's troubles. His connection with the Madero assassination and other kindred acts brought a stern rebuke from the United States. Under persistent pressure by Washington, he resigned in July, 1914, and left for Europe. Francisco Carbajal became provisional president and appointed Carranza Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Carbajal resigned in August and the Carranzistas and Villistas entered Mexico City in triumph. The former faction then went to Puebla under Carranza and Obregón, while the Mexican National Convention appointed Eulalio Gutierrez provisional president. Gutierrez abandoned the capital on the day he was named to the office, and Roque Gonzalez Garza was chosen in his stead. He served fourteen days.

Now began what was perhaps the wildest confusion that Mexico has ever known in all her stormy revolutionary history. Three presidents were attempting to function coincidentally. Garza went through the motions of high office at the capital; Gutierrez tried to rule as president at San Luis Potosí; Carranza installed himself as chief executive at Vera Cruz. During the hectic period Mexico City had six local governments in the course of a week and each issued its own currency.

A Nation-Wide Free-for-All

In June, 1915, Francisco Lagos Chazaro became provisional president and acted for four weeks. A month later the Carranza forces under Pablo Gonzales invaded the capital. For nearly two years thereafter Mexico continued in the wildest political and physical disorder. Constant warfare was waged among the Carranza, Villa and Zapata forces.

With the aid of Obregón and Calles, who meanwhile had risen to considerable authority in the state of Sonora, Carranza was elected president on March 11, 1917, and became the first constitutional president since the death of Madero four years before. The usual outbreak now began. No sooner was Carranza in office than he faced the inevitable revolt. In the north, Villa, with Felipé Angeles, was going strong. Over in the oil country, Manuel Pelaez headed a large guerrilla force, while Obregón was active in various sections.

It was Obregón who eventually prevailed. In May, 1920, Carranza fled from the capital and was assassinated on the way to Puebla, where he had hoped to rally his forces. This left the field clear for Obregón.

Mexican revolutionary ethics decree that a provisional president must intervene before the real boss takes hold. Thus it came about that Adolfo de la Huerta was made provisional president and continued until

(Continued on Page 197)

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THERE are five splendid golf courses in Dayton, but the MACGREGOR course was chosen for the 1926 City Championship.

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The famous sports writer, Grantland Rice, stopped off at Dayton last July on his way to the National Open at Columbus. He played a round on the MACGREGOR course and was tremendously impressed with this "Proving Ground" for MACGREGOR Clubs, later sending us his impressions. These have been published in an interesting booklet which we will gladly mail you on receipt of the coupon below.

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(Continued from Page 194)

Obregón was elected constitutional president on September 5, 1920. He achieved that miracle of Mexican miracles, a full four-year term in office, but not without trouble. In 1923 De la Huerta became head of a revolution that would have succeeded but for the aid that the United States gave the president. On December 1, 1924, Obregón's bosom friend, Calles, succeeded him as president. It was the first peaceful accession in nearly eighty years.

Such is the diverting record of the Mexican presidency since 1911. I doubt if any country, even the old Balkans, could duplicate such a record of turmoil and bloodshed. Throughout this reign of terror and confusion the ally of today was the bitter enemy of tomorrow.

Furthermore, personality, such as it was, ruled. The European age of mercenaries was revived in the New World. Under the guise of the alleged revolutionary movement, murder and confiscation were the order of the day. The Columbus outrage on American life and property—native and alien suffered alike—which provoked the Pershing expedition after Villa, was one of many similar instances. Villa, who was a professional assassin, was coddled as long as he was useful. So, too, with Zapata and all the other bandits.

At the moment the question of the presidential succession is again to the fore, which brings us to the Mexican political situation. It is full of significance for us. If the Calles faction perpetuates itself in office we are booked for further complication.

Sombreros in the Ring

That the Calles idea, in some form or another, is likely to continue is based on the fact that at the time of Carranza's overthrow in 1920 an amendment to the constitution of 1917 made it possible for a president to serve more than one term. Under the constitution itself this is forbidden.

Evidently the Mexicans have no sense of humor. The battle cry of the Madero revolution was Effective Suffrage! No Reëlection! Ever since the Obregón administration this has been stamped on every official letter. The joke is that although the reëlection amendment was formally promulgated by decree early this year, the slogan is still affixed to every government paper.

Until the beginning of 1927 an understanding between Calles and Obregón to make Obregón the next president seemed copper-riveted. At the time I write two other candidates are in the field. They are General Francisco Serrano, now governor of the federal district, in which the capital is located; and General Arnulfo Gomez, commander in chief of the federal forces in the state of Vera Cruz.

It is typical of Mexican political procedure that both these aspirants are soldiers. No individual can become president without a strong military following. This is why Luis Morones, Minister of Industry, Commerce and Labor and head of the radical labor movement, lacks even a look-in, although the presidential bee is buzzing around his head.

Of the two men who are believed to be rivals of Obregón, the stronger is Serrano. For years he has been an intimate member of the Calles-Obregón clique. As soon as it became known that he had high political hopes, Calles began to shower him with attentions. He was a member of the party when I made the trip with the president and I therefore saw him constantly. He has barely turned forty and has had a considerable career as soldier and state executive. He shares the Calles socialistic views.

General Gomez, on the other hand, is less radical. At the time of my visit to Mexico he had already drawn the lightning because of his temerity in fostering a presidential ambition. All his artillery was taken from him under one pretext or another and he was left with only rifles and machine guns.

But in Mexico candidates propose and revolutions dispose. It means that despite the Obregón-Calles coalition, the road to Chapultepec Castle—the Mexican White House—is likely to buzz with bullets. Already the chronic revolution is under way. Once the Mexican people get the idea that the group in power is not favored by or is in conflict with the United States, it becomes the spark to ignite rebellion.

Because of the existing censorship, neither the Mexican nor the American public knows exactly what is going on. If the truth were known it would reveal the fact that at fifteen points in the republic some kind of organized protest against the Calles régime is under way. The zones of trouble are the states of Sonora, San Luis Potosí, Guanajuato, Jalisco, Coahuila, Tamaulipas, Durango and the federal district itself. Several rebel bands have been operating in the immediate vicinity of the capital.

Though many of the revolutionary bands are merely groups of guerrillas out for loot, there is no doubt that widespread antagonism to the Calles government exists. In mid-January the situation became so serious that the government recalled 10,000 troops in the concentration camps in the state of Sonora for distribution over the central sections, where the outbreaks are most persistent.

In addition to the various rebellions inspired by politics or mercenary motives, the Yaqui Indians are, as usual, on the warpath. These natives have never been subdued and have been an irritant for decades. Early in February Calles launched an attack against them in Sonora, which is their stronghold, and succeeded in quieting them for the time being.

In this connection it may be interesting to add that the Mexican Government is meting out punishment to the rebels with unprecedented severity. Short shrift is made of any civilian involved. So ruthless has been the vengeance that one of the leading newspapers of the capital, in commenting upon the execution of a group of boys arrested for complicity in a rebel plot, recently made this statement:

> In the official reports of recent combats with the groups of rebels, there is no longer mention of "summary trials," nor even of "very summary" trials. Immediate executions are perpetrated almost always upon civilians whose crimes are not punished according to law. The respect for human life has disappeared completely in this country. While we are engulfed in long disputes of jurisprudence with the Yankees to justify our legislation, we Mexicans lack the most rudimentary right of justice, because the rebel who falls a prisoner is never heard in his own defense.

A Monopoly on Munitions

Any revolution on a considerable scale is frustrated just now because of the lack of a strong leader and adequate arms. The most conspicuous insurgent is Adolfo de la Huerta. He escaped to the United States after his unsuccessful attempt to overthrow Obregón in 1923 and has been trying to stage a comeback ever since.

Once we withdraw recognition from Calles, the avenue to arms and munitions is open, because the embargo on the shipment of such supplies across the border is lifted. This is why Calles will probably think twice before provoking us into an actual break in diplomatic relations.

For the moment the government remains master of the situation, because it has a compact body of troops and monopolizes the munition supply. The army, as always, remains the pivot. If it continues loyal to Calles, he can probably hold his own.

So much for the approach to the vital matter of our future relationship with Mexico. Two distinct phases must be discussed. One is the settlement of the immediate problem embraced in the oil-land dispute. The other is permanent accord.

We will take the oil case first and bring it up to date. On January twenty-first the Transcontinental Oil Company, which is the Mexican subsidiary of the Standard of New Jersey, obtained a writ of amparo—that is, an injunction—restraining the application of the petroleum law. The case has gone to the supreme court for final

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determination. If the decision of the lower court is affirmed, there will be a respite until some new kink is developed in the constitution to embarrass the companies. If it is reversed, it means the virtual end of private property rights in Mexico.

If the supreme court follows law and precedent, it will declare the petroleum act unconstitutional. At the time I write, which is the end of February, there is a strong impression that such a course will be followed. It would provide the best way out for the government.

Arbitration of the issues involved is also proposed. By a unanimous vote the Senate of the United States recommended this step. Calles immediately announced that his government was ready to accept arbitration "in principle." If you know anything about the many international conferences that followed the conclusion of the World War, you know that the favorite way to pass the buck has been to accept a proposition "in principle." The sidestepping embraces a wide range from disarmament to reparations.

The Only Question

No intelligent person questions the efficacy of arbitration. It is the panacea for discord and a logical antidote for war. But in order to resort to arbitration you must have something to arbitrate, and this is scarcely true of the fundamental fact involved in the oil controversy.

With proposed arbitration we are up against the usual Mexican muddling of the issue as well as the invariable attempt at evasion. For one thing, Calles has maintained that the constitution is a sacred and inviolable document and therefore immune from arbitration. When the Senate resolution to which I have referred was pending, he stated that while he would submit to the arbitration of concrete cases, or the "effects" of a law, he would not consent to arbitration of the "constitutional laws" of Mexico. In commenting on this declaration the spokesman for the American oil interests made the following pertinent remarks:

"If the Mexican Government is not willing to arbitrate the broad question of a nation's rights to confiscate the previously lawfully acquired properties of the citizens of other countries—whether such confiscation be by administrative act, by judicial decision, by a law of congress or a declaration of the constitution—then it is unwilling to submit to arbitration the only question involved.

"Moreover, suppose the broad question were submitted to arbitration and the award were against the Mexican Government. Would that award have any greater sanctity in the minds of the Mexican Government than the solemn agreement made in 1923? Would it have any greater sanctity than the decisions of Mexico's own supreme court rendered in 1921 and 1922 which are violated by the provisions of the new petroleum laws?"

I can best emphasize this contention with the Santa Isabel incident, to which I have referred in previous articles and which may well be employed again, to show what happens when we agree to arbitration with Mexico. It grew out of the brutal assassination of fifteen American mining experts by Villa and his bandits. A claim for $1,290,000 was submitted to the Special Claims Commission set up to consider the 3000 claims for acts committed against American citizens between 1910 and 1920, which aggregated a total of approximately $400,000,000. The claim was ruled out under strong Mexican pressure, because Villa was technically regarded as a bandit and the Mexican Government disclaimed all responsibility for his acts. The Americans withdrew in disgust from the tribunal and it ceased to function.

The Santa Isabel incident was typical of our arbitration experiences with Mexico. On April 11, 1839, a convention was made to adjudicate claims of citizens of the United States against the Mexican Government. Awards were made, but the Mexican Government was unable to pay them. A new convention was made January 30, 1843, by which the Mexican Government agreed to make prompt payment of the interest and to pay the principal within five years in installments. Mexico once more defaulted as to the fourth and fifth installments, and the United States Congress, by an act of August 10, 1846, appropriated $320,000 to finish the payments.

On May 11, 1846, President Polk, in a message to Congress, said: "The tremendous wrongs perpetrated by Mexico upon our citizens throughout a long period of years remain unredressed, and solemn treaties pledging her public faith for this redress have been disregarded."

A different kind of procedure is revealed with the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo concluded February 2, 1848, under which the United States released Mexico for claims prior to that date. Another convention, dated July 4, 1868, was made for the adjudication of claims arising since the Guadalupe-Hidalgo agreement. During the life of this treaty the Mexican commissioner arbitrarily prevented the Mexican secretary of the commission from turning over documents to the umpire and so embarrassed the work that he had to be replaced. After long delay, the claims approved by the commission were paid by Mexico.

One of the claims under the convention of July 4, 1868, related to the so-called Pious Funds of the Californias. This was decided against Mexico in 1875 by the umpire.

The Mexican Government, however, kept the funds, whereupon the umpire gave an award for twenty-one years' accrued interest. The Mexican Government maintained that if it paid the accrued interest up to the time of the award its obligation was ended. Its construction, in other words, was that it could keep the funds and not pay any more interest. The question was submitted to the Hague Tribunal under a protocol negotiated May 22, 1902. The tribunal decided that Mexico should pay all past interest installments as well as in perpetuity. Mexico, however, has ignored this award since 1912.

Inviting Disaster

Whether through process of arbitration such as I have just pointed out, or through agreement as represented by the solemn pledges given in 1923 that no retroactive laws would be promulgated, you find persistent violation of agreement. No wonder the Americans are not enthusiastic about submitting the latest complication to the hazards of Mexican promise.

There remains the riddle of the future. How is it to be solved? Again you have two aspects, this time the economic and the political. If Mexico persists in her anti-alien attitude, as expressed in the flood of drastic legislation, she invites disaster. The bulk of development throughout the republic has been made possible by the foreigner, because the Mexican lacks the capital and resource with which to initiate large enterprise. The present attitude stifles initiative and spells retrogression. Already the country is in the throes of the worst business depression in its history. Agricultural output has declined and the population is less than in the Diaz day. National revenues have shrunk because their principal source is in the oil taxes. Petroleum production has decreased steadily since 1922.

All this signifies that if the Calles course continues, little, if any, foreign capital will henceforth venture into Mexico. Individuals and corporations will be lucky to salvage what they already possess there. With new investment opportunities barred, the alien population will inevitably diminish and the country will be left to its fate. Arbitrary legislation—the Calles obsession—will not bring about the millennium.

(Continued on Page 201)

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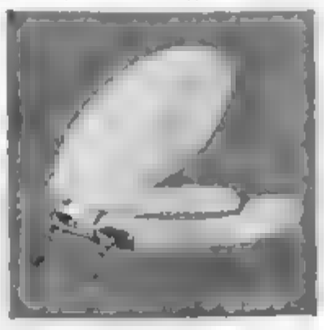

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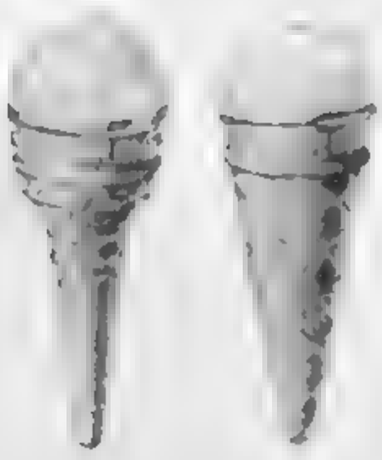

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(Continued from Page 198)

The pity of the whole situation is that the Mexican people themselves are the victims of the type of government that persists. They need the aid that we are ready and willing to give. Yet the small group that rules through force frustrates it. The case was admirably stated during the crisis of 1915 by an observer, who then wrote:

"There is involved in the Mexican situation the right of a strong people to help a weak people. The Mexicans have always been a peculiarly defenseless people against all forms of greed, rapacity and tyranny. Temperamentally peaceable, they have never been able to overcome those who have preyed upon them. As is always the case with a weak but rebellious people, their only recourse has been futile violence and the chance rewards of banditry. They have been oppressed and remain predominantly illiterate. They are easily made the dupes of ambitious and unscrupulous political agitators from whom they have taken refuge by yielding themselves to the mercy of an occasional and equally unscrupulous despot. If ever a weak people needed the services of a strong people, the Mexicans need the services of the people of the United States."

The Views of General Saenz

In the event that a settlement is reached in the current controversy, there is the strong probability that the old friction will develop sooner or later, because the Mexicans have acquired the habit of aggression of some kind. They have got away with their flouting of us because we have had no definite policy. It has been, let me repeat, consistently inconsistent. We have gone to both extremes and have never long maintained a firm and uncompromising attitude.

This is largely due to the fact that we are strong and Mexico is weak, and it is fundamentally un-American to abuse power. Everybody realizes that a big nation should not bully a small one, but it is equally true that no small nation should be allowed to impose on the good nature and altruism of the larger one, and enforce conditions which are not justified by international law.

The final question therefore arises: What is the recipe for an amity that embraces respect for us as a country and protection for the lives and property of our nationals?

We will get the Mexican point of view first. After Calles, who had his say in the first article of this series, the properly accredited spokesman is General Aaron Saenz, Minister of Foreign Affairs. I asked him to state the Mexican case, which he did, as follows:

"The actual conditions of the world do not allow nations to remain definite, nor do the economical necessities which cause the dependence of nations upon one another permit a national life that is isolated and haughty. Mexico and her rulers are perfectly aware of this, and her policy tends to strengthen her bonds with the rest of nations, maintaining with them friendship and peace, both based on the respect of mutual rights.

"This policy has, of course, more direct application to what concerns the United States of America, our powerful neighbor of the north. The two nations being separated by frontiers which in great extension are not even natural boundaries, the intercourse of their peoples is constant. The citizens of both cross those frontiers almost every day and there is always in the territory of one of the two countries a great number of citizens of the other. The geographical position of Mexico and the United States compels the two nations to face those international problems peculiar to America, in the same manner.

"The most comprehensive formula to indicate which is the basis for a permanent economical and political coöperation between the two friendly nations is the following one: Mexico and the United States, in their relations, must always bear in mind their similitudes and their differences.

"The principal similitude is that of their sovereignty. If the two nations base their policy on the absolute equivalence of the national entities in international law, there can never exist between them causes of conflict. From this idea is derived the sentiment that the Mexican people and their government have the right to solve all their internal problems in an absolutely free manner, without limitations of any sort.

"It is for this reason that Mexico has been adverse to recognize whatever theory or doctrine that implies that the United States holds a special political rôle in the development of the nations of America. This, of course, does not mean that Mexico repels the lessons of experience of more advanced countries. She wants to learn those lessons freely and not by means of compulsory instruction, so to speak, similar to that imposed on children under age. If Mexico and the United States accept without ambiguities the former principles, which are perfectly based on international law, never can their harmony be disturbed.

"On the other hand, as I said before, the two nations must bear their differences in mind. Neither the elements that compose them nor the problems that they have to solve are the same. The racial components are different and therefore the idiosyncrasies of their races must be different. It is natural that Mexico wishes to remain Mexican. This does not involve hate or disdain of everything outside. Mexico wishes to preserve her characteristics and develop herself so as to make them more distinct.

"This is not contrary to the spirit of confraternity or coöperation, for it is well known that the international concert does not come from the standardization but from the differentiation and coördination of the elements. An accord based on the absolute equality of the elements would promise very little for progress of humanity. It is necessary to cultivate differences with a view to obtain new results which tend toward civilization."

No Universal Standards

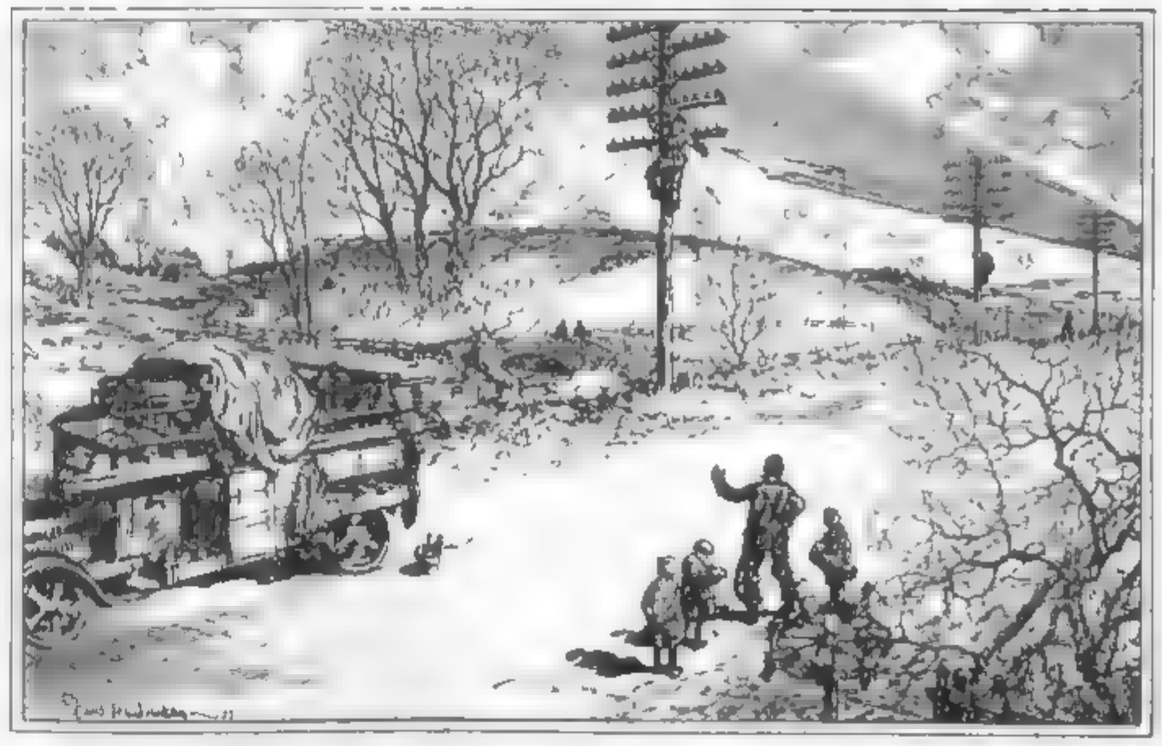
"There is a belief very common in the United States that what is good for them is good for all the nations of the world. This superficial opinion, which has crystallized in the last century, for instance, in the doctrine that democracy was a panacea good for all countries, is being happily dissipated. The United States must abandon the mirage that has made it believe that its standards are super-standards. It must understand that Mexico is solving her problems under different conditions from those under which it solves its own. Therefore it must not get impatient, nor must it try to hasten the Mexico evolution.

"Mexico is still solving her economic and racial problems. With that object, she has had to concentrate herself just as all nations of the world when they found themselves in identical circumstances. Her nationalism has been purified, but that sentiment does not mean xenophobia. Foreigners are, and will be, welcome to Mexican territory as long as they are identified with the necessities and the methods of Mexico. The idea of Mexico for the Mexicans means only that a foreigner who comes to this country must not consider himself a privileged person just because in his own country there have already been solved, in a different manner, those problems that Mexico is solving.

"Mexico needs, therefore, the experience and the capital of the United States, and will always give to the citizens of that country and their interests all the guaranties to which they have a right in accordance with international justice.

"These are, in general, the aspirations of the Mexican people, incarnated in their government. They are also the ideals that today sustain humanity. Thereon can be founded a lasting peace and friendship between Mexico and the United States."

Now for the American conception. Those of our people who have lived in Mexico are



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If your dealer cannot supply you, remit us $1.50 for ten packages and we will send them to you parcel post prepaid. P. Lorillard Company, Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York.

10 for 15¢

a unit in the belief that sooner or later we must assert ourselves vigorously. For the moment, at least, intervention is out of the question save for some unspeakable outrage analogous to the destruction of the Maine which would sweep the United States into Mexico on a wave of popular and righteous feeling. The Mexican Government knows full well that there is no intervention sentiment in the United States and it is emboldened to continue the aggression.

In the unhappy event of resort to armed force, various steps are possible. First comes invasion, which means a considerable army and tremendous responsibilities. It would probably take 200,000 troops to garrison and police the land and maintain order. The task might continue for years. Besides, the suspicion of other powers, especially Latin-American, would be awakened.

Another way is to seize the northeast section of the country and hold it pending the settlement of the issues involved according to the principles of international law and practice, and until a stable and responsible government could be set up. The oil area could be made a neutral zone. The moment you prevent the movement of petroleum, national bankruptcy stares the country in the face.

But these measures mean force, and the world has had enough force to hold it for a long time to come. The trouble with Mexico, as with other Latin-American countries, is that when you are inclined to be altruistic or conciliatory it is construed as an evidence of weakness. The strong arm is the only agency that the Mexicans respect, because they specialize in it.

Time to Clean House

Threatened or actual diplomatic ostracism will not have any lasting effect. At most, it would bring about the substitution of one set of leaders for another of the same kind. A Mexican Mussolini, combining iron will with integrity of purpose, might save the day.

What the country needs more than anything else is a drastic housecleaning and a purging of predatory groups. This can possibly be brought about by the introduction of capable and responsible foreign advisers and the education of the people as to their rights and privileges. But false pride and mistaken self-sufficiency rise up to interfere. There is always some obstacle to real stability. The Calles agrarian program is an instance of the chronic perversion of good intention.

Mexico is a country with boundless possibilities for evil and good. It is up to us to seek in every way, consistent with dignity and honor, to develop the good. How to achieve it remains the puzzle. Every attempt to find the formula ends in the eternal Mexican conversational query: *"Quien sabe?"*—who knows?

What was said at the beginning of this series may now be emphasized at the close. In the last analysis, there is no Mexican problem so far as we are concerned. If the Mexicans are content with maladministration, it is their own affair. What does vitally affect us is the safety of American life and property. This comprises the sole point upon which the United States has been tenacious through all the years of friction between the two republics. It is not a question as to how this shall be accomplished. The fundamental principle involved is protection of our interests. Once our rights are guaranteed, peace and cooperation are assured.

Back of the Humblest Citizen

I know of no better presentation of what constitutes the inalienable privilege of the American in Mexico, and the mandate behind it, than is embodied in an extract from the address on the Price of Freedom made by Calvin Coolidge at the Founder's Day celebration of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh in April, 1921. On that occasion the President said:

"If ever the citizen comes to feel that our Government does not protect him in the free and equal assertion of his rights at home and abroad, he will withdraw his allegiance from that Government, as he ought to, and bestow it on some more worthy object. It is idle to assume that the privilege of the strong has been destroyed unless the rights of the weak are preserved. The American theory of government means that back of the humblest citizen, supporting him in all his rights, organized for his protection, stands the whole force of the nation. That is the warrant and the sole warrant of his freedom. He can assert it in the face of all the world. The individual has rights, but only the citizen has the power to protect rights. And the protection of rights is righteous."

Editor's Note—This is the seventh and last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Mexico

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Evening at Kineo, Maine

AN ACHIEVEMENT!

The launching of the National Textile Distributors Corporation marks a great accomplishment in the developing of more economical methods of distribution in this country.

Better values to the public have long been demanded. Now at last comes a definite method of securing them.

More than just another brand –

A whole new Method of selling Hosiery

NINE great companies, among the largest distributors of hosiery in the country, have for the first time united their experience and knowledge in a great work. The result is a new line, Ser-val Hosiery, representing the highest quality, *at new low prices*. The widest range of styles, colors and sizes, for men, women, and children of all ages!

How the new method operates to give you better values

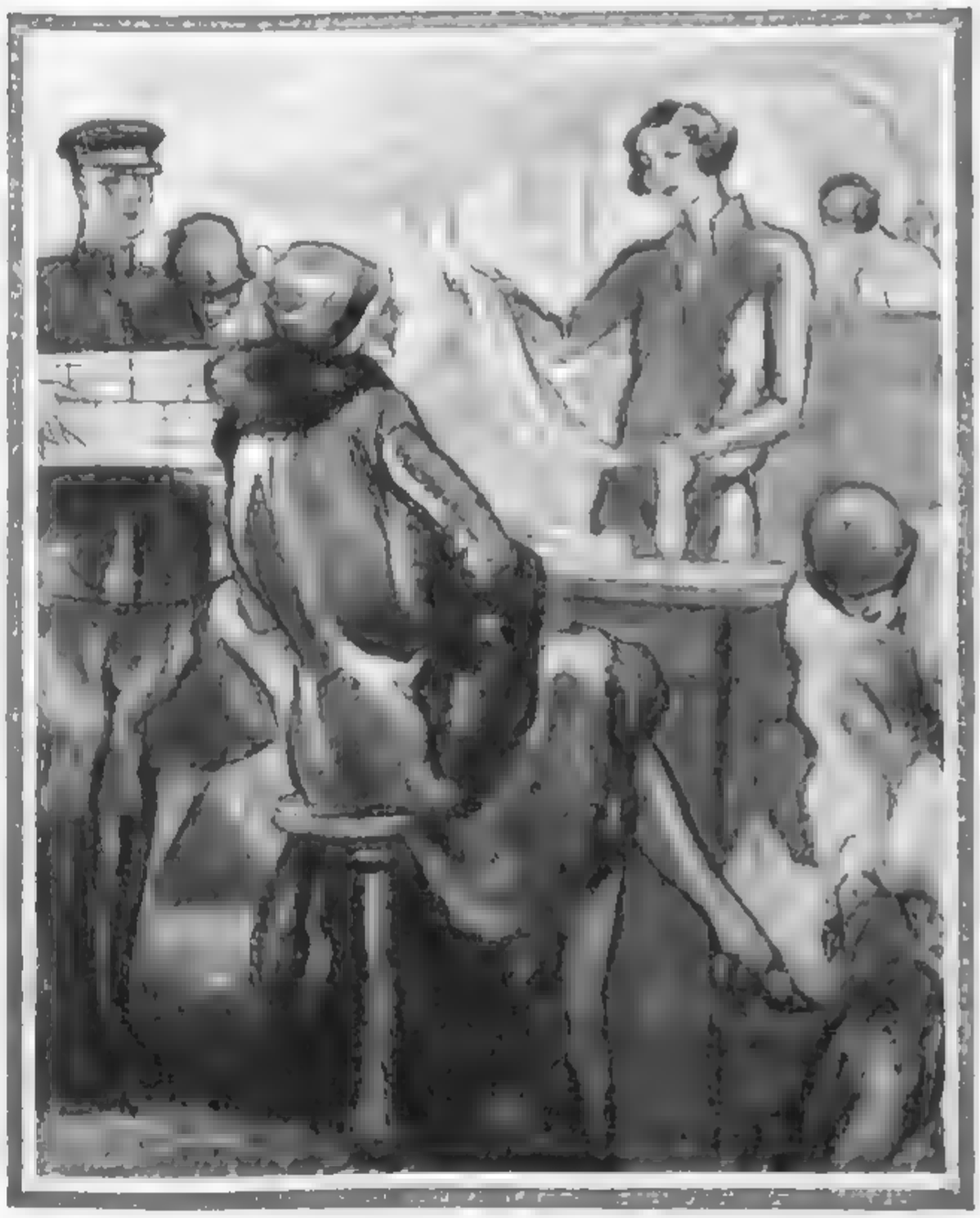
Large buying power is the secret of Ser-val values. Each season a special style committee selects and plans each model in the line. Every detail is considered—the quality of the thread, the number of twists to each inch of thread, the character of the stitch, the colors and kind of dye.

With these specifications, orders are placed, representing the needs of the nine great firms. Thus, instead of each individual firm having its own brand of hosiery manufactured on a wasteful small scale, the nine together secure all the advantages of large-scale operations. These savings are handed on to you in the form of very unusual values.

Moreover, so flexible is the whole method of operation that the Ser-val line can always embody the last word in style. A permanent style headquarters is maintained in New York, with hosiery specialists constantly studying the new developments of the moment in a way few individual firms could ever study them.

Ask your retail merchant to show you the new Ser-val Hosiery. You will be astonished at the fine quality and correctness of style which you can obtain for even *less money* than you may be spending today. Remember, each pair of Ser-val carries the special Ser-val Multiple Guarantee.

NATIONAL TEXTILE DISTRIBUTORS CORPORATION



Ser-val Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Sold exclusively to retail merchants by the following licensees:

PITTSBURGH	NASHVILLE	DETROIT	SAN ANTONIO	ST. JOSEPH	ST. PAUL	BALTIMORE	LOS ANGELES	CINCINNATI
Arbuthnot-Stephenson Co.	*J. S. Reeves & Company*	*A. Krolik & Company, Inc.*	*A. B. Frank Company*	*Wheeler & Motter Mercantile Co.*	*Finch, VanSlyck & McConville*	*Daniel Miller Company*	*Milton G. Cooper & Son, Inc.*	*The Louis Stix Company*

30% of City Store Trade Comes From Farms and Small Towns

"In our 40 years of business in Springfield we have seen many changes but none has been as important to our business as the expansion of our trade territory made possible by the universal use of the automobile. Today, people living 20 or 30 miles from our store find buying here just about as convenient as do people living in the city.

"More than 300,000 people live in our area and the trade from outside Springfield is our city's largest industry. We credit at least 30% of our business to the farms and small towns.

"There is no difference between city and country trade any more. Our farm customers, both men and women, demand quality and style just as much as do those in Springfield.

"These facts make it obvious why we are interested in products advertised in *The Country Gentleman*. We find from checking your circulation statement that more than 6800 copies come into our territory every month. Further, we have examined the actual names on your list for Sangamon County and find it made up of the very best farmers—the kind who trade at a store such as ours.

"Two things interest us: *The Country Gentleman* goes to high grade farm families, and it goes to a lot of them."

Myers Bros

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

THE trade of people who live in the country and buy in the city is growing as *Country Gentleman* circulation grows. New figures on *Country Gentleman* circulation will be announced in this space next week.

They live in the country,
but they shop in town.

The Country Gentleman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

The
Nickel
Lunch

...Popular Nuts...

PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS make your appetite chuckle with delight. Big peanuts—plump as the lady in the side show; brown as the man from Borneo; wholesome and fresh as children's laughter. Crisp, delicious peanuts that you simply can't resist.

They are not *Planters Salted Peanuts* unless they are in the glassine bag with the *Planters* name and *Mr. Peanut* on it, but you can get them everywhere. 5c.

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY

Suffolk, Va., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia
Canadian Factory, Toronto

"The windshield was perfect" *(but that door!!)*

MAKE sure that only Plate Glass is used for replacing broken windows and windshields. Specify it. Insist upon it if necessary. And then inspect the finished job. If it shows the slightest distortion of vision, or if you can detect the least wave or irregularity in its surface, it is not Plate Glass.

The windshield in this picture is Plate Glass. It allows perfect vision at all times, from all angles. It cannot affect your driving judgment. You see the curves, the obstructions and the hazards of the road exactly as they are. For Plate Glass is rolled, ground and polished until it is as nearly perfect as glass can be made. It is toughened by a special process of annealing; consequently it will resist severe blows, shocks and body strains. Solid and heavy, it is not affected by vibration.

The door of this car has been reglazed with ordinary window glass. Its defects are plainly evident. It distorts vision. It is a source of annoyance to driver and passenger. It adds nothing to the appearance of any car.

Specify polished Plate Glass to the repair-man. Do not let him make a mistake that can only cause annoyance to both of you.

Use PLATE Glass

Plate Glass Manufacturers of America, First National Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Poets' Corner

Love for the Lowlands

MOUNTAINS looking at the sky,
Crags that scowl across the sea,
Twisted trees, and winds that cry
What are these to me?

I would rather little hills—
Clustered hills that seem to say,
"Where my leafy pathway spills
Over, lies Cathay."

And a river, deep and wide,
Cannot crook a friendly finger
With its ever-urging tide,
Bidding me to linger.

I would follow little streams—
Bubbly streams, where morning long
Redwings weave like eager dreams,
Filling reeds with song.

—Leslie Dykstra.

Against Umbrellas

ONE with an umbrella
Of love, above her head,
To make grief fall upon
The ground instead,

Will never know the feel
Of pelting pain.
That is true. But joy, too,
Falls like rain.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Hands

STRONG hands, vein-ribbed, and square
From gripping things; a tale
Of usefulness engraved
In calloused palms. How pale
Your hands, how powerless
They seem beside my own.
Yet I have heard those fine
Thin fingers draw a tone,
Construct an edifice
Of sound, wherein was caught
More joy and sorrow than
My hands have ever wrought.

Henry D. Shedd, Jr.

Crow's-Feet

A MAN with crow's-feet round his eyes
Never got them looking wise,
Or poring over musty books,
Or kissing lips in shady nooks.
The careless brush of laughter drew
These lines—the never-ending view
Of sun-paved water, or the sting
Of rain or snow a-hammering
Upon a face that ever sought
The dreams that never can be bought—
Young dreams that rise and curl and twist
And blossom into amethyst,
Or flicker out in yellow flame
Behind a dawn that never came
Oh, tender men of faint emprise,
You'll ne'er have crow's-feet round your eyes.

—E. Leslie Spaulding.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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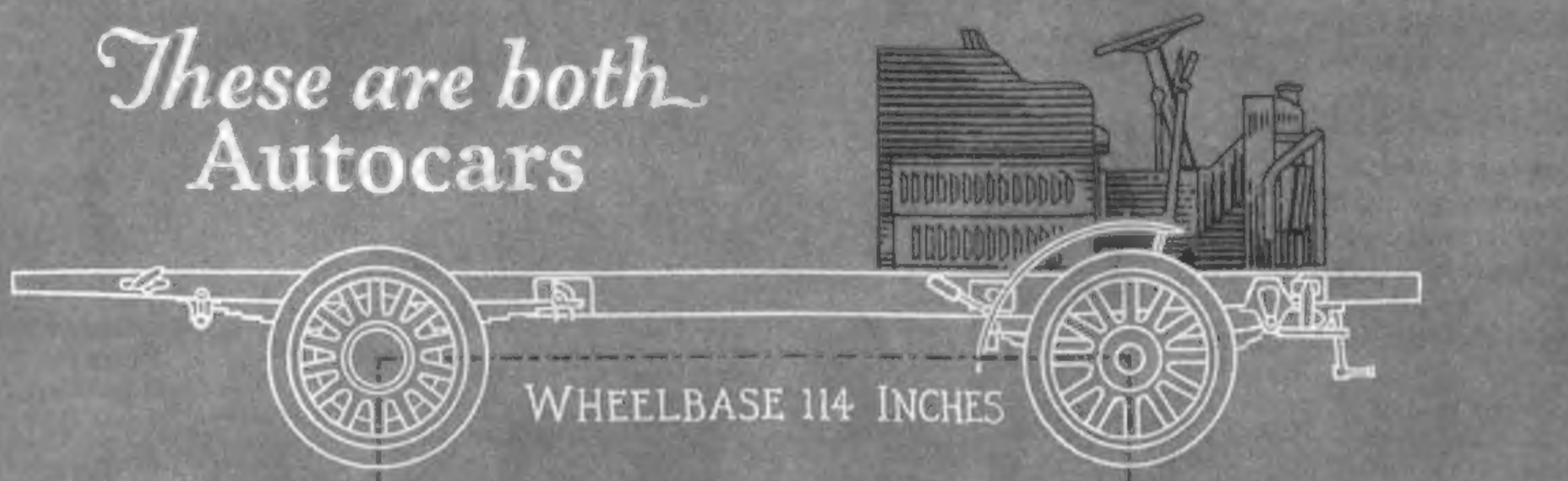
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

INCHES can be as important as TONS in buying motor trucks

Many truck buyers are obliged to consider wheelbase length as well as capacity in order to select the truck design that exactly meets their own hauling conditions.

Autocar trucks of all capacities are now made with *engine-under-the-seat* for use where operation in close quarters or dense traffic makes short wheelbase the important factor, and *engine-out-in-front* for those with whom conventional appearance outweighs the importance of short wheelbase.

These are both Autocars



An exclusive Autocar argument

These sketches of 2½ ton Autocars are drawn to the same scale—each truck is made of the same Autocar units, each has the same body space; both are protected by Autocar Factory Branch Service. Each chassis sells at the same price. The wheelbase of the truck in the upper sketch is only 114 inches, giving a turning circle of only 38 feet. The wheelbase of the truck in the lower sketch is 150 inches and the turning circle is 55 feet.

The wheelbase difference between two Autocars of the same capacity in the different designs varies from 24 to 36 inches.

Autocar Trucks

The Autocar *Company, Ardmore, Pa., Established 1897*

Thirtieth Anniversary Year

WHERE LIFE IS BETTER

If you were a Californian, and in business, your customers would be the kind who own twice as many automobiles . . . buy more of everything people like to have . . . and *then* put twice as much in savings, as the average American

You are going somewhere this summer—and California offers, in addition to a hundred vacation lands, a picture of ideal living, rapid growth, and great opportunity, told in part by the letter we are printing on this page.

California is closer to you than ever before; reduced train schedules have brought it nearly a business day closer by rail, and, if you motor, the new Victory Highway in conjunction with the Lincoln Highway will take you straight across the country into California's Great Valley and to San Francisco, the center of it all.

In San Francisco you will see a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of new buildings. The San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange now ranks next to New York in financial volume. Here, and in the cities and towns around, are many square miles of factories, residences, offices and shops on land that was vacant when you saw it last. Little towns of the Great Valley are now thriving cities; the larger cities have grown still larger; orchards and farms have multiplied. Everywhere, on giant new industrial plants, you see world-famous names transplanted from the East. California, third agricultural state, is also *eighth* in value of manufactured products.

In six years, California has grown thirty-five per cent in population—with corresponding growth in land values and business opportunities,—a perfectly normal and natural development, going on all the time. There is room for twenty million people without crowding—room for you, if you are getting ahead where you are and possess a moderate competence with which to start.

One such businessman tells what he thinks of California, in the letter printed below. Read it—it is a true and typical experience:

"San Francisco, Dec. 1, 1926.

"This year I have learned how short a time it takes to become a Californian!

"Not many families were bound together by so many strong ties as ours was back East. Nearly a dozen of us had lived all our lives in the same middle-western state where the family business was founded fifty years ago. Our brothers' wives and our sisters' husbands were people we had all known since we were children.

"When our California business grew until it was necessary for one of us to move out to San Francisco, and the choice fell on me, I boarded the train with my wife, two sons and a daughter, all feeling as though we had been banished to some strange country.

"Now our boys have finished college and have come to work with me in a business that has grown fast enough to need all three of us. We supply the entire West, Australia, Hawaii and the Orient with our products. My daughter finished her professional training in one of our fine California universities and immediately began to earn an independent income.

"And when I went back last winter on a business trip, I found myself making it as short as I could—to get back to California. I discovered that we are Californians, all of us. This country of cool summers and pleasant winters is *home*.

[Name on request] R. W. B."

If you or your family are interested in California's wider opportunities for personal living and business success, write to Californians Inc., for this 48-page illustrated booklet, "California, Where Life is Better." It will tell you much that you want to know. Clip the coupon and send it now!

Starting May 15th
CALIFORNIA
$90.30
Round trip from Chicago
to
SAN FRANCISCO
America's Coolest Summer City
Gateway to Hawaii and the Orient

Similar low fares from all points
Only $18 additional fare for full Pacific Coast Empire Tour from Canada to Mexico

WHAT
THE *Californian* OWNS

Climate: Year-round producing climate. *The Californian* can work, grow crops or play every month in the year.

Growth: From 3,500,000 to 5,000,000 population in six years—three times faster than the United States average.

Wealth: Twice the national average of wealth, twice the average number of savings bank depositors and twice the average deposit. Only three states report more income tax returns; none has so many automobiles per capita.

Health: 6 of the 15 most healthful cities in the United States are in California. U. S. investigations prove children bigger and taller than the average.

Education: *The Californian's* schools share first rank only with Massachusetts in efficiency. Five states have larger enrollments; only two exceed California's expenditures.

Recreation: 4 National Parks, 1,000 miles of ocean shore, 1,000-mile-long Sierra playground, 30,000 square miles of National Forests, 42,000 miles of improved roads. Year-round motoring, golf, fishing, week-ending out of doors.

Crops: More than $600,000,000 yearly. Six million acres under irrigation with great mountain reservoirs supplying abundant water.

Industry: One of the youngest states, California is eighth in value of manufactured products.

Markets: From San Francisco's great harbor, the largest on the Pacific Coast, *the Californian* successfully sells his manufactures and crops throughout the Western and Eastern States, and exports enormously.

For every Californian—here or on the way—these advantages spell Opportunity

California

A sailor of the seven seas returns to his home port—San Francisco!

Where San Francisco hill-homes watch the sea

[Californians Inc., is a non-profit organization of business institutions and citizens interested solely in the sound and permanent development of their state. Its service of information is thorough, authoritative and free of charge.]

MAIL *this coupon for* FREE BOOKLET *about life in California*

4-27

Californians Inc.
Headquarters
SAN FRANCISCO
140 MONTGOMERY STREET, ROOM 203

Please send me "California, Where Life is Better"

Name _____

Street, City & State _____

Bon Ami —*makes bathtubs glistening clean*

WHAT a pleasure it is to use Bon Ami. With this "good friend" we'll have everything sweet and clean in just no time—and how our bathroom will sparkle with glistening cleanliness.

Let's start on that big, old tub! A little Bon Ami on a damp cloth will take away those soapy streaks in a twinkling. We'll polish up the nickel piping and make it shine like silver.

Cleans, Polishes, Purifies everything about the bathroom!

A few wipes and away will go the spatters from the tiling. Basin and faucets, the mirror and window—it won't take any time at all before we're through. Then you can help me do the kitchen.

Cleaning with Bon Ami *is* a pleasure. It's so quick, safe and thorough! For Bon Ami *blots up all dirt*—never scours or scratches it off. Won't redden the daintiest hands.

Bon Ami is made in Cake and Powder forms with dozens and dozens of uses around the house. Most women find it economical to keep both forms on hand all the time.

THE BON AMI COMPANY . . . . NEW YORK
In Canada—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

Principal Uses of Bon Ami

for cleaning and polishing

BATHTUBS TILING WINDOWS
MIRRORS FINE KITCHEN UTENSILS
WHITE WOODWORK WHITE SHOES
CONGOLEUM FLOOR-COVERINGS
GLASS BAKING DISHES ALUMINUM
BRASS COPPER TIN AND NICKEL WARE
THE HANDS REFRIGERATORS

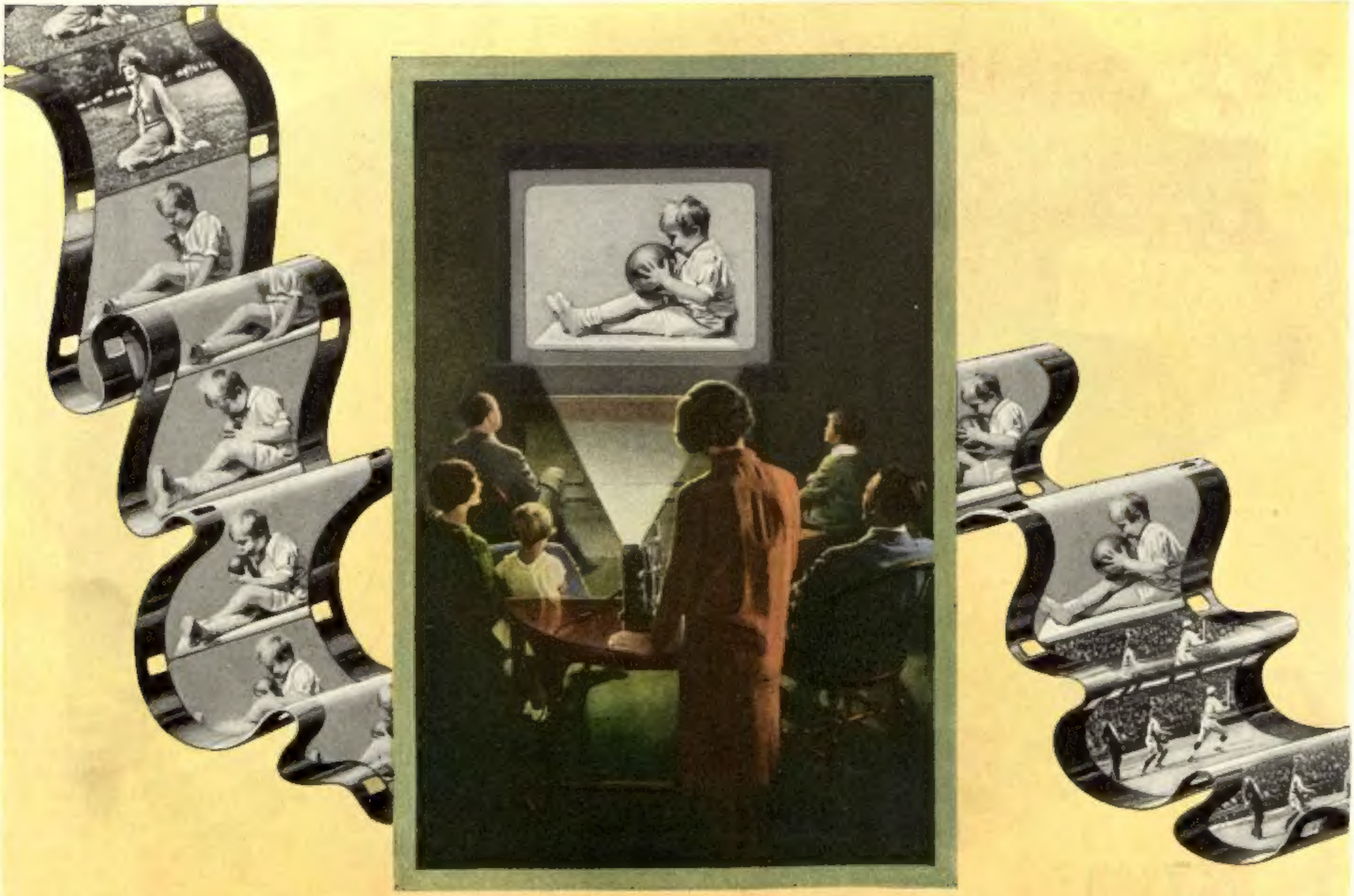
Cake and Powder
most housewives use both

A Fairy Tale for the Children

THE story of the Princess Bon Ami and her gallant Bunny Knights. Amusing rhymes and delightful illustrations. Send 4 cents in stamps for your copy. Address The Bon Ami Company, 10 Battery Place, New York.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



Make a Movie of it with a Ciné-Kodak

SWITCH on your Kodascope projector. Instantly a blank screen flashes up into a sparkling movie. And you and your Ciné-Kodak made that movie. In it are Fred and Ethel and Dick and Edna, the children, of course, and you yourself. It's *your* movie and there's a tingling thrill every time you see it.

And to the magic of movies you make yourself is added the pleasure of professional releases rented from a nearby Kodascope Library. There are over 450 pictures to select from—comedies, dramas, animated cartoons for the youngsters and travelogues.

A complete outfit now—Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen—as low as **$140.**

The thousands of Kodak dealers are now prepared to demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak. If your dealer is not yet ready, write us for Ciné-Kodak booklets.

You may sight the Ciné-Kodak either at waist height or eye level—an exclusive feature.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Ciné-Kodak.

You may sight the Ciné-Kodak either at eye level or waist height—an exclusive feature.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*